POISONERS AND PROPAGANDISTS;

OR,

A DEVELOPED AGE.

A Tale,

IN TWO VOLS.

VOL II.

Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
CHARLES WESTERTON,
20, ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, HYDE PARK CORNER.
MCGLASHIN AND GILL, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.
OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH.

1856.

ERRATA.

For *scéance* read *séance*. For *Fronde* read *Froude*.

POISONERS AND PROPAGANDISTS;

OR,

A DEVELOPED AGE.

CHAPTER I.

No evil shall befal thee,
No enemy appal thee,
Bright messengers shall call thee,
Throughout the silent night;
To share their high communion,
Sweet pledge of future union,
With sainted heirs of light.

C. G. TONNA.

THROUGH the smoke, the accuser and accused could perceive that Charles Stamer had fallen against a tree, and the contents of the other barrel of the Jesuit's gun would, the next instant, have been lodged in the honest heart of the old Steward, had not the wounded man's voice called out—"I'm only hurt, thank God, in the leg," whilst he made an effort to recover his gun, which had fallen beside him as he fell.

"You old fool, What mischief have you done?" exclaimed the Captain, with admirable presence of mind, "to strike the cap of my gun, while in the act of raising it at that woodcock that flew by. Never do such a thing

again; Mr. Stamer might have lost his life by such an unaccountable piece of folly."

And Captain Gardner assisted Mat Carey in stretching the suffering man on a bank just by, while he anxiously enquired, in the voice of the tenderest solicitude, "Was he much hurt?" and explained, and deplored, by turns, how such a casualty occurred by the Steward hitting the cap as he raised the gun to take aim at a woodcock flying over his (Captain Gardner's) head. The wounded man made no remark, but looked very pale, and the blood began to ooze out of the torn shooting boot, which, fortunately, was of stout material, of the Louis Napoleon cut, extending to the knee.

"You aimed at no bird, Sir!" observed Mat Carey, bluntly, "but the mischief is done now to the gentleman, and we must only think of remedying it, and thank God it wasn't worse; call the keepers, Sir, without any delay," he added, addressing Captain Gardner, who looked at him as if he had made some very insolent request. "I can't, or won't leave Mr. Stamer," continued Mat, as if answering the Captain's aristocratic glance of surprise, at being sent by such a low fellow to summon help; "he's getting faint from loss of blood, and I must support him."

"Let me, in your place," cried the Captain, at the same time pushing Mat aside, who was opening the neck-tie and collar of the wounded man, who looked exhausted now, from the blood that rushed in a crimson stream through his shattered boot. "You know where to find them, and I'll give him air;" and at that moment the Jesuit prevailed over the man, as he thought, "He'll bleed to death, thanks to the ignorance of this meddling old fool."

But Mr. Carey's reply was a sharp ringing whistle, the most peculiar one the Captain had ever heard in his life, produced by the old Steward inserting the two fore-fingers of his right hand between his teeth: the well-known call echoed through the wood, and the old Steward's summons was answered promptly by a whistle,

which affected to be similar, but fell far short of the original. A faint smile passed across the pallid features of Charles Stamer.

"We'll soon have help now, Sir," cried Mat, addressing him in a cheering tone. "I'm glad my whistle revived you, Sir, a little; many a time, the dear young gentleman tried to practice it, when he was a boy, and now, to think of what happened!"

And Mr. Carey had his long clasp knife out, and ripped open the torn boot, cutting it dexterously and unhesitatingly open, from the top to the bottom, while he tore off his own ample neckcloth, and bound it round the wounded limb, stopping the blood effectually; and then, giving another whistle of the same pattern as his former one, shouted lustily (as he heard the crackling brushwood break beneath the approaching footsteps of the keepers), "to hurry for their lives," and the next moment, dogs and men were beside the party.

Captain Gardner, contrary to his usual manner, commenced swearing, lustily, at the "cracked fool," as he designated Mr. Carey, "for causing such an accident by striking down his gun," while he scolded the men for their delay; and then, in the most soothing, anxious voice, enquired of the wounded man, "How he felt?"

He had now opened his eyes, and revived somewhat, as the blood staunched, while Mr. Carey, with the most provoking indifference, seemed to take no notice of the Captain's well-acted passion, who cursed and abused the Steward for not going himself to the house for assistance, and to summon the doctor.

"There ought to be a well near this," remarked Mat to one of the men, not deigning a reply, "bring your hat full of water from it, Ned, before I think you are there."

And Ned was back in an instant with the cold, clear water, in the strange vase, the thoughtful old Steward suggested; he plentifully sprinkled the pure element over the face and hands of the wounded man, who gradually revived, so as to be able to sit up, while Mat applied a second bandage, taken from one of the keepers' necks,

first saturating it well in cold water, binding it round the calf of the leg, where the bulk of the charge of shot had lodged, apparently passing through the flesh; but Mat's skill could not ascertain was the bone injured, and he insisted Mr. Stamer should not try, by attempting to stand up, but dispatched one of the men to the house for help, first whispering in his ear some private message; and taking up Miss Julia Mellworth's little dog, "Spree," placed it in the man's arms, with an expressive look into the face of his messenger.

"Do not alarm anybody," said Charles Stamer, faintly, as the man was going, "say I am hurt only slightly, a mere nothing."

Mr. Carey groaned, and the keeper set off with "Spree" in his arms.

"I'll go after the fellow myself, Stamer," cried the Captain, "those sort of people delight in making the worst of every thing," and he walked briskly on in the direction the Steward's envoy had taken; but a low signal whistle, from this rural commander, caused Ned to look back, and then, increasing his speed to a "killing pace," soon distanced Captain Gardner.

At the opening of the wood into the demesne, the flying keeper encountered the Chaplain, and the two young gentlemen, and, though all three shouted to him to stop, on ran Ned, never slackening his speed until he reached the pleasure ground, where the old Steward had left Miss Julia Mellworth; but, instead of one young lady, three ladies were engaged in seemingly earnest conversation, as they walked over the velvety turf, accompanied by Mr. Fosterton, who scarcely joined in the discussion.

"Here is news at last," exclaimed Miss Mellworth, as her quick eye detected Ned approaching the sunken fence, at a slackened pace, with Spree in his arms.

"How can you believe in such nonsense, Laura?" cried Julia Mellworth, while her own heart fluttered with apprehension, about she knew not what.

"Do not call it nonsense, Julia," remarked Mrs.

Fosterton, in an unusually grave tone; "the thousand winged creatures that surround us, not visible to the naked eye, even in the glare of a summer's sun, are not less wonderful than tens of thousands disembodied spirits that may be our companions, unperceived by the gross senses, or any but a *medii;* as the insect creation is discovered only by the aid of a telescope, so is the spiritual world by a finer organisation."

"With this difference, Mrs. Fosterton," replied Julia, quickly, "that the telescope's power can be tested by certain scientific rules. The mediums of 'discerning spirits' are not subject to the laws of nature; indeed, is opposed to them, their own will being the only recognised authority by which to judge of their spiritualised vision."

"Oh," returned Laura Mellworth, "I required something more than that to convince me there was no trick; and if the spirits have told truth about this shocking matter to-day, I am a convert, from henceforth, to spirit-rapping."

"But Mr. Lee and the boys may be in time to prevent the accident," cried Mrs. Fosterton, in an excited tone.

"That would have occurred, your medium will say, had they not come up," remarked Mr. Fosterton, laughing.

Julia was very pale, while her eye was watching the man's motions, who still held her dog in his arms. "He certainly wishes to speak to us," she cried, hurriedly addressing the gentleman; "do ask him what is the matter?"

"There now," cried Laura, triumphantly, "see how Julia believes in 'the spirits,' from the mere excess of her own fears."

Mr. Fosterton beckoned to the keeper, and the man, clearing the sunken fence, stood, excited looking and confused, before them.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Fosterton, impatiently. "Has Mr. Stamer been shot?"

The man looked utter astonishment, while he replied, hesitatingly, "Yes, my lady."

Julia Mellworth fell nearly insensible against the tree they were standing under.

"He is not dead?" she cried, wildly.

"Julia," exclaimed her sister, in a tone of angry remonstrance, "how can you give way in that manner before people?"

While the man, recovering from his confusion, at Mrs. Fosterton's knowledge of what had only just occurred at a distance, replied, eagerly—

"Oh, no, Miss, he's not badly hurt, even; the Steward is with him, and desired me bring back this little fellow to one of the ladies that was to be in the garden here, and I'm sure he belongs to you, Miss."

And Ned let "Spree" down, who wagged his tail, and jumped for joy on his mistress.

"The young gentleman is not much hurt at all," added the old Steward's messenger, "only in the leg the shot lodged; and Mr. Carey desired me tell you, Miss, not to be feared about him, an' sent me lest anybody else would frighten the family with bad tidings."

"Oh, aye," cried Mr. Fosterton, "but tell how it occurred—by accident, of course: but it was Captain Gardner's gun, I suppose, went off."

"It was, yer honour," replied the man, respectfully; "the Captain says he was rising his gun, to fire at a woodcock, and that Mr. Carey struck down the barrel, and hit the cap with the stick, and the gun went off."

"The spirits are wrong, then," whispered Laura Mellworth to Mrs. Fosterton, "the shot was not fired by Captain Gardner."

"But it was his gun," returned Mrs. Fosterton, with a look of confirmed faith in the spirits' *rapport*.

"Will you not send for a doctor?" eagerly inquired Julia, of her Host.

"Well, I suppose it is better; let the doctor be sent for," he said, turning to the keeper, "and get down from the house any assistance that may be necessary. Mr. Stamer can stand, I suppose? He only got a few grains of shot, I dare say, in his shooting boot."

"His leg was whipped from under him, Sir, the Captain was so near him," returned the man.

"Oh, Mr. Fosterton, will you not go on to the wood, yourself," cried Julia, in a tone of anguish.

She would have asked to accompany him, if she dared, but Julia was brought up amongst the conventionalities of high life, and her sister, who ruled her in those matters, was a stickler for their rigid observance.

"I don't see what good I can do," remarked that gentleman, "by going. Now, you were right, Emily, it was to be; but what brought Mat Carey there? I'd like to hear his version of the matter." And Mr. Fosterton, with his characteristic selfish indifference to other people's feelings, now, to gratify his own curiosity, set off in the direction of the wood; while his wife, by turns, apostrophised and exclaimed about the wonderful power of spirit rapping media, and the present convincing instance of the manifestation of spirits, that lasted until the ladies were joined by Captain Gardner, who gave a quiet circumstantial detail of how this awkward accident occurred; and, with the aid of Mrs. Fosterton's spiritualising imagination, accounted, at least satisfactorily to her, what impelled the old Steward to strike the barrel of his gun, at the very moment he was rising it, to take aim at the woodcock, flying over his head.

"To look at the old sinner, and hear his muttered inuendos," cried the gallant Captain, laughing, "you would suppose I had my gun up, taking deadly aim at Stamer's head; he struck the barrel down so vehemently, the gun wheeled round in my hand, and his stick coming in contact with the cap, bang it went, in an opposite direction to where I pointed it myself. I never got such a fright in my life, as when I saw poor Charley stagger against a tree; I could have shot your steward, Mrs. Fosterton, but the fact is, on reflection, I am quite sure the man, at that moment, was not a free agent, he acted from one of those mysterious impulses, that involve no necessity of thought, just as a highly magnetic medium, independent of any will, or conscious psychological in-

fluence, writes what inspiration the spirits *en rapport* dictate."

Mrs. Fosterton and Miss Mellworth exchanged an expressive glance, as both thought of what the latter wrote that morning, respecting the accident that had just occurred; and the experience of their late *scéance* was now detailed, with all the glowing imagery of woman's fanciful creation, when she takes up ideology as a creed.

Julia Mellworth retired to the house in disgust, as well as to learn the result of the doctor's visit to the sufferer, while the walking party were increased by the Chaplain, and his young companions, who reported that Mr. Stamer, on a stretcher, had been conveyed to his own room, not suffering much, with Mat Carey in attendance, and Mr. Fosterton, overseeing his removal. The wounded man expressed his wish to be alone with Mat Carey, until the doctor arrived, and they had come off with the "last intelligence."

Frank Lee eagerly caught at the Captain's theory, of "impulses independent of the action of one's own will," and a new field of idealised thought was opened to the susceptible mind of the magnetised Chaplain, while the murderer, by intention, chatted away, breathing more freely, when he learned Mr. Fosterton was not called into council by Stamer and the Steward, and, by the time the dressing bell rang, he had effectually established the "philosophy of spiritualization" on the minds, not only of his fair companions, but the Chaplain and his pupils, the latter, that night, seeing their attendant servant withdraw the light from their sleeping apartment, with a feeling of terror, as they popped their little heads under the bed clothes, the grown children of the party, with this difference only, kept lights burning during the hours of darkness, and none of them added an iota of happiness to thoughts that would break in on their disturbed repose, by "manifestations" conjured up, to scare away their reasoning faculties, by Jesuit sophistry.

"Before the doctor examines my leg, Mat," said

Charles Stamer, when he and the old Steward were alone, calling Mr. Carey, as he did when a boy, by an abbreviation of his Christian name, "I must write two short notes, that you will have, Mat, to deliver in person. Give me that portfolio, on the table, near the window, there, so that I can write, propped up; after fever sets in, I may not be able."

"Writing will injure you, Sir, I am afraid," said the old man, as he stood beside the bed, without moving.

"No, Mat," replied Charles Stamer, firmly; "it would injure me more, leaving those notes unwritten."

And Mr. Carey thought so, too, as he looked at the decided expression of the wounded man's face, and placed the portfolio, as desired, on a small table, beside where he lay.

Half sitting up, Charles Stamer wrote, rapidly, but a few words, and then, sealing them up, carefully, directed his note to "Miss Julia Mellworth;" but he paused, pen in hand, gazing on the blank sheet of note-paper before him, and a painful look of anxious thought flitted across his manly features, mingled with an uncertainty of purpose, very different from his usual manner.

The feelings of an attached son to his weak, misdirected parent, were, at that moment, busy at his heart.

"My mother shall not be compromised," thought he, "come what will; and yet, Julia's future happiness, as well as my own, depends on my present firmness."

And, after a pause of an instant, he seemed to have decided on his course, or rather, reconciled opposing thoughts, as he wrote, with a steady hand, the following note:—

"SIR,—You have attempted my life, in presence of a credible witness; under God, you have been saved from the crime of actual murder; but the consequences of your criminal intention can only be avoided by leaving, within twelve hours, Fosterton Park, and its neighbourhood. The necessity of this step you must at once

perceive, without my entering into details distressing to me, from a third party, entitled to my dutiful respect, being, unfortunately, mixed up with your assumed position in society, which, nevertheless, can only escape exposure, by your removal from this country, within the space limited,

"By, Sir,
"Your long imposed on,
"But no longer duped,
"CHARLES STAMER."

"A good deal can be done in twelve hours," was Captain Gardner's silent remark, as he read the note Mr. Carey had handed to him, with formal gravity, at the foot of the staircase, when he descended to dinner; while he passed on with a look of easy indifference, that puzzled the Steward's physiognomic skill to discover was assumed.

Julia Mellworth remained *tête-à-tête* with the General, under the plea of a headache; while her maid, during the evening, bore to her anxious mistress various *bulletins* from the wounded gentleman's room. The doctor had dressed the wound, and though the bone had most providentially escaped being shattered, the flesh was still so much torn and lacerated, he dreaded fever, and ordered his patient to be kept perfectly quiet, an order strictly enforced by Mr. Carey, who kept up a vigilant *surveillance* over Mr. Stamer's own man, and sent off for Miss Patty, his twin sister, a primitive methodical-looking elderly personage, who rejoiced, like her brother, Mat, in a state of "single blessedness," who now soon made her appearance in the most unexceptionable sort of quaker cap, with its close fitting, accurately plaited border, as clear and as white as the neatly folded kerchief of snowy lawn, that enveloped the neck, and region approximate thereto, of Miss Patty Carey.

Such a woman outrivals a court beauty, in a sick room; and Miss Patty's services, on this occasion, to the high-born young man, stretched helpless, and in pain-

ful agony, were indeed invaluable. His own gentle, loving Julia, would have tended and watched over him, if she dared; but the tyrant conventialism deprived him of so sweet a nurse; and as he watched the figure of Miss Patty, in the dusk, flitting through his chamber, with that perfection in women to allay nervous irritation—a noiseless step—he thought of his own Julia, and of the time when she would have a legitimate right to move about her husband's sick room, with her own fairy lightness of step, and gentle, loving look hovering round his pillow; and thanked God for preserving him from the power of his cruel enemy, to live to enjoy such happiness; and prayed Julia and he might live and serve that merciful Lord and Master, who told his disciples "the very hairs of their head were numbered." And so he fell asleep—and his antique nurse watched beside him, and his vigilant friend, Mr. Carey, watched for Miss Julia Mellworth to come down stairs, but watched in vain; so in desperation he applied to the young lady's waiting maid, and was granted an interview with the fair Julia, with as little delay as the most ardent lover could desire; and with a very sheepish look, the usually self-possessed Steward delivered a small *billet* to the young lady, and she tried to slip a sovereign into his hand, which was rejected on Mr. Carey's part, by placing both his hands resolutely behind his back; while Julia, more confused now than her companion, held her profered gift concealed in her own fair palm, along with the far more precious paper currency sent by her lover, as she timidly hoped the Steward's sister was to remain that night with Mr. Stamer.

"Indeed, that she is ma'am," returned Mat, in a low meaning tone; and I'll sit up myself, ma'am, below, and be up and down, and keep a sharp look out until the Captain is off: he'll be out of this before daylight, ma'am," continued he, "though nobody in the house knows a word of it but myself. But Mr. Stamer told me to tell you, ma'am, for the Lord sent you, and nobody else, ma'am, to the moss garden this day, to save

this fine young gentleman's life from the murdering villain."

Julia had gone through so much recent agitation, she felt scarcely able to stand, and too nervous to trust her own voice; she held up her hand in a warning attitude for him to speak lower, as she had stepped no farther than the lobby outside her father's dressing-room to meet him, when her maid whispered to her the "Steward wanted to see her by herself;" and she thought she had observed the figure of Rimino glide into an adjacent room, at the further end of the long lobby, that was lighted by only a single lamp, at the very moment the old man handed her Charles Stamer's note.

"I don't care that for him, begging your pardon, ma'am," cried Mr. Carey, snapping his fingers at the same time; "the best way to deal with them sort, is to shew them you know what they're about, ma'am, and ar'n't one bit afraid of them. 'God is stronger than the Devil, any day; and in Him, ma'am, and Him only do I put my trust.'"

We think Mr. Carey was so far right, and so did his fair listener, in after years; but she now retired, first getting him to promise his sister would come to tell her, before she went to rest, how her patient was, and in the morning how he got through the night. And thanking the old Steward warmly, she stepped back into the General's dressing-room, where he was quietly dosing in his easy chair; and with a thanksgiving offered up from the heart to the lip, for her lover's providential escape, broke the seal, and with a heightened colour, the single-minded girl read those re-assuring words—

"My own darling Julia, under God I owe you my life, for sending the worthy man you did to save me; listen to nothing—believe nothing, until I tell you *all*—save that I am your unchanged — unchangeable — devoted Charles Stamer."

That night a little *billet* rested beneath one sister's

pillow, and the fair gentle face that pressed it, with a world of love, beneath the closed fringed lids, slept calm and profoundly, in holy faith and trust, pointing to her future; while her worldly-minded sister, fevered and disappointed, tossed sleeplessly on her couch, anxiously awaiting the morrow, that was to confirm, or dash for ever from her lips the intoxicating cup full of delirious excitement, presented that evening to her imagination by Captain Gardner.

Insensibly almost to himself, he had exerted the insidious fascination of his gifted and subtle mind, to an extent he was scarcely aware of, to subdue and win the affections of the only woman he admired above all others, and to whom his soul clung with a desperation that threatened to loose the ties that bound him to his order.

He felt that evening, perhaps, was to be the last he should ever spend beside her, and a tear of agony rose up, and dimmed the bright flinty eye of the Jesuit, as he "played his inward thoughts," giving a language to the instrument he touched, that was meant to reach her ear alone.

It would have sunk into her heart, had she one. Still Laura Mellworth, coquette as she was, felt this strange man's power over her, which, if not love, was something like it, and half terrified at being dealt with in the same heartless way she had treated others, tried to converse with the Miss Shuffells, and join in a disquisition between the Dean of Grimly, the Fostertons, and their Chaplain, on the relative merits of cathedrals, splendid in their architecture, with a grand ritual for its daily service, thrown open to receive indiscriminately the rich and poor, perhaps the slovenly and irregular, in its interior arrangements, to the order, cleanliness, and propriety that chilled their devotion in Protestant places of worship; but there was no heartiness in the attempt, and the "resetting" of the Anglican Church was to her now a subject "flat, stale, and unprofitable," from the moment the social apostle of "ceremonial observance" conveyed to her, in a low whisper, during the dessert, "that on that evening her decision was to rule his fate."

Actress as she was, her mind ignored every other subject but the one engrossing sentence so artfully presented to her calculating nature, and yet she affected, with preoccupied thoughts, to join in topics devoid of all interest. Still her Jesuit lover read her truly, and while he felt this charming coquette's power to awaken feelings within him none other could, he regarded her, at the same time, as the slave does the beautiful tyrant, that captivates, yet wounds mercilessly, his victim.

"Such a fierce passion as mine," cried his embittered spirit, "should not be trampled on by the hackneyed *tracasserie* of a clever adept, who cajoles a desirable *parti* to speak up to the mark;" and his heart scouted the wild thought of breaking vows, strong as adamantine bars, for so self-possessed and nicely calculating a love as Laura Mellworth's.

With a covert malice, then, scarce concealed from himself, did he devote, during the remainder of the evening, his most winning powers, to strike, with a master's hand, chords in this coquette's heart, his Jesuit nature hoped would vibrate when he was gone, artfully implying that the avowal that seemed to hover on his lips would be spoken on the morrow. And so this nicely balanced pair parted.

"Rimino," said the gentleman, after a lengthened conference with Mr. Fosterton's valet in his own private apartment, early the following morning, "when you deliver this note to your master, mark his countenance well, and let me hear any remark he may make; you know my direction. Put down at once, in the servant's hall, any calumny about my quarrelling with Mr. Stamer; the young fellow has family reasons for not blabbing: and bully the old Steward. Let me know if the wound takes a bad turn: such a thing might happen. But he is surrounded at present, you say, by a nest of Protestant hornets, so nothing can be done. Be cautious, and remember the Signora has a divine mission; so implicitly obey her instructions."

"The Steward delivered a note, last evening, to Miss

Julia Mellworth, Signor," remarked Rimino; "so you may guess, Signor, who it came from: she seemed to know from the old fellow, what happened."

"A love effusion, I suppose," remarked the Captain, contemptuously, "and if she heard anything, she is too much afraid of me to repeat it. The General's daily infusion to promote gout," he added, with a slight sneer, "may now be stopped;" and he turned to his open travelling-case, while he thought, "The sooner they are out of this, the better. 'The Cauldron's Witch' and her romantic Chaplain will intone 'the daily service' best for my purpose, when alone, and her pleasure-loving spouse must be lured to London with the dice-box; but I mustn't forget those inquiries for the spirits;" and the Jesuit's thoughts took another turn, while he wrote something rapidly in hieroglyphic, in his note-book: then taking a letter from the open case before him, he handed it to the Italian, who was still waiting. Its direction was simply "Laura," and it contained a passionate and incoherent farewell, with some adroit explanation about an unread letter, that remained unopened from the exciting and distressing accident that had occurred in the morning, and the overwhelming and rapturous feelings of the evening, that rendered him oblivious of all else, until his servant called his attention to this cruel letter, many hours after he retired to his own room, when, by turns miserable and happy, he kept pacing his chamber when others slept. Judge his anguish—a mandate from his regiment "to report himself at head quarters, the following day." The letter had been misdirected, and he could only sign himself "her wretched Alfred."

CHAPTER II.

There be deeper things than these lying in the twilight of Truth.

IN a moderate sized room, devoid of all pretension to ornament, furnished with a dozen clumsy formed mahogany chairs, covered in hair cloth, and a greasy-looking arm chair, of the same material, much worn in the seat, but carefully repaired with black serge, curtains decorating the two narrow windows of the room, originally of a reddish brick colour, but now, from smoke and dust, assuming a maroon shade, sat two men, near a coarse cross-grained mahogany table, ill kept, and far from being scrupulously clean. The rest of the furniture of the apartment was a half-worn Venetian carpet, an old-fashioned looking sideboard, on which was placed a very showy japanned tray, a small unpretending table in a corner, with a few well-thumbed books, and a goodly supply of newspapers.

The getting up of the apartment harmonised well with the furniture, a ceiling dimmed, by time and smoke, of its pristine coloring, and walls, with a peachy sort of dust, subduing the emerald-green wash that coated the smooth plastering. A steel engraving of the "Ecce Homo" hung over the centre of the mantel-piece, while on its right was a ruder print of "The Virgin and Child." St. Patrick, with his crosier and mitre, with a

mantle as green as the wall he hung on, occupied a position on the extreme left; and a bright clear coal fire blazed in a grate below, whose proportions were diminished by two sturdy-looking red bricks, placed at either side, reminding one of the motionless Life Guardsmen, whose equestrian figures keep watch beside the centre arch of the Horse Guards; the similitude, perhaps, would have been greater before the fire was ignited, but however this might be, its ruddy glare now threw a cheerful look over an apartment, that if lit up by a less social light, would have appeared dreary in the extreme. The faded window-curtains were not drawn, and, indeed, they wore a rigid sort of fixed look, that told pretty plainly that operation had seldom been performed since they occupied their present position; the window-shutters were open also, though the waning light of a misty November evening prevented the figures, who moved to and fro in the crowded thoroughfare outside, being distinguishable by the party within; while a thick coating of dust on the panes of glass, and a redoubt of cane-work, inserted in a frame, to fill up the lower part of the window, with the additional defence of a brownish green muslin curtain, technically termed a "blind," effectually marred the curiosity of any prying eyes that, *en passant*, might sacrilegiously seek to penetrate the mysteries of the *priest's parlour*.

The reverend gentleman himself, and his active coadjutor, were now seated, one at each side of the bright, glowing fire, enjoying its cheering warmth, as they sipped their whiskey punch, out of ample tumblers from off the stained table. The contents of a curiously-shaped black bottle, and a glass sugar bowl, manufactured out of a defunct decanter, formed the *matériel;* while the hissing steam of a small tin, black-sided kettle, resting on the metal hob of the grate, proclaimed its readiness to take an active part in a second *brew*, when the contents of the wide-mouthed tumblers were exhausted. Neither gentleman, however, seemed in a hurry to draw on the pleasant resources before them; but discussed various matters, as

well as their toddy, with a leisurable sort of *enjouement* that promised no expected interruption for that evening; while the elder of the two took a venerable-looking clay pipe from off the chimney-piece, that stood between an hour glass and letter weigher, and filling it with the "fragrant weed," he drew forth from a small round *papier-maché* box, that rested in the depths of his voluminous breast pocket, with a St. Bridget dressed in "scarlet and fine linen," pictured on its lid, commenced smoking, at intervals recurring to the contents of the large tumbler, while his companion, stimulated by his senior's example, searched on the small table in the corner for a meerschaum, which, when discovered under a pile of newspapers, looked dilapidated, and used up. As he filled its bowl from the St. Bridget box, prefacing this petty larceny of church property by a muttered something, its only articulate sounds being—"Run out of tobacco"—a good-humored assenting "Humph!" was his principal's comment.

And while both gentlemen sat *vis-à-vis*, puffing blue vapour, the lazy-drawing chimney seemed reluctant to carry away, one might observe the striking contrast in appearance between men whose social tastes appeared so similar.

The Parish Priest was large and corpulent, with a good-humored, indolent expression of countenance, rosy cheeks, grey eyes, with a merry twinkle, and though his features, now under the influence of a soothing narcotic, looked almost placid and benign, still a critical observer would coincide with his maid of all work, Betty, "that his reverence was mighty aisy put in a passion, hot enough while it lasted, but 'twas over in a minute;" while his Curate, or coadjutor, looked as if the hot blood of youth had been expelled, by galvanism, from his cheek, and the low set, dark, impassioned eye shrunk from encountering another's gaze, as if afraid of being inoculated by feelings he had quelled within himself.

Poor Father Tom, he was one of those who never look his fellow man or woman "straight in the face," an

idiosyncrasy of the nervous system sometimes; but in the young coadjutor's case, the revelation of the low-set, dark eyes told more of the secret thoughts of the hidden man, than their proprietor wished to telegraph to a hard-judging, censorious world; and now, as he puffed his battered meerschaum, he never looked fairly at his companion when replying to his remarks, but stole a sly, observant glance out of the corner of his too expressive optics, as they conversed in a desultory manner.

At length the jolly-looking Parish Priest, laying his black pipe on the chimney-piece, and brewing his second capacious tumbler of stiff punch, remarked—

"Anyway 'tis pleasant to have one's work done for them, sometimes, moreover such a cold, raw night as this. Father Doherty will want something hot when he comes in, but those foreign priests ain't any way social—hardly a man amongst them didn't take the pledge against a good laugh as well as good liquor, and yet, 'tis the fashion now to give the people plenty of amusement; but as for my part, I think the jig-house and play-house enough to corrupt a whole nation."

"Still, the march of intellect requires it," returned the younger man, "and this is the age of excitement, and excitement is amusement."

"Don't deceive yourself, Father Tom, I never was put into a flurry about anything; I wasn't tormented, instead of being pleased; and 'the march of intellect,' as you call it, is, I think, the march of the bad boy, the cross between us and all harm; my own private opinion is," he added, in a confidential tone, "that before all this talks about missions, and before those Redemptorist Fathers ever came among us, the people minded their duties better, and paid the dues to their clergy more regular; but now, their minds are upset, running after Father Rinoldi, and Father Kamscetzki. They'll soon look down on their own parish priest, and then, good bye to the Catholics, the *soupers* 'll soon come at them with the Bible; sure, already, we arn't thought genteel enough, by the ultramontane party; and the priests, forsooth, must no longer

be supplied out of the ranks of the people; let them once carry out that," added Father Doyle, with much warmth of manner (whose own respected father was a ploughman), "and I promise them all the good Dan O'Connell ever gained for Ireland goes for nothing, and worse than nothing."

"A well served mass, something out of the common, and a Redemptorist mission, with processions, and the sacrifice of the *Quarant' Ore*, with indulgences, does well enough, now and again, and, may be, is good for enlivening the people's devotion to the true Church; but once make the Catholic clergy from among the gentry to be bowing and scraping acquaintance to their own equals, why, the people of Ireland wouldn't stand it, and no parish priest or coadjutor, could command the people's votes at the next election; they'd soon see they wer'n't one of themselves; and the tenants would vote with the landlords, sooner than trust their priests, that would be likely to sell them, to advance their own grand relations. Take my word for it, Father Tom," he concluded, in a very sagacious tone, "if the Holy Father raises up gentlemen priests, and excludes the sons of the people from serving mass before the Catholic altars of this country, the Protestant parsons will soon be singing psalms in the chapels; for there's not a truer saying than that 'Ireland's battle must be fought on the hustings.'"

"Except," remarked Father Tom, with his dark eyes looking into the fire, instead of at the glowing countenance of his companion, "behind the barricades."

"Well, that was tried, and failed," observed the elder Priest, with a displeased glance at his younger brother.

"It did," replied the reverend young Irelander, with some bitterness of tone, "because there were traitors in the camp; but for that, the green flag now would be flying over the Castle of Dublin."

"Well, Father Tom, that's a point you and I can never agree on," replied Father Doyle in a dogged tone.

"And I'll always maintain Dan O'Connell was the greatest man Ireland ever saw; and his motto was,

'Moral Force.' Look what he wrung out of England by it, for the trampled down Catholics! Where's the penal laws now? And wasn't he able to drive a coach and four through every Act of Parliament they tried to frame against our holy religion? And wasn't every Government afraid to meddle with us, whether they were Whig or Tory, while he kept 'Justice for Ireland,' ringing in their ears? But the Parish Priests, carrying all before them at the elections, did it for him; and he had the people led on by their clergy at his back, on every hustings in Ireland."

"He had sure enough," answered Father Tom, in a dejected tone, with the dark eyes still fixed on the fire. "But he let his opportunity go by, and hadn't courage to strike the blow, that would free his country from Saxon tyrants, but truckled to them, and made clergy and people return a set of hungry place hunters, that hadn't the price of their fare to London in their pockets, when they went over to sell their country to an English House of Commons. But no matter how poor they were, if they hadn't been false traitors to the true-hearted men that braved everything to vote them into power. But Erin's curse is to be betrayed by her own sons, and until the people are united as one man, to have a parliament and country of their own, Saxon gold will continue to corrupt her needy patriots. So say I, from the bottom of my heart, with the fine fellows that failed, because they were deceived."

"Up with the barricades! and invoke the God of war." And Father Tom stood up, and with a Brutus sort of air, plunged his hands into the very depths of the right and left pocket of his nether garment. His senior shook his head with a disapproving nod, but he did not immediately reply; for Father Tom was a local deity amongst the parishioners, and had a wild abrupt sort of eloquence about him, that took mightily with Father Doyle's congregation, who crowded in great numbers to his chapel, to hear their favourite; thus, of course, increasing the Parish Priest's income, who himself was

somewhat deficient in this popular kind of oratory, so exciting to Irish hearers. Yet, though the good Father was a passionate admirer of "the great O'Connell," and upheld invariably, when discussing politics with his coadjutor, the doctrine of "moral force," still he refrained from enforcing his own views, orthodox as he believed them, on the schismatic disciple of "physical force;" and respected nearly as much as the parishioners, the *smashing* discourses of Father Tom, as well as the self abnegation of the young man, who was always ready to attend a sick call, look after the afflicted and destitute; and while he thundered forth reproof against the vicious, to the utmost limit of his own scanty means, sought to reform their evil courses, by relieving their wants.

"No use in trying that game again," at length, remarked Father Doyle, with a half sigh, an unexpressed tribute of regret more to his companion's warlike tendencies, than to the barricade failure of '48.

"Better to get out of England all we can, by instalments of justice, that risk losing all the great O'Connell gained for us, by fighting her trained soldiers with a half-fed set of poor creatures, that wouldn't make a breakfast for her Light Infantry, not to say Heavy Dragoons, riding, and cutting them down; with her Navy, battering our sea-port towns about our ears. Why, the Catholics wouldn't be as well off as they are now, in half a century! Havn't we our men in the grand jury box? —Poor-law Guardians? and High Sheriffs?—Council to the Lord Lieutenant? and Judges of the land? Why, man! we have the ball at our foot, if we only keep the people true to us at the elections, and let their Clergy choose for them the right men to be returned to the English Parliament."

"Yes," observed father Tom, in a sarcastic tone, somewhat more *anglicised* in its accent than he had hitherto used; "respectable Cawtholics, as the Chancellor called for," he added, resuming his own voice, "when there was a vacancy in a Protestant Bishoprick to fill

up. 'Tis these men you boast of—those 'respectable Cawtholics,'—that have struck the rights of our nation in the dust—made their country's wrongs a stepping stone into office, for themselves, and their nominees. Perish," he cried, with some vehemence of manner, "the traitor Irishman, be he Catholic, or not, who barters freedom for place, under Saxon tyrants. If the battle is to be fought at the hustings, it must be against Whig Catholic jobbery; for if a man of the people can't be found to represent them, let the tenant farmers of Ireland send some honest Tory to the British Parliament sooner, who won't sell them for place, and doesn't rack-rent the lands their fathers held over their heads: but the 'good time' may appear long in coming, but come it will," he cried, and the dark eyes looked into the bright blaze, as if the 'good time' he spoke of, was shadowed there; "for the nation who feels her fetters, will shake them off, and

> Methinks I hear a little bird, who sings,
> The people, by and by, will be the stronger."

"Don't heed the screech-owl's song, then," observed the elder Priest, who mistook the quotation of Byron's, for some of Mazzini's revolutionary poetry, Father Tom delighted in reciting, occasionally, more for his own pleasure, than the worthy Parish Priest's, who had a holy horror of the Italian Republican. "I'm afraid, my friend," he added, "you got into a bad set, when you were at Rome. Men—God bless us! that would dethrone, if they could, the Pope himself. Luck, or grace, can't attend them, or their writings; and I often wonder at you, Father Tom, a man that knows the difference, how you can be bit by such notions."

"By a love of freedom," exclaimed the young coadjutor. "It surely is a wonder, when the iron hoof of despotism has so long ground the Irish, as well as the Italian, into the dust. But liberty is both our birthrights, and 'liberty' shall be, yet, the cry of Priest and layman! Italy wants no temporal sovereign but her people; and Ireland is the same; the supreme Pontiff is alike the Head of our Church, but *Pio Nono* should have come

back from Gaeta, stripped of everything but ecclesiastical power."

This was a climax Father Doyle had dreaded, and he now fidgetted on his chair, whilst he cried out—

"Whisht, man, let nobody hear you use such shocking language, walls have ears;" and swigging off the remainder of the contents of his second tumbler, he muttered to himself, as he went to the parlour door, to call to his maid, Betty, to bring up a candle, "Nobody is the better of listening to such awful talk as that; if the Priests at Rome lose their senses, and turn out Red Republicans, its all up with the infallible Church." And, with something like a groan, he drew forth his breviary, which had reposed in the same pocket with the St. Bridget box, and settled himself to read his office for the night, as a decided, and well-executed double demand for entrance, was performed on the brass knocker of the street door.

The clear, ringing sound, startled one Priest from executing his pious intention; and the other, from a warlike reverie, wherein certain bright and dull innoxious coals, under the perspective gaze of a pair of dark eyes, were, by some alchymy of the spirit, transformed into hostile armaments, set in battle's stern array, now vanished, when the double knock resounded in his ears, as the airy fabric of a dream, or a ghost, put to flight by the first crow of that domestic watchman, the household cock.

CHAPTER III.

——— What is man? for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths, and his shadows, his good, and his evil,
All in all, he's a problem, must puzzle the devil.

BURNS.

"IT'S not Father Doherty's rap," whispered the head of the establishment to his maid, Betty, who made her appearance with the candle: "it's some of the strange Clergy. Father Tom, you'd better open the door."

The coadjutor at once obeyed, and Betty, a sturdy-looking, middle aged woman, with the tact a Priest's housekeeper should possess, removed the empty glasses from off the table, muttering something about "not minding, if it was only Father Doherty;" and, by the direction of her master's demonstrative glance, hid the long-necked, black bottle, and its *confrère*, the glass sugar bowl, on the cranky-looking sideboard, as Father Tom returned, ushering in a stranger, who, in a soft, gliding sort of step, entered the room. His dress was in strict accordance with a *number one* class Romish Priest; and, as he saluted, and addressed Father Doyle, apologising, in courteous terms, for intruding on him at that unreasonable hour, there was something foreign in

his accent, which set him down as no "Maynooth man," in both Priests' estimation.

Betty retired, and, like a woman who knows secrets are to be discussed that she is to know nothing about, carefully closed the door after her, but, unlike servants of the laity, refrained from applying her ear to the key-hole, which must be admitted was a piece of self-denial, on her part, we will not say, with the maligners of the sex, considering she was a woman, but having witnessed the astonishment of two gentlemen, who, in Betty's estimation, were omniscient, and the cool, self-possessed air of a third, who broke in on them so unexpectedly, her domestic service curiosity might naturally be excited. But not so; on walked Betty, without faltering, to the lower regions, with her imaginative powers so well disciplined, as not even to hazard a silent guess, at either the visitor's rank, or mission.

Father Doyle and his coadjutor did both, in the few brief moments he had been in the room; the latter requested the stranger to be seated, in rather a constrained manner, while the former, with seemingly much heartiness of will, recommended a "tumbler of punch. Not a bad thing such a cold foggy night."

The hospitality was declined, but the reverend gentleman accepted the chair, producing a missal-shaped note-book, drew forth from it, apparently, a letter, which, when he opened, seemed to contain only a few lines; at the bottom of the page was affixed a seal; this missive he handed to the elder Priest, and the good man, drawing the candle near him, seemed somewhat puzzled at reading its contents, although the character of the hand was not unfamiliar.

Father Tom stole a look out of the corner of the dark eyes at the face of his *chef* while he read.

The stranger fixed his bright flinty ones on the pallid countenance of the coadjutor, and seemed to read him through, without any apparent difficulty.

Father Doyle, at length, deciphered the cabalistic words, and holding the open letter in his hand, assured

the stranger, "to the utmost of his own and his coadjutor's power, they'd aid and assist him in any matter he was concerned about;" concluding by a respectful hope, "that the health of Father Ignatius was good," with an earnest enquiry as to "when he might be expected in this country."

The stranger replied only to the last remark, because, perhaps, he judged rightly, it contained the pith of the civil speech just uttered.

"Monsignore Reynard's presence," he said, with some emphasis on the foreign designation of this influential Jesuit, "in Ireland, could scarcely be calculated on at present, as his personal and valuable aid was just then required in a distant land, to organise some matters connected with the immediate interests of his order. But," added this courteous gentleman, "though this great man's heart is truly Catholic, watching over the true faith of our Holy Mother Church throughout the terrestrial globe, still his own country lies nearest its core, and be assured his ubiquitous care is never, for a moment, no matter where he may be, withdrawn from the land of his birth."

The dark eyes of Father Tom stole a furtive glance at the speaker's face, but were withdrawn in an instant, and fixed on the fire. Did he expect to read the real meaning of sounds uttered so smoothly, there? Hard to say, for the first lesson taught her Priesthood, by the Church of Rome, is to veil their inward thought from the scrutiny of others, divulging the secret mysteries of their companionless hearts only in the ear of some brother Priest in the Confessional.

"Father Ig—, that is, Monsignore Reynard," observed the elder Priest, "wrote to me some time ago, about a lady of fortune that is come to live near this, who turned from the Church to the Chapel, some time ago."

"That is, embraced Catholicity," remarked his visitor, slightly frowning at the homely mode of expression used by the Parish Priest, while his flinty eye glanced at him cold and bright, as if made of steel.

"Just so," returned Father Doyle, with a corrected look, "and now she's thinking of turning back again. My coadjutor here, Father Tom Kavanagh, was to see her to-day, and he tells me he wouldn't be surprised if she read her recantation before a week was out."

"This must be looked to at once," replied the strange Priest, quickly, "and it is respecting Mrs. Delma, partly, I have disturbed you this evening."

And the bright cold eyes rested on the cross grained table, where a little isthmus of recently spilt punch divided an island stain of ink, from a mainland patch of former social discoloration, his glance, transient as it was, giving an emphasis of irony to his half implied apology.

"What induces this woman to waver?" asked he, rather abruptly, addressing the younger Priest.

"I should think, naturally, she is not a strong-minded woman," replied Father Tom, "and seems now to regret greatly, being separated from her husband and children, for he won't let her see them, except at times, and then their father must be present; I think she's a woman full of whims, I suppose, from having a large fortune in her own right, and having her fancies always indulged; but as to religion, it was only like the fashion of a new gown with her. When her husband used to go over to hunt in Leicestershire, she fell in with some high people that were Puseyites there, and picked up their jargon, about turning the Church of the State into something like a caricature of Catholicity, borrowing the ornaments of our worship, and neither admitting, or denying, many of the leading doctrines of our infallible Church. And with this corpse, decked out in borrowed finery, the invention of vain learned men, who wish to have the credit of producing something original themselves in the way of a Church, to suit the morbid taste for splendour and excitement in aristocratic circles, Mrs. Delma's friends, who, I suppose, had more sense than herself, like many before them, perceived there was no vitality in the dead body they adorned, without a Spiritual head, or acknowledged Priestly power; so they gave up being partial

copyists, and became out and out Catholics; and this lady, I'm thinking, not to be outdone, followed their example, but she's neither one thing nor th'other, and seems to think the Catholic Church rather a vulgar sort of thing at this side of the water, and complains of bad smells in the Irish chapels, and want of style in the Irish priests; and hints, if she knew as much before as she does now, she would not have acted so much from impulse; in fact," added Father Tom, emphatically, "she'll turn back again, and nobody can help her, and that's my decided opinion."

"Impossible!" exclaimed our old acquaintance, Father Peter, carefully divested of his military moustache, and accurately dressed after the most approved clerical pattern. "Impossible!" repeated he; that whim must be opposed, and opposed effectually."

"Easier said than done, I'm afraid," observed the elder Priest. "Sure, we took the Redemptorist Fathers to see her, and one of them, Father la Pirouette, who is a Frenchman, I thought, would be of use to her, he's so fashionable and polite, quite all the lady in his manners, and she used to hint so much about all she felt, confessing to mere vulgar Irish priests; but, my dear Sir, she'd talk of nothing but Paris to him, and he discoursed her about the edifying Catholic faith of the Empress, and how she prized and exalted those pious Catholic ladies who were converted to the true Church; and 'twas all very well while it lasted; but the short and the long of the matter is this, she'd like to hear high mass well enough in *Notre Dame*, or in Cardinal Wiseman's Church, and others like it, got up in the Italian style; but in her heart she looks down upon Irish priests and Irish chapels."

"Low vulgar politicians, now-a-days," observed the owner of the dark eyes fixed on the fire, in a tone of asperity, evidently smarting under a severe rebuke delivered recently by his Diocesan, to check his well-known "young Ireland" predilections.

"The priesthood of the Catholic Church in Great

Britain," remarked the observant Father Peter, in a mild conciliating tone, "must be politicians, notwithstanding; for their sacred faith abjures its oath of allegiance to a heretic Sovereign, and clings to the hope, however distant it may appear, of the throne of England being filled by our recognised legitimate sovereign of the House of Modena."

This might have been thrown out as a *feeler*, to draw forth the political creed of the young coadjutor, or it might be the genuine expression of a Jesuit officer of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria's Life-Guards' loyalty; but the young Irelander was too wary of expressing his Republican views in such ultramontane company, and let it pass without comment, while his heart acknowledged no fealty, but to "the Sovereign Majesty of the People."

The good easy Parish Priest thought, with some dismay, "What next?" his own feelings being decidedly opposed to "physical intervention" in the succession "question."

Something like an awkward pause ensued, broken, however, with Father Peter's inimitable *tact*, by a modest request of being introduced to Mrs. Delma the following day. "He would just walk up with Father Tom, to her handsome villa in the suburbs, before the hour she received visitors or went out; not too early, lest this fashionable lady might be invisible."

So Father Doyle named one o'clock "the nick of time," while Father Tom muttered some inarticulate sound, like "Aye, if she's in the humour:" and thoroughly disgusted with both his companions, the *exigée*, Captain Gardner, under the assumed garb of a Jesuit Priest, stood up to withdraw, taking back first, however, the paper he had submitted for perusal on his entrance, and carefully replacing it in the missal got-up note-book, his eye rested on some hieroglyphic characters on its open page, and as if, at that moment, he was reminded of something he had forgotten (which was far from being the case), he addressed the elder Priest in a careless tone.

"Wimbledon Terrace is in your parish, I believe? Have you any notes respecting a widow who resides there, of the name of Lee, for some years back?"

"I think I have, Sir," replied Father Doyle, apparently not surprised at the question; "at all events, Wimbledon Terrace is down in the book I keep for the Bishop's inspection, and for the direction of the Clergy in their duties through the parish. Father Tom," he added, addressing his young assistant, "it's in the upper drawer in the bookcase in my own room, where I keep my best suit: here's the key: fetch it down; you know the book, and if I'm not mistaken, we wrote something, lately, under the very name you have mentioned, Sir."

The young Priest returned after a few moments, laden with a ponderous looking ledger, of the largest dimensions.

The book was placed on the table, and with a very business sort of air, the Parish Priest turned over its leaves, while his coadjutor stood by, assisting his search for "Wimbledon Terrace," and when the right page was found, with a practised finger he ran over the numbers of the houses, and at No. 13 came to a full stop.

Opposite, stood the name of the proprietor, "Mrs. Lee, widow," and in juxtaposition was a note reference to some page, containing details connected with No. 13, Wimbledon Terrace.

"Is it within the last seven years you want the information, Sir?" asked the young Priest, before he turned to read the comment.

"Why, I rather think not," answered Father Peter; "but I wish to see what you have there, as well as your jottings down seven years ago."

"They were mine then, not his," remarked the elder Priest. "I am after serving my three apprenticeships in this parish."

"More shame for your Diocesan to leave such a homely piece of goods near the metropolis, and lose such women as Mrs. Delma, by your vulgarity," thought the Jesuit; but he said aloud, "It's time for you to be pro-

moted to a richer parish than this, I think, Father Doyle. Men like you, that have worked so long, should get a writ of ease in some easy-worked place, where they'd be well paid."

"Why, then, now," returned the good-natured looking Priest, "I'd grieve to the heart, leaving this parish. Not an old face in it, or a paving-stone, I may say, that I'm not as familiar with as my own breviary; and I met with nothing but good will and respect since I came in it, from Protestants as well as Catholics; and when the Bibles, and the proscribed books, as they call them, were burnt, by order of the Foreign Mission, the other day, in my parish, the blackest Orangeman among them never called me out of my name, or tried to injure me in any way. And I'd rather," he added, looking round the shabby room, while his twinkling eye glistened, "have my old quarters here, than the Archbishop of Dublin's palace; for I've known it so long, it's like the face of a man's child, I may say, and I never wished to change it, and knew nothing in it but a contented mind."

Poor Father Doyle, your simple eloquence was thrown away; for at that moment the Jesuit inspector, you so freely opened the local attachment of your nature to, had decided on your removal, and already, in his mind's eye, stationed you in a distant parish from the metropolis, where there were no lady converts to be disgusted, or Puseyitish ones to be won over to the true Church by refined sophistry and courtly *finesse*; while your Republican coadjutor he mentally consigned to a mountainy cure, in the most retired parish in the county of Wicklow, with a Rector of the genuine ultramontane stamp, who never read the "Nation" newspaper, or allowed so dangerous a liberty to his Curate.

"Show it to me," asked the expatriated P. P. of Wimbledon Terrace, in *futuro*, of his Curate, as he turned over the pages, to discover a commentary on Widow Lee and her family, seven years before. "I know where to find it, in the beginning of the book; every seven years, you know, a new list is taken."

"Or rather," observed his Jesuit visitor, "the old list is revised."

"Well, that's the way, Sir," replied the good-humored Priest, who little suspected the private decision his guest had come to respecting his own revision. "I see, Sir, you're well up to these matters; but though I keep the book pretty fair, with the help of my coadjutors, the rescript order being so strict about it, yet 'tis seldom I look it over, except when it's called for this way, by gentlemen like you, Sir, or to show Father Tom, there, and Father Doherty, who is, and who is not, in the parish; but here we have Wimbledon Terrace, again. No. 13, sure enough; 'Widow Lee.' Here, Father Tom, read the notes," he added, "my sight, latterly, isn't the best, and that candle wants snuffing."

And with a rusty-looking apparatus, that reposed in a narrow-shaped tray of red japan, that lay on the table beside the luminary, he performed decapitation on a wick resembling the major black plume of a hearse, while Father Tom commenced reading the *affiche* attached to unconscious Widow Lee's name.

"Allow me," cried Father Peter, interrupting him, and glancing at the page; "I'll not give you that trouble, I'll just look it over myself."

And suiting the action to the word, he drew the book across the table, near where he stood, and bending over it, read rapidly, in a low, unconnected tone, as if intended only for his own information—

"Church of England heretic"—"Supposed to be poor"—"Take in day scholars"—"Two sons, twins"—"One daughter"—"Quiet people."

The bright steel eye seemed to take it all in with a glance, while he sought in each successive year some notice or event he seemed to look for.

The word "death" at length fixed his flinty gaze, and taking out the missal note-book, he copied, with his gold pencil, the paragraph, *verbatim;* it ran thus:—

"11th day of August died, as the clock struck twelve,

P. M. George Lee, a twin, aged ten years, five months, and thirteen days."

"Have you his birth here?" demanded the Jesuit, looking up, but keeping his finger on the spot where he left off reading.

"I should think not," replied Father Doyle. "You see, Sir, in the seven years you are looking over, Widow Lee came to Wimbledon Terrace; the servant, Sally Connors, you see, Sir, is put down a Catholic, and she told to the very minute the child died, and moreover, brought me, privately, the Bible 'twas written in, by Widow Lee herself, for I'm more particular about the deaths than I am about anything else, for before I ever was in the Church I heard tell of a great lawsuit being gained by the priest's book, and the man who gained it built a new chapel for the priest, and gave him, into the bargain, a good round sum of money for himself, and signs on, you'll see whatever is missed, the deaths are all put down pretty correct. I make the servants and the nurse-tenders report them to me, before they go out of their head, and bring me any bit of writing to look at, the family may have about them; but the child was born before they came to Wimbledon Terrace, I'm sure."

The flinty eye ran over the rest of the information respecting Widow Lee and family.

"George, the boy that died, gave two raps at the hall door, like a postman's knock, a signal to Sally Connors, it was he that was knocking."

And this scrap of domestic biography was gravely copied into the missal-shaped note-book, and its owner smiled as the arch fiend might smile, while he read the comment on the surviving twin boy.

"Methodist turn—Protestant parson—with Tory friends."

And Captain Gardner grinned complacently, as he thought of the Chaplain at Fosterton Park.

The concluding observations were in the younger Priest's handwriting, and seemed to be recently made.

"A noble-looking Italian lodging with Widow Lee" —"Knew him at Rome"—"Is now proscribed for holding liberal opinions"—"Speaks English like a native"— "Studying Theology, under a Protestant Minister, Mr. Smythe"—"Lives very retired"—"Attends worship in the Protestant Church"—"Time or cause of falling into heresy, not known"—"Bears the name of a noble Italian family, Luigi di Cortona."

The steel, flinty-looking eye of Father Peter dilated with the intensity of its owner's satisfaction, as he glanced over Father Tom's comments, but there was no start of pleasurable surprise, or exclamation of joy, to betray the passing emotion.

In a calm, low tone he remarked—

"Di Cortona served with Garibaldi, and is under sentence of death. He is a dangerous man, and, if he can, will revolutionize Italy yet; he must be looked closely after. Is this Widow Lee's present servant a Catholic?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," replied the elder Priest, "I think she is. Do you remember, Father Tom?"

The young man glanced at the page before the Jesuit, and replied—

"To be sure she is; the servant's name, don't you see, has the initial C. after it?"

"If," observed Father Peter, "this woman should not be in any order, let her at once be got to join a rosary of twelve other women you can depend on, or at least, most of them; they will watch her, and she will watch this renegade heretic from his religion and country, so that his future career can be damaged or stopped, as best to promote the interests of the Church."

The young Priest bit his lip until it nearly bled.

"He is no renegade from his country, I believe," observed he, in a low tone, that in spite of his efforts to repress it, betrayed some indignant emotion. "The first wish of his soul, I understand, is to see Italy free—released from the presence of foreign troops, and a liberal constitution established, as in the days of Rienzi."

The cold, flinty eye of Father Peter was fixed on the young man's face, as he spoke.

"That which in a Secular State can be accomplished, is simply impossible in a Pontifical State," replied the Jesuit, in a mild, quiet tone; "and therefore he who would attempt to divorce the temporal from the spiritual power of the Sovereign Pontiff, would annihilate the Pope, as well as Catholicity, and so incur mortal sin."

Father Doyle groaned as he turned towards the fire, and poked its glowing embers, to escape encountering the strange Priest's searching glance, that oscillated between him and his coadjutor; who with wonderful self-possession replied—

"Yet many good Catholics maintain the Holy Father's spiritual power would be greater and more respected, if divested of the arbitrary temporal authority that has been so long wielded to crush the liberties of the people."

"Their names as Catholics should be blotted out," replied the Jesuit, in a slightly sarcastic tone, "or appear only in the *Index Expurgatorius;* the spiritual edicts of the Pope must continue to be enforced by his temporal power, for such is the refractory spirit and insubordination of the modern Italian, that the laity of Rome would desert even the Confessional, did not imprisonment await those who refused observing so sacred a rite as to confess."

The young Irelander had some vague idea of liberty of conscience floating through his brain; but he gave no expression to his feelings, and his Parish Priest relieved his embarrassment by remarking—

"Oh! 'twould never do to strip the Pope of his guards, he must have Peter's sword as well as keys; what people won't do through love, they must be made do through fear, for their own good. I'll get this widow Lee's servant maid into a rosary, Sir, and then 'tis hard if we can't hear something, and get this Republican Italian into a hoult, one way or another; and I'm thinking, Sir, when once you have him under your thumb, you'll know how to deal with him."

The white teeth of the Jesuit Father Peter were displayed, glittering and expressive, without even the aid of a military moustache to set them off; they conveyed, more than the most expressive sentence could, of the *crunching*, the apostate Italian would receive at his hand.

Father Tom's dark eyes were turned towards that city of refuge to him—the fire; but a smile of lofty disdain played round the patriotic Priest's mouth.

"Don't you wish you may catch him," was his secret thought; while his inward resolve took the form of something like "I'll foil your manœuvres; this noble young Republican shan't be trapped, if I can help it."

"You'll not forget one o'clock to-morrow," said Father Peter, addressing the owner of the dark eyes, in a voice of great suavity, as he moved to depart.

"I shall depend entirely on your pilotage in managing this whimsical Mrs. Delma; my mission calls me to search out, and confirm, the wavering and unstable."

And in his own mind he had already prescribed a pilgrimage to Rome, for Father Tom himself, as soon as he was duly located in his mountain cure.

"The very air of the eternal city," thought he, "puts to flight those false notions of liberty; fasting and penance will take his Republican spirit down; if not, it can harmlessly exhale in the dungeons of St. Angelo."

His thoughts reverted to the other object of his missionary cure. "My ruby ring, and violet satin neck gear, will do much to confirm this wavering lady; a trip to Paris, and a smart French Abbe for a confessor, and she is Catholic for life."

"What mission does he belong to?" enquired the young Priest of his senior, after the departure of their visitor.

"The mission of the oblates of Mary," replied Father Doyle, "and I'm thinking it was not for good he came spying after us to-night."

His coadjutor's heart responded in the affirmative, with a strange presentiment of evil connected with the visit; but before he could reply, the well known knock

of Father Doherty interrupted the current of both their thoughts.

"That's he, at last," cried the Parish Priest; "these Redemptorist Fathers must have had great doings in the Chapel, to keep him so long. Put the glasses on the table, Father Tom, while Betty is opening the door for him; and I'll put the kettle on the fire," he added, in his zeal to promote the comfort of his junior coadjutor, "for he'll want a hot tumbler, badly, and so will we, after the damper that was here this evening.

CHAPTER IV.

Self flatter'd, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend,
All in some darling enterprise embarked;
But where is he, can fathom its event?

"MY dear Madam," said Frank Lee, addressing his mother, in the same pleasant little drawing-room we first introduced him to our readers, the morning after he had taken a run up from Fosterton Park, ostensibly to see his family, but in reality to decide on the tone of a harmonium, for the private chapel he officiated in, "Protestantism should be called Tudorism, fierce and coarse; its spirit is inimical to the development of the present day. The Reformation, as it is termed, succeeded in a Puritanical age, the times we live in are more enlightened days of excitement and bustle, when men require recreation, and are beginning now to regard their Maker no longer as a harsh task-master, frowning on innocent enjoyments, and scenes of amusement, where each may strive for some individual excellence, but as a beneficent Being, who created the love of pleasure in our hearts, and approvingly regards its indulgence as an alleviation of earthly sorrow and sickness—a relief to laborious fatigue and mental anxiety. In fact, amusement of one

kind or another is now found to be the best corrective against that worldly ferment that engrosses mankind in the present day."

"Francis," replied Mrs. Lee, sadly pained to find her son advocating sentiments so opposed to revealed truth, "if the Bible were a fable, your reasoning might admit of argument; but the Word of God says expressly, 'Be ye not conformed unto this world;' and the apostle Paul, reprobating some who had fallen away, describes them as 'lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God.'"

"Oh, but mother," remarked Letty Lee, quickly, "Frank seems to ignore the Scriptures altogether. The development of the present age appears to me to have got quite beyond such old fashioned lights as revelation to walk by."

"Scripture, like everything else," replied the young man, with an air of supercilious superiority, "should be modified to suit the exigencies of the age. What was preached on the sea shore of Galilee, to illiterate fishermen, should be liberally interpreted by untrammelled intellects, in the saloons of London or Paris."

"Oh, Francis," cried Mary Elmore, who was seated at a small table, near the window, finishing a pencil sketch, "remember who that gospel was preached by—'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' There was no past or future to His omniscient eye; the world's ages were always present; and surely, if His glorious gospel was to be modified to suit the progress of sinful man, provision for such a 'liberal interpretation' would have been made by Him whose mission was to save, through the revolutions of time, a lost world."

"Nevertheless, Mary," returned Frank Lee, attempting to laugh, "heavy eaters and hard thinkers, with gloomy thoughts about our hereafter, and in these islands, with weeping skies above us, require mirth as an alterative; dullness is not religion."

"Certainly not," replied she; "but how many sources of pleasurable enjoyment do we possess, that tend to make our fellow creatures happier—draw our own minds from

low and grovelling pursuits, to the contemplation of the works of the Great Architect—fill our hearts with prayer and praise—and, in the cultivation of our mental faculties, learn that true development, a knowledge of our own inferiority to attain that excellence which is only to be found in a better and purer world than this."

As Mary Elmore spoke, she had laid down her pencil, and her usually pale cheek was now slightly flushed, at finding herself saying so much before a stranger; for Mrs. Lee's Italian lodger was present, taking no part in the conversation, but apparently occupied looking over a book of drawings of Miss Elmore's, that lay on the table.

"Mary is right," observed Mrs. Lee, seated in her arm-chair, knitting, near the fire; "if the men and women of our day were less 'heady minded,' and people understood better the plague of their own hearts, they would not seek, by resorting to frivolous pleasures, to increase either their own or their fellow creatures' happiness. They forget that a treacherous enemy works within their own breasts—sin! hateful sin!—ready to assist the outward temptation, whatever it may be, and so gain the mastery. Our Lord knew the weakness of human nature well, when he applied the same warning to future generations that he did to his disciples, the fishermen of Galilee—'What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch!'"

"And he taught his disciples," remarked Letty, "a prayer, those who drink deeply of worldly pleasure need to use even more than others—'Lead us not into temptation.'"

"But amusement is not temptation," returned her brother. "A clever writer of the present day has said, 'A man, wearied with care and business, would find more change of ideas, with less fatigue, in seeing a good play, than in almost any other way of amusing himself;' and, after a dull, tame service, in the Anglican Church, on Sunday, constituted as it as present, I see no harm in indulging oneself in a relaxation so inoffensive as the drama."

"Remember, thou shalt keep the Sabbath day holy," observed his mother, with a glance expressive of both surprise and horror towards her son. "What a taint must your mind have received, Francis, to become, in so short a period, not only the advocate of indiscriminate and worldly amusement, but a desecrator of that Sabbath, instituted by the Lord Jehovah for the spiritual rest and spiritual refreshment of His believing people throughout all generations. Have you, indeed, my son, been dazzled by the vain theories of men who would substitute for the revealed word of the Most High a code of religious opinions, adopted in much the same spirit as those who shift and change their views respecting the government of our country, and call it 'political expediency?' True religion is as immutable as its Divine Author, and the written word He bestowed on fallen man, for his guidance, recognises no such false sophism as 'religious expediency.' Christ came to fulfil all righteousness; He instructed, out of the Sciptures, the Jewish people on the Sabbath; His disciples observed the Sabbath, when they met together, the first day of the week—that Sabbath of their risen Lord, who then just entered into His rest. They observed this day, set apart for the puposes of prayer and supplication, and fulfilled the injunction of the Prophet Isaiah, 'Not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words, but called the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honourable.' Beware then, my dear child, of falling into such grievous error, sure to engulph the rudderless boat, launched on life's stormy sea without the pilotage of God's word, beneath the cold dark waters of unbelief."

The anxious Christian mother sighed deeply, and her son answered her readily enough—

"No fear of that, mother. I think the main error of the Anglican Church is, that she is too restricted by her articles in matters of belief. For my own part, I think a greater scope of faith than is considered orthodox, by either Calvinist or Lutheran, would make me far happier, and I am quite sure it does many others; for instance, when

one reads or hears of those pious and holy Saints, whom we may imagine as forming part of the household in the Heavenly Court, do not our hearts whisper we should invoke their aid, jointly with that of the Supreme Being, giving an animated character, and something tangible, to our private devotions?"

The three ladies looked greatly shocked.

The deep toned voice of Luigi di Cortona observed quietly—

"Twice St. John fell into the same error, when he fell down, and would have worshipped an angel; and twice that angel rebuked him—'See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant, worship God.'"

Frank Lee, somewhat startled at so striking a refutation, from a quarter he least expected it, tried to look careless, as he replied—

"Well, that is something to the point; still, in the language of that enlightened writer, Froude, I will say, 'These things may, perhaps, be idolatrous, but I cannot make up my mind about it.'"

"Greater, and better, men," replied the Italian divinity student, "than the modern Tractarian, Froude, the pious and devoted Reformers of your Church, who swept away corruption, and restored the pure doctrines taught in the Holy Scriptures, sealing their faith with their blood, wrote and preached that 'Saint worship was idolatry,' in the same kind and degree with the worst that ever prevailed amongst the Egyptians, or the Canaanites."

"Still, Tractarian writers are to me far more attractive," replied the pupil of the Jesuit, Captain Gardner, evasively; "and I quite agree with Newman, that the Reformers 'mutilated the tradition of fifteen hundred years.'"

"Pardon me!" cried di Cortona, "the present system of Romanism is not older than the Council of Trent, held about three hundred years ago; the innovating errors swept away by the Reformers, were not traditions, but are contained in the Creed of Pope Pius IV., first

published after the Council of Trent. The Reformers but cleared away the rubbish; 'they built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.'"

"Still," replied Frank Lee conceitedly, "the Anglican Church strikes me as very like the Jews, after they returned from captivity, who could never find the rod of Aaron, or the ark of the Covenant."

"Lying miracles, and an infallible visible head, I suppose," retorted the Italian, in a tone of irony. "No! they published abroad that Eternal Truth, Apostles preached, they came out from the mystery of iniquity," added he, "and planted the tree of Freedom; it 'took root downwards, and bore fruit upwards,' so that the despots of the world cannot uproot its foundation; and I, and others, who are persecuted to the death, for conscience sake, take shelter beneath its wide spreading branches. Surely, the Reformation was a glorious epoch in the world's history, throwing the full glare of Scripture light on the murky darkness of the middle ages; and shall we, whom it emancipated from superstitious tyranny, fling away the gift, and prove ungrateful? God forbid!"

Mary Elmore's hand shaded her soft expressive eyes, but they were fixed on the animated and noble countenance of the impassioned speaker. Her lover, of former years, regarded her with complicated feelings; she was no longer the first object of his thoughts; but to have her's turned admiringly on another, though only in approval of the sentiments he advocated, piqued his vanity, and shot a pang, as it were, through his heart. He hastily rose, and approaching the table where she sat, took up the unfinished drawing before her, and addressing to her some trivial remark, recalled her attention.

He was to return to Fosterton Park the day after but one, and was so occupied executing commissions for his country friends, that Mary Elmore enjoyed but little of his society; and when they were together, he seemed so absent, and estranged, so indifferent to the social circle,

he formerly delighted in, to those little details of private life, so interesting to his mother and sister, indulging in vague metaphysical disquisitions, now advocating the authentic information derived from "Spirit rapping," "Mesmeric influences," and "Electro-biological revelations," with disjointed sarcasms, flung at random, against the tenets of the Reformation, a substitution of some form of worship undefined, and varying with external circumstances, his mind seemed to dwell on, while his whole manner was tinctured with a supercilious contempt for old friends, and their opinions, that the inmates of No. 13, Wimbledon Terrace, as well as their neighbours, the Elmores, felt Mr. Frank Lee's departure for Fosterton Park something like a relief.

His visit, certainly, did not increase their stock of happiness. Mrs. Lee's eyes looked weak and red, after he was gone. Letty complained, that there was nothing but disappointment in the world, for she had looked forward, so hopefully, to Frank paying them a visit, had planned and talked so much about it, with Mary Elmore, and now, he had come and gone, and it had turned out so differently. He looked handsomer, and better, to be sure, than ever he did, but he had picked up such strange notions, had grown so opinionated; in fact, he was anything but improved.

Mary Elmore looked paler, and more thoughtful, but was silent.

His mother sighed deeply; in her breast he had planted the deepest scar. She had used all her parental influence, in vain, to induce him to give up the chaplaincy at Fosterton Park. She was not aware how many other posts he filled there; but she judged rightly her child was subject to influences and examples, that militated against a spiritual growth in grace. And though Frank dwelt on the perspective advantages of his position, still the pious parent thought the "one thing needful" paramount to all other considerations, and that, evidently, from the increased wordly tone of her son's mind, was wanting at Fosterton Park. Then,

he had incurred debt, and tradesmen's bills were sent in for payment, and he thought so lightly of consigning them dishonored to the fire, scarcely glancing over the items, that his thrifty punctual parent was distressed beyond measure, and remonstrated gently, but earnestly, on the great impropriety and ruinous result of such careless and reckless expenditure, so far exceeding his income. Frank listened impatiently to the maternal lecture, pretty plainly intimating his old fashioned mother could hardly even hazard a guess at the current expenses of a young gentleman moving in aristocratic circles, not to say lay down rules to regulate his disbursements. After much kindly feeling on one side, and something like a forced contrition expressed on the other, the matter was settled, and so were the tradesmen's bills; but Mrs. Lee resigned the hoarded savings which were to buy a new piano for Letty, with the new improvements, to enable her to continue some advanced pupils, who rebelled against receiving instruction on her well strummed old one; and the old lady, suddenly, fell out with those little luxuries her daughter procured for her declining years, declaring her indifference, nay, dislike to such matters; while her son returned to the country with his bills paid up, or in a fair way of being so, and performed a daily service in the private chapel at Fosterton Park, intoned vespers, read Froude, Newman, Pusey, and Co., and thought only of the beautiful and fascinating woman, who marked the most insidious passages of these luminaries to the subversion of Scriptural religion, and distilled, as it were, poison into his veins.

Mr. Fosterton had gone to London on pressing business—a new loan, from a Jewish firm, which exchanged hands before he left town, with some of Captain Gardner's friends, as they humorously wrote to that gentleman, after "rattling the bones."

Miss Herbert indulged Mrs. Fosterton in an occasional *scéance* with the spirits, who darkly intimated the unsoundness of that lady's spiritual state; she wished much to have her chaplain present on those occasions; but the

medium was inexorable, and the gentleman's curiosity, a good deal piqued, listened to the spirit's revelations to his fair patroness second hand, in the Confessional, where Mrs. Fosterton sought relief for her over-wrought spirit, worked up to the highest pitch of nervous excitement.

It was a dangerous time for both; the visitors had all left, the Mellworth's for England, and Charles Stamer, almost convalescent, returned to Stamer Castle. The Dean of Grimly was superseded as a favourite; his wife and daughters, at all times, were merely endured, and now their daily toadying visit was looked on like something approaching to loathing. Sir Anthony Reynard visited occasionally, and always witty and amusing, broke in on anything like monotony, while he suggested, or planned, some new device respecting the private chapel, half seriously, half in jest, that kept Mrs. Fosterton employed until his next visit, always sure to eulogise the judicious selection she and Mr. Fosterton had made in a Chaplain.

Miss Herbert was not idle in her character of preceptress to the young Louise, for already the dear child could bless herself, repeat an *Ave Maria* before the blessed Virgin, sprinkle her fair brow with Holy Water to scare away bad spirits, and keep it all a profound secret.

The Boys did very much as they liked, receiving desultory instruction from their tutor, whose heart was not at all in the work. Master Fosterton rode a good deal on his pony, was very intimate with his groom, and commenced smoking cigars; read Italian with Miss Herbert, his class books being St. Philip of Neri, who raised the dead to life, and "The Miraculous Adventures of St. Filomena." The urn, containing the fair Saint's bones, weighing some ton weight, when taken a route the lady did not approve of, the dry bones calling out with a deep sound, to mark her saintship's disapprobation of the line of country the porters, who carried her precious relics, chose to travel by, they wisely struck into an opposite direction; and as they approached her father land—the Schiava—lo! they ran, not walked, the urn weighing

lighter than air, while her bearers joyfully cried out—"A miracle! a miracle! the Saint is as light as a feather."

The instructive history of St. Januarius was Master Fosterton's favorite, for he naturally loved pomp and display of all kinds, and the glowing description of the Neapolitan Court, with its king, court, and *noblesse*, attending in brilliant state on the first day of the new year, surrounded by thousands of believing spectators, to gaze on this astounding miracle, delighted the boy's imagination. How he longed to witness the performance himself, the skull and bones of a man, dead for centuries, brought in pompous state, with a glittering procession of gorgeously dressed Priests, into a noble Cathedral, placed there on its high altar, opposite a small phial, containing the congealed blood of the saint, which miraculously liquifies as soon as the phial is touched by the dry bones!

Nothing could be more demonstrative, except Miss Herbert's own influence over the deluded boy's mind; he regarded her with superstitious veneration, for he associated her in his ideas with that spiritual world she seemed to hold such close converse with, and had she affected to work miracles herself, instead of testifying to the miraculous doings of others, the boy's faith would not have wavered in her strange power to alter the course of nature.

Not so his brother Redmond; the delicate, shy boy, evaded, in every way he could, being a sharer in those Italian readings; his state of health requiring constant out-door exercise, excused him to his mother, and he was so quiet, and so unobtrusive, his absence did not appear like resistance to Miss Herbert's wishes, and so he contrived to spend the greater part of each day with the old Steward, with whom he was a great favourite, either about the grounds, or in a work-shop, specially dedicated to Mat Cary, where Redmond learned the use of the lathe, and imbibed a love of truth, and acquired that moral courage which was to be so severely tested in after years.

CHAPTER V.

Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain,
As deep in indiscretion as in woe.

YOUNG.

IN one of those noble squares of the modern Belgravia the Fostertons took up their residence early in spring, after leaving their country home in Ireland with anything but regret. Redmond shed some tears at parting with his humble and attached friend, Mat Carey; but he was the only one of the party who did not rejoice at leaving Fosterton. Its proprietor visited it only from that conventional feeling which brings the landlord occasionally in contact with a large and influential body of tenantry, whose good will it does no harm to conciliate, and whose suffrage may return him, some day or another, to Parliament; while his wife exhausted the excitement derived from her Schools, her obsequious Dean, mediæval Chapel, and visionary Chaplain.

The two first she had consigned to oblivion—at least, wished to do so—for the schools continued to be shut up; and though the Dean of Grimly had used every expedient he could devise to regain his former position in the lady's good graces, he signally failed. His presence was merely tolerated, his opinions not respected. How could they be, when Mrs. Fosterton was well aware they were shaped and pared into whatever form this pliant Churchman thought would be likely to gain her

approval? He even tried to work upon her compassionate feelings, and lifted the veil of ostentatious display that had hitherto, he hoped, successfully concealed his pecuniary difficulties; but rumour was before him, and to hear that the Dean of Grimly was irreparably dipped, and paying ruinous interest, and heavy insurances on money, borrowed to enable him to carry on his establishment and family in a style commensurate with their intimacy with such expensive friends as the Fostertons, had not even the charm of novelty. His distresses were neither relieved nor pitied: indeed, his former admiring patrons considered he had acted very badly, in incurring debts he was unable to discharge, reflecting, by so doing, discredit on their judgment, in procuring for so injudicious a person the Deanery of Grimly.

The chapel was laid up in lavender, like a Court suit, to be unpacked on some future occasion, and the Chaplain was to follow the family to London; "business of importance," he stated, "requiring his presence in Dublin, *en passant*."

Whether that business was connected with Mary Elmore's expressed conviction to his sister Letty, after his last visit, that her brother evidently regretted his engagement with herself, and now felt ashamed of his former choice, we shall not stop to inquire; but merely state, Mr. Frank Lee adroitly tried to fasten the charge of fickleness on the constant and steady-minded Mary, upbraiding her with an incipient attachment for another, whom he accused of stealing her affections, and contemptuously designated an "Italian adventurer;" proving deaf to any assurance to the contrary, from either the insulted girl herself, or his mother and sister, and indignantly returned to the former the plighted troth of years; thus causelessly flinging away that talismanic jewel, a true-hearted woman's love. But Frank Lee was embarked in a deceptive course, and accustomed himself to false reasoning on the most momentous subjects. He tried to persuade himself he was now acting rightly, when his own unhallowed passion for the wife of another

blinded his moral perceptions, in bringing a false and unfounded accusation, when his own heart only wished to abandon ties that rose up as barriers to quell the wild unsanctified love that had taken possession of his soul—a love that assumed the form of sin, and blunted the best feelings of his nature, and rendered him cruel and ungenerous towards the fond confiding girl, he would at one time have laid down his young life to protect and serve.

"Is thy servant a dog?" was the indignant question of a great man to the Prophet, when he foretold the crimes of his future career, that his soul at that moment revolted from; and who can tell to what depths of iniquity that soul may be led, who rejects truth as a guide, and who is led blindfold by the vain sophistry of sinful man, and the unruly will and affections of his own fallen nature.

Signor di Cortona removed from Mrs. Lee's, for he was treated with contumely by her son; but his high-wrought lofty spirit was purified in the crucible of affliction, and sanctified by a Heavenly Father's love, to whose service his life was dedicated. With the delicacy of a noble nature, he felt distressed and grieved for the intemperate conduct of one so nearly related to those whom he so much respected and esteemed, and withdrew from a circle he had considered, in his exiled and isolated position, in the light of a home, with feelings of regret and sorrow, but not of resentment. Perhaps the very suggestion of one so fair and good as Mary Elmore, feeling towards him, a stranger in a foreign land, spurned by the woman he had so truly loved, feelings of kindness and affection, assisted in disarming his mind of those indignant and resentful feelings his Christian principles condemned as wrong; certain it is, that his self-command on this occasion, and his moderate and dignified conduct, spared Mary Elmore much mortification, as well as consoled her, Mrs. Lee, and Letty, with the assurance they had not forfeited, by Frank's intemperate and unwarrantable accusation, the friendship of a sincere and upright man, whom it was impossible not to esteem.

The evening of the day he left 13, Wimbledon Terrace, as he strolled over a cliff, in its neighbourhood, that hung above the sea, and tried to analyse the feelings of his own heart, and discover if there was aught there Frank Lee had cause to complain of, his reverie was interrupted by the appearance of a very small boy, raggetty and ill dressed, who seemed to watch his movements; the child dipped here and there behind a hillock, or some inequality of the ground, whenever di Cortona's attention was directed towards him, yet evidently wished to approach nearer and nearer to the spot where he stood. At length the little fellow, after looking wistfully around, and ascertaining with his sharp, quick glance, no other person was within sight, came forward at a brisk pace, and stood before the Italian.

"Your name, Sir," said the child, looking keenly into his face, "is"—and here he stopped with a confused look.

"Di Cortona," replied Luigi, thinking he was the bearer of some letter or message from Mrs. Lee, connected with the distressing scene of the morning.

"I have a letter, Sir," said the boy with a cunning grin, "that you must promise, Sir, to give back to me after you have read it, and ax no questions, on the word of a gentleman."

A shade of emotion passed across the noble brow of the Italian. "Could Mary Elmore have written to him, and thus cunningly prevent her letter being seen by any person?" He rejected the idea as soon as formed, with an "impossible!" and gave the required promise.

From some secret hiding place amongst his dilapidated garments, the boy, who seemed older than his diminutive size at first indicated, produced a soiled looking envelope, on which there was no direction. Luigi di Cortona held it in his hand without opening it.

"The writing is inside, Sir," observed his companion, with a knowing grin.

He broke the wafer, and on a sheet of discoloured note paper, was written in a bold, firm hand—

"I can no longer protect you—men are sworn to take

your life—never walk alone—and beware of poison—this is no idle warning—remember the Capuchin Monk."

The young man started as he read the two last words; some one who knew the history of his escape from Rome must have written them, and he ran over in his own mind all who had been acquainted with his disguise, and looked puzzled and perplexed.

"Give me back the letter, Sir," cried the boy, stretching out his hand to receive it.

"First tell me who gave it you?" demanded di Cortona.

"You promised, Sir, to give it back to me, and ax no questions," retorted the little man, sturdily, "and I promised not to tell who sent me; so now, if you're an honourable gentleman, you'll let me have it." And he again stretched forth his hand.

"Well, I will keep my promise," replied di Cortona, "and let you keep yours, but I will write a line to my unknown friend," and taking out his pencil, he wrote hastily on the other side—

"I thank you for your friendly warning, I would thank you still more, if you would trust me with your name; I fear not the assassin, for my life is in the hands of Him who gave it. L. di C."

Folding the letter, and replacing it in its envelope, he returned it to the boy, offering him a shilling at the same time.

"No, thank you, Sir," replied the diminutive looking object of misery before him, "I was told not to touch your money, though your honor is one of the real sort, for you kept your word like a jintleman." And darting off in a direction opposite to that he came by, first concealing the letter among his rags, he was out of sight in a moment.

The Italian walked musingly on, the handwriting was entirely unknown to him, but the writer, he felt convinced, must have known of his hair breadth escapes at Rome, disguised as a Capuchin Monk, whose dress and cowl had been procured for him by some staunch but unsuspected

Republicans; in vain he tried to fix on any one particular individual, it seemed so improbable that any of them should be in Ireland, and if they were, so unlikely that they would disguise their identity, and not claim his acquaintance: still, the warning was not to be slighted, for Luigi di Cartona was bred in a land where obnoxious members to the Church were dealt with summarily: and he knew himself to be a proscribed heretic, who could expect no mercy at her hands.

"Well," he said to himself, as he pondered over these things, "it was to teach me I have no resting or abiding place here below, that a hot brained, intemperate young man, was permitted to separate me from kind friends, when even the very food I eat, or drink, may be drugged; but why should I feel desolate and lonely?" And his mind dwelt on the Saviour's rebuke to his disciples, for doubting a heavenly Father's care, when "the very hairs of their head were numbered."

Naturally a brave man, he had almost decided on not mentioning the contents of this warning letter to any person; but then, he reflected he was a stranger in a strange land, surrounded by an invisible, but deadly power, whom he had defied at Rome, and further outraged by joining openly the reformed faith. So he determined to wait on Mr. Smythe, the gentleman under whose direction he was preparing for the ministry, before he returned to the hotel his things had been removed to, when he left Wimbledon Terrace, and acquaint him with the contents of this mysterious letter, and seek his advice how to act, by either instituting enquiries after the writer, and seeking to discover the little boy, whom he would know again, or take no notice whatever of the circumstance, and so let the matter drop.

His friend acted with much promptitude, sending at once for a well known detective, and placing him in possession of the facts of the case, insisting at the same time, that the Signor should take up his residence in his house, until eligible lodgings could be procured; and by this act of considerate humanity, placed the noble and

persecuted stranger out of the immediate reach of his cruel and relentless foes.

Frank Lee, much provoked at hearing the man he had raised up, by the perverted bias of his own mind, as a rival in the affections of Mary Elmore, was received by Mr. Smythe as an honoured guest, hastened his departure from Wimbledon Terrace, after having outraged, not alone the feelings of his betrothed, but of his indulgent mother, and fondly attached sister; he felt truly miserable, and would have given worlds to regain the happiness he enjoyed before ambitious views and lawless passions took possession of his heart; but with these in the citadel, his sorrow partook more of the character of a hopeless kind of remorse, than that genuine and healthy tone of repentance, that leads "to confess our faults one to another," and retrace our steps in wrong doing.

Sullen, and cheerless looking, he met his wounded parent and sister, at a very early hour the following morning; neither had slept the night before, and haggard, and careworn, with troubled and anxious thoughts about her son, Mrs. Lee came down to bid him farewell; while Letty bustled about preparing his breakfast, trying to look cheerful, but with unbidden tears starting to her eyes, when she thought how cruelly he had severed links that she had fondly hoped would have bound him closer to his own family.

The packet was to sail at daylight by which he was to cross over to England; and the affectionate sister counted the moments they were to be together, and thought of so many things to say that might tend to a reconciliation between him and Mary Elmore, yet shrank from saying them, lest she might irritate and hurt feelings she new to be keenly sensitive.

"Francis," said his mother, after her son declined taking any breakfast, merely gulping down a cup of tea, "let us not part without first asking a blessing together, at the throne of grace. Where 'two or three are met together in My name, there am I in the midst,' was Christ's gracious promise; let us, my children, claim it.'"

And the Christian mother knelt down, and her son and daughter also knelt; but the heart of the former bowed not down before that God and Saviour whom at that moment his lips addressed. it was wrung with agony, for he loved his mother and sister, and felt their kind forbearance towards him; and he thought of his conduct to her he had loved. and yet so grossly wronged, with horror; but it lacked faith, and he rose up hardened and impenitent, after his parent's touching and affecting prayer—

"That the shadow of a heavenly Father's love might be extended over her and her children, to screen them from the fiery blast of worldly temptations, the deceitful teaching of worldly wisdom, and the innate corruption of their own sinful hearts;" asking humbly, but boldly, for the "guidance of that Spirit that should bring them into the knowledge of all truth, through the merits and satisfaction of that one mediator between God and man —Christ Jesus."

Nevertheless, that faithful prayer was heard, but times and seasons are in the hand of the Lord, and his time was not yet.

"God bless you, mother!" cried the unstable and wretched young man, torn by different emotions. as a sob half rose within his breast, while he folded his beloved and venerable parent in his arms. "Would to heaven I were all you could wish; but you cannot understand my position; think kindly of me when I am far away; the past with me must be blotted out, for there is a spirit within me cries—onward! onward!"

A groan of agony escaped his lips, as they imprinted a kiss, that was to be his last, on that beloved mother's cheek.

"The Lord Jehovah bless and preserve you, my son," cried Mrs. Lee, solemnly, as she pressed him to her heart, "He is mighty to save, and into His hands I commit my child."

He tore himself from her embrace. Letty's arms clung around his neck.

"My own poor Letty," he said caressingly. "Why do I love the gifted and beautiful to madness?" he cried wildly. "Why does my heart crave a share in this world's splendour and grandeur, when my soul is knitted to you, my poor, hard-worked, neglected sister? Write to me, forgive me when I am gone, Letty, and teach another to forgive your most miserable and unfortunate brother."

He flung himself on a car, that was waiting to take him to the packet, and poor Letty, sobbing as if her heart would break, stood at the hall door, to receive the last wave of his hand, as the car moved away. She then thought her mother was more unhappy than herself at that moment, and closed the door to join her parent, and comfort her as she best could.

What small things colour the course of events; the noise of closing the hall door by Letty Lee, brought a sleepless watcher to a neighbouring window, and in the misty morning light, Frank Lee could distinguish and identify the fair delicate hand that drew aside the blind. He caught but one glimpse of the pale sad face that watched his departure; and conscience-smitten, it seemed at that moment as if he had never ceased to love Mary Elmore, and that none other image but hers was reflected in his soul. He looked towards his mother's cottage; he would have given world's that the door was open, and Letty standing at it, for his impulse was to desire the man to stop, and he had an indefinite hope within him that his sister could reconcile him to himself, as well as the sweet girl, his heart whispered he had so cruelly wronged; but the hall door of No. 13, Wimbledon Terrace looked blank, and firmly closed, and with a superstitious shudder that "fate was against him," he repressed the still small voice with much the same promise Agrippa made Paul—"We will hear thee at a more convenient season," and was whirled out of the avenue by the unconscious driver.

CHAPTER VI.

How beautiful thy feet, and fall of grace thy coming!
O better kind companion, thou art well for either world.
There is an atmosphere of happiness floating round that woman;
Love is throned upon her heart; and light is found within her dwelling.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"YOU have done me so much good, in every way, my dear Louisa," cried Mrs. Fosterton, to her sister, Lady Drydale, as they drove in the latter's open carriage, on a fresh spring afternoon, through Hyde Park. "I feel myself a different being when I am with you; you are so calm—so wise—so considerate for everybody. I am not the same impulsive, excitable creature I was at Fosterton Park—always in dream-land, about some prospective good, that eluded my grasp, or delirious kind of pleasure, that exhausted my feelings, and left me jaded and miserable when reaction set in. What gravitation is to the laws of nature, I think you, my good sister, are to me." She added, laughing, "a preponderating influence, to keep my spirit in its right and proper orbit."

"I think, Emily," replied Lady Drydale, smiling at her sister's frank confession, "that those excitable impulses, that so often led you a 'will-o'-the-wisp' chase after vain and unprofitable chimerical theories, as sources of enjoyment, were greatly induced, or at least greatly

increased, by your state of health. Powerful anodynes or stimulants equally destroy the tone of the mind, as well as ultimately injure the constitution, and your predilection for chloriform, ether, and those 'subtle essences' you tell me Miss Herbert persuaded you to take, clouded your judgment, and prevented the reasoning faculties from full play in detecting plausible fallacies in religious belief, or the arcana of nature, whose depths can only be fathomed by the light of science."

"Lord Drydale says," returned Mrs. Fosterton, laughing, "that I have been an opium-eater and dram-drinker, by taking those things. Well, I suppose they are very much alike in their effects—very delightful while it lasts, able to do all things, and believe all things, but everything, after a time, palled on the senses, and grew so tiresome. I feel as if I awoke out of a fevered dream; but I think you, Louisa, and not changing my doctor, have wrought this delightful cure on both my mind and body. I feel so renovated and so happy, since we have seen so much of each other in London."

Her sister returned her affectionate glance with full interest.

"My dear Emily," she said, "those only who live under an abiding sense of a Saviour's love, and exercise themselves in a daily performance of allotted duties, trusting for results in humble faith, can realise what true happiness is; mingled with many sorrows and shortcoming, it may be, but happiness it still is, for it is the work of faith, begun on earth, to be carried on throughout the countless ages of eternity."

"I feel it already," cried Mrs. Fosterton, in her impassioned manner; "the word of God, when we read it together, seems so pure—so elevating—so apt and illustrative of all our wants—so full of guidance in every difficulty we may be placed in, that things which used to appear to me dull and dark, seem now bright and plain as noon-day. For instance, I see my boys were not brought up in the way they should go, and Vere has become self-willed and unruly; and Redmond, that used to

be such a docile creature, will now dictate to his tutor, and seems to despise him as an instructor.

"The young man, perhaps, has not earned his respect," replied Lady Drydale; "he seems not to have discharged his duty towards your boys, his mind evidently has been running on other matters."

"I was greatly to blame myself," returned her sister, "and I'm greatly afraid, while I engaged their tutor's attention, speculating on what form of religion was most suitable to the development of the present times, my boys received no religious instruction, or, indeed, instruction of any kind; but I have tried to remedy the injustice I did both him and them, and have laid down a course of study for his pupils to pursue, that I trust will correct the mischief I so unwittingly led to."

Lady Drydale shook her head; she did not like to say much to discourage her sister, but she did say—

"It is easier to give a wrong impression, Emily, than to eradicate an error. This poor young man, who seems to possess many interesting and estimable qualities, wants a course of study, Emily, as well as your boys, and should be induced to read the Scriptures carefully and prayerfully, to disinfect his mind of a fable so impious, as that Christ and his Apostles did not fully develop Christianity on earth, or that anything remained of the essence of Christianity to be developed, more than was by the simplest forms recorded in Scripture; and the Church of which he is a Minister, employs these simple scriptural forms, as closely as it is practicable, to the formula of the Apostolic Church; and therefore the Church of England is as much developed as Christ intended his unaltered and unalterable Church should be."

Mrs. Fosterton was silent; this was a subject that had been freely discussed between the sisters, and Lady Drydale lost no opportunity of bringing forward scriptural arguments to disprove the dangerous sophistry, that had so fatally tainted her beloved sister's impressionable imagination; causing grevious injury to her children, and the facile mind of her husband, ready to adopt any

opinion of his wife's, while he was kept in countenance by a sufficient majority of fashionable people; as well as inoculating all within her sphere and influence, with doctrines so subversive of vital Christianity.

"I think you must be right, Louisa," she at length said, "and I fear I have been very wrong, and very much to blame," she added, with a sigh.

"Prove all things, was an Apostle's direction," observed her sister, "and if we followed this wise injunction before adopting opinions on subjects of so grave importance, or forming an estimate of those we placed in situations of trust, how much pain would frequently be spared. And this reminds me, Emily, of my little goddaughter, Louise. Her governess seems a reserved, solitary sort of young person, and I fancy the dear child looks unhappy, and seems to dislike playing with her little cousins; my girls are so full of life, and are always in such spirits, perhaps that is the reason I think Louise not happy, with her little grave face, that used to be so dimpled over with smiles when she was in Felton's charge, who complains now very much in my nursery that Louise forgets her, and will not even look in her face."

"Oh! it's all jealousy on Mrs. Felton's part," cried Mrs. Fosterton; "I know she is very fond of Louise, but the child being taught so many things she was incapable of instructing her in, I may say, in a few months, raises her jealous ire. You cannot think how musically Louise pronounces her Italian; but then, Miss Herbert's voice is perfection."

"I remarked it as most cultivated, and peculiarly sweet," observed Lady Drydale, "even in the few sentences I ever heard her utter; but Mrs. Felton is an excellent creature, and I find her most satisfactory as a nursery governess to the younger girls, and the eldest of them is much the same age as Louise."

"Oh! but you have Mrs. Ashley," cried Mrs. Fosterton, "and she is a finishing governess."

"Yes," replied her sister, "she is a very accomplished

woman, in the best sense of the word, for her understanding has been cultivated, and so has her temper, as well as her talents."

"I delight in breaking in on her, sometimes, in the school-room," observed Mrs. Fosterton, laughing, "and upsetting all her methodical arrangements, and she bears it so well, and looks so cheerful and happy, her face does me good."

"She has a Christian, and well-regulated mind," said Lady Drydale; "and my two elder girls are quite as much attached to her as I am. I was very fortunate in getting Mrs. Felton, after that unaccountable illness she got with you at Fosterton, for my two younger ones; they love her nearly as much as they do myself, and that is saying a great deal. I think Louise seems to stand in awe of her governess, more than love her; but I can hardly judge fairly, having seen so little of either, since you came to London."

"It has never struck me before," replied Mrs. Fosterton, quickly, "and now that you have made the remark, Louisa, I think the child does seem afraid of doing anything Miss Herbert does not like, and watches her countenance; but I have been so much occupied, I never thought of investigating my darling's feelings. You must see them more together, Louisa; you are so observant; and, now that I think of it, Miss Herbert proposed to me that she would play and sing, for your amusement, now that your state of health prevents your going out in the evening, or seeing company; and you are so fond of music, her voice, and delightful fingering, you would find a rich treat."

"It was very kind of her, to propose contributing to my amusement," said Lady Drydale, gratefully, who, thoroughly unselfish, appreciated the simplest act of kindness towards herself, from another. "I shall gladly avail myself of her talents, for we dine early, keeping much the same hours in London as we did in the country, as I am not able to see company; and then there is a long evening before Henry goes to his Club, and though

he insists upon staying with me, and refuses every invitation, reading for me and the elder girls every day, after we dine, I often fear he must find it tiresome, and stupid."

"Not he," cried her sister, gaily; "he is the best creature in the world, and cares so little for large parties, that I am quite sure he is delighted to have you all to himself; and then, you know, he has his mornings for those scientific experiments he is so fond of."

"We have, indeed, lived greatly together," replied Lady Drydale, "and I have deep cause for thankfulness that we have lived so happily; I fear, sometimes, a day's separation would be looked on, by either of us, as a sort of calamity."

"Frederick dines to-day at his Club," observed Mrs. Fosterton; "there is some election about a President going on, and I shall dine with the boys early, and bring Miss Herbert with me in the evening."

"No, Emily," cried her sister, "but dine with me, and let her accompany you, and the boys, and their tutor; I wish to see them all together."

"So many would be too much for you, Louisa," returned Mrs. Fosterton, affectionately; "remember, the doctor says you cannot be far from your confinement."

"Oh! yes, but I feel so well, and strong, Emily, it would do me good to see your young people, and those you entrusted with their care, together. Be sure you do not omit bringing Louise; you know, I can retire if I feel inclined, and Mrs. Ashley, and the elder girls, will dine with us."

Somewhat later than the hour specified by Lady Drydale for her punctual dinner, Mrs. Fosterton entered her sister's drawing room, in high spirits, with a graceful and winning apology for being beyond her time.

"Always late, Emily, and always welcome," was Lord Drydale's greeting to his charming sister-in-law, as he shook her, affectionately, by the hand.

"I did not brave a breach of your bye-laws, my Lord, without others to share my punishment," she cried, laugh-

ingly, as she glanced towards her handsome boys, and fairy-like daughter, with a shower of golden curls setting off her beautiful infantine face. But allow me to present Miss Herbert; I think this is the first time you and she have met."

Lord Drydale bowed courteously, and said something about "not having that pleasure before;" and, turning to Mr. Lee, expressed his gratification at seeing him, while he cordially welcomed the young people.

A family re-union of this kind was what his Lordship greatly liked, for, though a man of varied information, and scientific turn of mind, he possessed the simplest tastes; and the social affections were fostered, and encouraged, by Lord and Lady Drydale, in their rising family, while considerate feeling, and kind urbanity of manner, were extended to all within their sphere.

Louise did not dine in the nursery with her younger cousins, as intended, for she petitioned, earnestly, her indulgent aunt and god-mamma, to stay with dear Miss Herbert, and sit next her at dinner.

Lady Drydale, delighted at perceiving such affection on the part of the pupil towards her governess, gladly acceded. Had she known the child's request was learned by rote, and now called for, and enforced, by looks she dare not disobey, how different would have been her Ladyship's feelings; but, as it was, before she withdrew to the small cabinet drawing-room, arranged for her private —and as Mrs. Fosterton called it—*family* concert, any prejudice her Ladyship might have had respecting Miss Herbert had vanished.

There was something so well-bred about her, so much the tone of having mixed in the best society, yet her manners in such good keeping with the position she held, that it was impossible to find fault; and then, there was a winning playfulness in her manner, so irresistible whenever she addressed her little charge, Louise, with a beauty of feature, almost classical in its outline, though the traces of a sickly sorrow were visible on her brow, on her cheek, and in the subdued sadness of her lustrous

dark eye, when its brilliant expression relapsed, at times, into a kind of dreamy meditative repose, while her yielding figure, and slightest movement, betrayed the graceful Italian girl, set off by a faultless costume, simple, but elegant, with an air so noble, yet so disciplined, as it were, by adverse circumstances, that Lady Drydale confessed to herself, before they left the dining-room, she had never met a more attractive being, and acknowledged her secret conviction to her sister, in a whisper, as they passed into the next room.

Mrs. Fosterton was delighted; Miss Herbert's influence over herself was so great, that she dreaded lest Lady Drydale, whose opinion she so much respected, should criticise, or condemn a person, who had insensibly almost become necessary to her own existence. She had, hitherto, refrained from speaking, or writing much to her sister, in praise of Louise's fascinating governess, fearing Lady Drydale would discover she was a Romanist, and so be sure to remonstrate with her, for having a member of the Church of Rome about her only daughter; for, though Mrs. Fosterton had not, hitherto, coincided in her sister's religious views, still she had respected sufficiently, what she termed "dear Louisa's prejudices," to forbear making her acquainted with so astounding a fact, to shock what Mr. Fosterton called "Lord and Lady Drydale's narrow-minded bigotry."

On her return, that morning, from driving with her sister, she had communicated to Miss Herbert extracts of their conversation, sufficient to convince her discriminating mind that some person must have impressed Lady Drydale, that Louise stood in terror of her governess, and that that lady was of a morose, reserved turn, unsuited to form the minds of the young committed to her care; this impression she communicated to Mrs. Fosterton: great, then, was the satisfaction of Louise's mamma, to find Miss Herbert appear in such charming spirits, so different from her usual gloomy, depressed manner, which, though possessing its own peculiar charm for the morbid craving of Mrs. Fosterton's heart

after the marvellous, she knew would impress her sister unfavorably.

Lord Drydale was nearly as much fascinated as his wife; yet, at times, during the evening, he thought he perceived something like effort, and assumed cheerfulness, foreign to her disposition, in the rare gifted creature, who exerted her brilliant talents to win no individual admiration, or increase the happiness of others, by ministering to their amusement, but merely to forward the interests of an all-grasping Church, and draw souls within her pale. No self-abnegation, on her votary's part, was considered disproportionate to the end never lost sight of by this devoted Jesuit; and little did Lord Drydale imagine, as he listened, and applauded the most sparkling passages in Rossini's matchless Comic Opera, "Il Conte Ory," rendered with a fluency and excellence that only characterises the Italian school, that the heart of the brilliant and finished songstress was broken!

Who could have recognised, in the practised vocalist, as, in the *cabaletta* of the opening *aria*, she rendered *Buon Eremita* with a combined degree of playfulness, and extraordinary volubility, that enchanted her audience, that she was one and the same wretched being, who knelt, in mental agony, that night, in the Confessional, to recount, in broken sentences, with tears of bitter shame, the triumphant deceit of her evening's display?

"You have, indeed, Miss Herbert, given Lady Drydale, and myself, a great treat," cried Lord Drydale; "there is a genial humour of the true Rossinean stamp, in the delightful *morçeau* you have favored us with; and you have done it more than justice; such singing as yours," he added, "is found only in particular organizations, it comes from the heart."

The faint glow of elation on her cheek faded into a hue of sickly pallor. Lord Drydale was a sensible and observant man, but the depths of Jesuitry he had never plombed; and he now thought, with a feeling of manly commiseration—

"I was right in my first guess. Poor thing! she only forgot some secret sorrow, while she sung; Louisa must be attentive to her; she is kind to everybody who wants kindness, and this gifted young creature evidently requires sympathy, and judicious friends."

The evening passed off delightfully. Mr. Lee played and sung some Gregorian chaunts, he had practised a good deal, for the services of the private chapel at Fosterton Park; and Mrs. Fosterton, to his great astonishment, joined Mrs. Ashley, and her two elder pupils, in singing that soul-stirring hymn of the Waldenses, by Bryant, her voice ringing, as a funeral knell, in the ears of Miss Herbert.

CHAPTER VII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind.
The rolling year, its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another, and another smiling came,
Still in her golden chain;
Harmonious concord did our wishes bind,
Our studies, pleasures, taste the same.

LYTTLETON.

THE next day Lady Drydale felt nothing worse for her little party, and expressed to Mrs. Fosterton how much Miss Herbert had interested her and Lord Drydale; but after she had left the night before, her own eldest girl (an intelligent child of about twelve years old), had told her, that Redmond Fosterton, when playing with his cousins an historical charade, on some reference being made to Cardinal Wolsey, whispered his cousin, that "Miss Herbert was a Roman Catholic."

Mrs. Fosterton colored violently; the secret she and Mr. Fosterton had so guarded from shocking her sister, was now so imprudently told, at a time, too, when she dreaded distressing her by any unwelcome intelligence; perplexed and annoyed, she remained silent.

"I see, Emily, by your face, that Emma made no mistake in repeating what Redmond told her," observed Lady Drydale, quietly, "you cannot, of course, hesitate,

however painful, in dismissing this young person, who is, indeed, a very charming creature; but your child's eternal interests are at stake, and it has been said by our gracious Lord—'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' And what shall it profit that parent who risks, by exposing to superstitious influence, and familiarises by idolatrous practices, the souls of their children? whose minds, like impressionable wax, receive ideas and impressions in their early days, seldom, if ever erased, unless by a signal manifestation of Divine Grace."

"Miss Herbert is not at all a bigot," replied Mrs. Fosterton, evasively, determined not to part with her. "By accident, merely, she was brought up a Catholic; one of her parents, Sir Anthony Reynard told me, belonged to the reformed faith. I think, if she were to be much with you, Louisa, she would soon conform to it herself."

This was said quite in sincerity on the part of Mrs. Fosterton, who had veered from one point to another, in her own religious opinions, and judged of others by herself; besides, she had implicit faith in her sister's powers of refuting false notions of every kind, and was, moreover, of that sanguine energetic temperament, that never "sees a lion in the way," when about accomplishing her own wishes.

"If Miss Herbert is enquiring after truth," replied Lady Drydale, "it would be very wrong, indeed, to withhold it from her; but I should pause long, if I were you, Emily, before I committed Louise to her care, even if she did outwardly conform to Protestantism. A practical and experienced Christian should alone have the forming of the youthful minds of our children. There is a wide difference between conviction of error, and that renewal of heart that secures Christian graces to its owner, and sanctifies instruction."

"Now, really, Louisa," replied her sister, "it is more heart knowledge than head knowledge, poor Miss Herbert has about religion; she spends hours upon

hours in prayer, rises often before daylight to her devotions, and seems so conscientious in everything; then, Louise is so young, and Mr. Lee, the boys' tutor, is a clergyman, and can give her religious instruction, and would, of course, detect, at once, if she interfered in any improper way with the child about religion, which, I am sure, she is incapable of; and she has been such a comfort to me, and is so accomplished, and we have her on such very reasonable terms, which, I assure you, is no slight consideration, now that Frederick finds it so hard to get money; and besides, if she left us, the poor girl, who has no friends, should go to a nunnery, that I think, it would be cruel to part with her; and when you are well, and up, you can talk to her on religious subjects, and I think you will find her with a decidedly pious turn of mind."

The alternative of the nunnery had its effect on Lady Drydale. She looked upon the cloister as a conventional prison, and to have one so young, so richly endowed with personal and intellectual gifts, driven to embrace this living tomb, was most repugnant to her feelings. Then she conscientiously shrunk from the responsibility of urging on her sister a step that might condemn another to a hopeless and cheerless future, and felt, though Mrs. Fosterton owed her child a sacred duty, still Miss Herbert, friendless and unprovided for, as she believed her to be, should be considered.

Louise was very young, and Lady Drydale rather suspected, than knew, anything of Mr. Lee's worldly, or Tractarian tendencies, and, as a Minister of the Gospel, she thought he should be able to prevent any improper interference of Miss Herbert's, to prejudice the child's mind in favour of her own superstitious faith, even should she attempt it, until she herself could ascertain how far Mrs. Fosterton was correct in supposing Miss Herbert would become an enlightened believer in the gospel. In the mean time, Lord Drydale should speak to Mr. Lee respecting Louise; for she knew her sister to be so often deceived by her own hopes, she felt un-

willing to rely either on her judgment, or discretion, in so momentous a matter, where was concerned the earthly and eternal welfare, of her dearly loved godchild.

Scarcely a morning or evening passed, without Miss Herbert, either in company with Louise, or Mrs. Fosterton, paying a visit to Lady Drydale; it was, to be sure, by the particular request of the latter, who felt soon the liveliest interest in this apparently friendless and talented girl, who payed back, by every assiduity in her power, the gentle sympathy evinced towards her by the kind and noble hearted woman, who, having early discovered this fascinating creature's mind was but ill at ease, sought to lead her thoughts to a higher, and better world than this; bringing forward, naturally and impressively, those gospel truths, "that bind up the broken heart," and at the same time "set the captive (to slavish superstition) free," "giving sight to the (spiritually) blind."

Louise's governess listened, and did not oppose the introduction of religious subjects; but unless when Mrs. Fosterton was absent, did she ever express to Lady Drydale doubts respecting the religion in whose forms she was brought up, but whose doctrines she seemed to know little or nothing about.

Lord Drydale's town mansion was situated in the same square with the Fosterton's, and the families lived on terms of the closest intimacy. There was little in common between their two respective heads, but Lord Drydale thought better of Mr. Fosterton than he deserved, for the latter disingenuously kept from his knowledge his fatal propensity for high play, though he sought his friendly aid and counsel, frequently, when pressed by pecuniary difficulties, which now, thanks to Captain Gardner's friends, was pretty often. But Mr. Fosterton only followed his brother-in-law's advice as far as it jumped with his own humour, and displayed a considerable degree of tact, in wriggling out of any plan proposed by his Lordship, for the liquidation of his own debts, that included the smallest amount of sacrifice on

his part, or was likely to curtail, or interfere with, the expensive luxuries he loved to indulge in.

Towards Mrs. Fosterton Lord Drydale entertained the feelings of an affectionate brother; but he saw her for some years back only at intervals, and then she was under Jesuit influence, that counselled it was wise and prudent, as well as generous, to conceal the religious opinions she and Mr. Fosterton approved of, to save her brother-in-law and sister pain; their bigoted prejudices being too inveterate to comprehend, or approve of, developed and enlightened views, which, being kept in the back-ground, prevented any unpleasant collision between families so closely united by affection, and the ties of consanguinity; thus raising up an effectual barrier against any decided interference, or remonstrance, on the part of Lord and Lady Drydale, in combating the soul-destroying errors, their friends minds were so fatally tainted with.

Some opinions, however, oozed out, from time to time, that alarmed Lady Drydale, respecting the soundness of her sister's views, as well as the increasing worldliness of Mr. Fosterton, in his pursuit after pleasure; whilst she, and her husband, could not but observe with regret, that the young Fostertons were receiving a meagre, and pernicious education; so that meeting her beloved relative, and family, in London, was hailed by Lady Drydale as a great privilege, she was not to neglect improving, as well as a source of the purest gratification; for tender, and loving, were the sisters, in their friendly intercourse with each other. And this noble woman, in the best acceptance of the word, looked upon it as a sacred duty, watching over the spiritual interests of such near connexions, in whose welfare, temporal and eternal, she felt so deeply interested.

She had hitherto, herself, been denied a son, having four daughters, which made her and her husband peculiarly feel, perhaps, the responsibility of Mrs. Fosterton in the bringing up of her boys; and his Lordship, with a view of ascertaining Mr. Lee's eligibility for the im-

portant post he was placed in, paid the young Clergyman much attention, and endeavoured to draw him out on many subjects, right views of which, he felt, would be important, in a teacher forming the mind of youth.

Frank Lee, on these occasions, shrunk from the expression of opinions, before Lord Drydale, that he had so glibly discussed, and so superciliously advocated, in his mother's circle at Wimbledon Terrace, availing himself of that Jesuitical subterfuge that there "may be occasions when the suppression of matters of faith and practice may be more judicious than their explicit avowal;" thus leading his Lordship to suppose no wrong bias had been given to his religious views, and that though he might not be a decided and practised Christian, still, that he wished to attain the "mark of his high calling." And in a true faithful spirit, his Lordship urged on the young minister his own individual necessity "to press forward" in the Christian race, and cultivate, in his pupil's minds that true "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

Thus matters went on, when, to the great joy of Lord and Lady Drydale, and the almost equal joy of Mrs. Fosterton, her Ladyship gave birth to a son and heir to the ancient title and entailed possessions of the house of Ashworth.

Numerous and diversified were the congratulations that poured in from all sides. Friends from afar sent their warm and sincere congratulations, and even amongst the most pious of them, the infant Lord St. Maur's advent seemed to be regarded only in the light of an earthly blessing. Bonfires blazed on a hundred hills round Ashworth; its church bells rang a merry peal, as soon as the intelligence reached; and the tenantry met and prepared addresses congratulatory of the long wished-for event, expressive of their earnest hope that their young Landlord would inherit the Christian graces of benevolent kindness, and uncompromising fidelity to the great cause of Scriptural truth, that so eminently distinguished his noble parents; and live in his exalted sphere,

like them, not only to dispense happiness here on earth, but, by his precept and example, lead others to walk in that "narrow way" which leads to a blissful eternity.

"How is it, Henry," asked Lady Drydale of her husband, the first day she was able to sit in her dressing-room, after he had just finished reading to her a letter from his Agent, enclosing a copy of the above address, with an intimation that some of the most influential and substantial of his Lordship's tenantry were making preparations to come over to London, to present it in person, as soon as her Ladyship felt well enough to receive them,—"How is it that those good people," cried she, "have alone expressed wherein, to my mind, the great joy of a son being born to us consists, that by his precept and example he may win souls to godliness, and, as a light set in high places, cheer and brighten the darkened and lowly around him, in their search after Gospel truth?"

"Because, my dear Louisa," returned her husband, laying down his letter and its enclosure on the small table before him, while he gazed affectionately on his wife, "our tenantry know and appreciate your feelings on this subject better than anybody else, to hope that *your* son might be a Christian in the most extended sense of the word, these worthy men and their families felt, and truly felt, would be considered by you, my love, as the most gratifying expression of their good wishes. Remember how long you have lived amongst them, Louisa," he added, as he took his wife's hand, and pressed it between both of his, "and then do not wonder that those attached people, to whose spiritual wants you have ministered, should understand you better than fashionable friends, aye! or even your Christian friends, whose attention is not drawn exclusively, like your own tenantry, to mark your example and influence."

"What time will you name for my seeing them?" asked her Ladyship, smiling. "I feel quite well enough, this moment, to listen to a much longer address; and I am so anxious they should see my darling boy; I know so well his birth has given them all such delight."

"You must be in no hurry, Louisa," replied her husband; "time enough for us to talk of that, when you are quite well, and out."

"Oh, yes," replied his wife, "but I know all their wives at Ashworth will be very impatient until the wise men that are sent over, report on St. Maur's beauty; and I assure you, Henry," she added, in quite a serious tone, "he is considered a very handsome infant, and Emily thinks he has quite a benevolent expression of countenance."

Lord Drydale laughed heartily, as well at his own dear wife's touch of motherly vanity, as at his imaginative sister-in-law's discovery of benevolence in a child scarcely three weeks old.

"Well, you may laugh, Henry," cried Lady Drydale, laughing herself, "but we must make this a pleasure-trip to those good folk. I doubt if any of the three gentlemen who will form the deputation were ever in London before. Then there are so many things to be seen, as well as St. Maur, I think it would be well to invite them before I am quite able to receive the address. All the new improvements in agriculture, and those scientific discoveries you are so interested in, Henry, it would be delightful for you to show and explain to them. I am sure those gentlemen, who are very intelligent, would enjoy it exceedingly; and I can tell you, my Lord Drydale," she added, playfully, "the first reception I give shall be to the deputation from Ashworth."

There was no resisting this; the fond husband wrote to his Agent by that post, conveying her Ladyship's expressed wish "that the gentlemen who were entrusted with the address should come over before the time of its presentation, and remain as his Lordship's guests, in order that they might have time to see the London 'Lions,' as well as the family 'Lion,' their future landlord, the infant Lord St. Maur," whom, with parental pride, he assured his Agent "was growing quite a stout boy, and with his dear mother was going on as well as possibly could be wished," well knowing that a *bulletin* of

both their healths would be expected by the good man to be circulated, with joy and gladness, from household to household, on his wide spread estate.

The husband and father's cup of happiness was full to overflowing, and, if possible, increased by the conviction, so many placed under his gentle sway, rejoiced and sympathized in his domestic felicity.

CHAPTER VIII.

Why in each breast
Is placed a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil, grief attends,
Or joy on secret good?

GLYNN'S DAY OF JUDGMENT.

ONE of those sweet spring mornings, when the London lilac is bursting into bloom, and the first golden tendrils of the laburnum, in its graceful and drooping beauty, contrasts with artistic effect the vivid, yet chastened hue of its neighbour, that perfumed and oriental looking shrub, with her dark leaves, like some rich and becoming costume, setting off a bright face of clustering flowers, might be seen walking slowly and thoughtfully through the square in which Lord Drydale and Mr. Fosterton resided, the muffled figure of a female.

There had been light and refreshing showers during the night, and the garden enclosure of the square, at that early hour, sent forth its sweets, impregnating the air with that delicious and refined sort of odour, nature presents as an offering to the early riser, even amidst such drawbacks to her votive gifts as brick walls and smoky chimnies.

The sun had risen, and refreshed as a giant after his

slumber, to run his accustomed course, like a renewed *Antinous*, took his first step upward, in the young day, before his setting glories should fade away—aye! before he moved majestically into his meridian splendour, how shameless and daring, beneath his piercing gaze, would be the acts of sinful and finite man.

The history of those few hours, could they be chronicled by the boldest flight genius ever exercised, would convey, perhaps, terrific insight into the depths of human degradation, and uplift the veil of redeeming love in its effect on the children of Adam; but would fall, oh! how far short, of the recording angel's tale.

Some such thought struck the heart of that muffled figure, moving so noiselessly along the deserted square, as she raised her dark lustrous eyes upwards, and stood still to gaze for a few moments on the orb of day, his brightness radiating the fleecy curtain of the heavens that blushed to receive him, and lighting up the petal of earths flowers beneath, that opened at his magic touch, to welcome their morning visitor.

Were there voices in the air whispering into that young girl's ear words of warning and counsel? Surely, yes! for the voice of nature was abroad, and the bird who sang on the hawthorn spray above where she stood, and the insect who buzzed around, sporting in the morning ray, woke to life and being by the sun's glowing beams, and the snail who crawled in her path, vivified into active life, spurned though it might be, beneath the foot of man, asked her to pause, and consider what was to be her alloted work on that day?

A cry of agony almost escaped from lips pale with emotion, as her hand stretched forth involuntarily to catch at the railing for support, near where she stood.

In the effort, a black rosary, made of some hard kind of wood, that she wore attached to the chatelaine at her side, struck the iron rail, and a small ebony figure of the Virgin Mother and child, became in some way detached; the link, with which it was fastened to the

rosary of beads, either breaking, or undoing, and the senseless idol fell to the ground.

"Mother of Heaven!" cried its superstitious worshipper, "thou hast deserted me, shown thy displeasure to the wretched Seraphine, for holding back, even in thought, from the penance the Church inflicts. Holy Saints and Martyrs!" she exclaimed, almost wildly, "mortify within me the corrupt affection I bear towards that heretic lady, who would plunge me in mortal sin, by teaching me to doubt thy power." And snatching up the ebony figure, she hurried on, as if afraid of trusting herself again in the contemplation of nature, or her own thoughts; and with downcast eyes walked rapidly out of the square, passing on towards Piccadilly; and here, seemingly awaiting her approach, stood a close covered cab; the driver, as she turned into Piccadilly from Wilton Place, pointing his whip, with a peculiarity of gesture, she seemed to understand, towards the Heavens.

"He points to the east, and so comes from Monsignor," she said to herself, "and I have kept him waiting, by my sinful wavering;" and stepping from the flag way into nearly the centre of the street, she held up the black rosary in her hand, but without at all glancing towards the cab driver.

The man instantly opened the door of the vehicle, and without a word being spoken by either of the parties, the lady stepped in, bestowing a sharp, quick look at the obsequious driver, who stood holding open the door of the cab, to admit his mysterious fare, while, in that rapid glance, Seraphine Mardoni recognised a zealous Marist missionary, whose edifying discourses she had sat under in the Metropolitan Chapel of Dublin, before Sir Anthony Reynard's sister introduced her to Mrs. Fosterton.

This clerical Jehu now drove, at a well regulated pace, through densely populated districts, with constable A. 621, and constable B. 235, keeping guard on the *pavé*, but their practised eyes penetrated not the Jesuit's disguise, which, personally, and in the getting up of his cab and horse, was complete, the latter only being some-

what a more expensive class of animal than generally used for the same purpose; still, powerful and well fed, he seemed capable of undergoing almost any amount of work, without breaking down, or suffering from fatigue.

The young Italian girl sat back in the carriage, with her hands firmly clasped together, as if in mental prayer, her eyes closed to outward objects, and with her veil flung back, the classical beauty of her features, heightened by the internal agony of suppressed emotion, might supply a model to a Phidias or Praxiteles, to realise a young priestess of vesta, borne, unresistingly, to be self-immolated on the altar of the Goddess she so devotedly served.

No sound of murmured prayer issued from the half parted lip, nor did her thoughts take the form of words; still the spirit of prayer stirred within the almost pulseless heart; but her hands clutched, convulsively, the little idol image she had again attached to her rosary; and as if magnetised by its touch, with a strong effort, apparently of recalled consciousness, she started from her recumbent posture, opening her eyes wildly, as if to withdraw her attention from some forbidden thoughts, by fixing her outward senses on surrounding objects.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man," was a fearful intimation to a world who resisted "the still small voice," implanted in the human breast, by the Lord Jehovah, when he was about to engulph all He had created, except his servant Noah and his generation, from the face of the earth; and—"My spirit shall not always strive with man," is his intimation to the individual who hardens the heart and steels the brow against that inward monitor, who whispers the agonised soul—"This is the way, walk ye in it."

Seraphine Mardoni was educated "to love darkness rather than light," and true to her "traditions" at that eventful moment, she strove to quench within her the "workings of the spirit," and steeled her heart against Divine grace, by recapitulating to herself the subtle and supersitious arguments used by Monsignor Reynard, to

engage her active and willing services, in carrying out plans deemed necessary by the order of which he was the visible head, for the aggrandisement and extension of the Church he so faithfully, yet so ruthlessly, served. At moments she tried to console herself by thinking that she could avert, by entreaty, the fearful tragedy to which her fears pointed, and in the first act of which she had played her part the night before.

"Those drops," spoke her agitated heart, "the Holy Father never intended should take away life, 'only create feverish symptoms,' he said, and yet I felt, as I poured them into her cup, that I was a murderess, with the eyes of the whole world looking at my act; but that was weak, for the ever blessed Mary smiles when her faithful children promote her glory, and obey, without questioning, the Holy Church. The sweet Mother of Heaven may find some other way to bring into the true fold so many souls, and spare me the bitter agony my soul shrinks from encountering. So good, so loveable, so charitable, so generous to me, an outcast and a stranger! I must love her, though he slay me."

And the figure of her stern confessor seemed to stand real and tangible before the wretched girl's mental gaze, while in a voice that froze her blood within her veins, the shadow seemed to say—

"She is good, and kind, and amiable, because she never was tempted to be otherwise, for the Devil tempts only the true Believer, the Heretic he is always sure of having: and this noble lady you admire so much, is the deadly foe of the true Church, one of those who never are to be converted; and with her strange power over her sister's mind, has drawn her back from the Altar of Mary, to follow with her husband and children, the damning heresy of her own Puritanical creed. Reflect, before it is too late, how many souls, you, Seraphine Mardoni, can convert from the error of their way, by mortifying your own sinful affection for this dangerous Heretic, who raised doubts of the true Church within your own heart? What a stumbling block, then, would

she prove to her weak sister, whose love for her is unbounded? This family, and all they may draw after them, are lost to Catholicity, if you do not save them. Away with such coward selfishness! The blessed Virgin and Holy Saints smile on, and bless, with miraculous gifts, those who serve the Church, by acts of self-abnegation; a crown, bright and unfading as the Martyrs, await you."

And with a start the wretched Seraphine awoke, as from a fevered dream, when the vehicle stopped before a small chapel, attached to a convent of Carmelite Nuns, in a distant quarter of the City.

Hastily recollecting herself, Seraphine dropped the large black veil that nearly enveloped her whole figure, and the pseudo cabman opening the door of his cab, with a faltering step the wretched girl entered the small enclosed railing in front of the chapel, which was closed. At her approach, however, before she knocked at the porch door, it was opened widely from within, and the superstitious *devoté*, who entered, meekly crossing herself, hailed this civil intimation that her presence was recognised and expected as an omen of good, the true Church opening her arms to receive her own exhausted spirit, and, sprinkling her death-like brow freely with the holy water that stood in a stone vase, built into the wall, near the door she had entered by, advanced, with clasped hands, and bowed head, towards the lighted-up, and richly adorned altar.

A lay sister closed the door noiselessly behind the muffled votary, taking, however, the precaution of drawing a bolt securely against any unexpected intruders, before she vanished behind a lattice at the upper end of the exquisitely modelled building.

It was a perfect gem of art, designed after some of the ancient *Basilicas* at Rome; the walls inlaid and covered over with marbles of various hues, forming a rich mosaic, intersected here and there with well-executed *friezes;* the fretted ceiling adorned with *arabesques* and *frescoes*, copied from the olden masters; while Corinthian

pilasters of rare beauty divided the nave from the side aisles, each containing a shrine, blazing in wax lights, with gilt vases filled with choice and exotic flowers, while on their centre stood, conspicuous, the patron Saint, to whom these little *crypts* were dedicated, with the idol image tricked out in gold and silver tissue, decorated with jewels, which, like the gilt candlesticks around, looked genuine midst a blaze of dazzling light. But the high altar, on which stood the immaculate Mother of Heaven, adorned with gems of great value, votive offerings from richly endowed superstitious worshippers, glittering in golden finery, "the Idol Queen," surrounded by a courtly retinue of Saintly pictures, outshone her allies in the side aisles, and threw them comparatively into the shade, while the windows above, of richly stained glass, told the history of a St. Monica, or St. Alphonsus, or some other legendary Saint, equally apocryphal, decked in garments of "divers colors," yet harmonising well with the gorgeous display of this curiously wrought Temple, more suited to witness Eleusinian rites than the simple forms of Apostolic worship.

Seraphine, occupied with the intensity of her own mental sufferings, cast not one admiring glance around; she perceived only the altar and shrines were lighted up and adorned for some imposing ceremony, and a vague idea shot through her brain, it was for her own edification. No other person appeared within the chapel, and as she flung herself on the marble pavement before the altar of the "immaculate Mary," a strain of music, exquisite and thrilling, filled the building; at the same time, from the porch entered a procession of richly attired Priests, while at their head walked majestically Monsignore Reynard, stiff in gold and satin embroidery, powdered over with jewels, that outshone the bedizened figure on the altar, while a boy of rare beauty, sumptuously dressed, preceded him, with a golden censor in his hand, scattering incense around. Slowly following, came the Carmelite Nuns of the adjoining convent, with their dark flowing dresses, and muffled veils, like a corps of

Chasseurs d'Afrique, supporting a column of the Queen's Life Guardsmen, blazing in scarlet and gold, while behind the cloistered vestals walked, three abreast, young and lovely women, dressed in the most graceful fashion, in robes of the purest white, a pale blue satin scarf of the richest material flung over the right shoulder of each fair votary, knotted carelessly at the left side, below the waist, its fringed ends sweeping the tesselated pavement, their beauteous young brows bound with chaplets of flowers, while in their clasped hands each one held a gilt crucifix, and, suspended from each graceful neck, was a chain of finely wrought gold, to which was attached a medallion figure of the "immaculate Virgin," with rays of glory radiating the idol's brow.

High born and educated, as far as worldly accomplishments went, were these young and lovely missionaries of "the oblates of Mary," chosen for their personal beauty and vocal powers: but their souls were trammelled by a blinded and slavish superstition, that commanded the adoption of a picturesque costume, as well as the offering up their artistic services, to win over and confirm imperishable souls in that religion of the senses—"Mystic Babylon"—so clearly marked out in Scripture as an Apostate Church, antagonistic through so many ages to the worship of the living God, "in Spirit and in Truth."

Unconscious as the insensate idols of this gorgeous Temple, were this fair attractive band of the object to be attained, by assembling there together at so early and unseasonable an hour; nor did the darkly-robed *religieuse* comprehend it more clearly; or, perhaps, any amongst the Priests who assisted at so edifying a ceremony. That some good work was to be accomplished, connected with the conversion of heretic Protestants to the true faith, all present believed, and the instrument, for accomplishing this good work, every individual in the procession that now swept through aisle and chancel, recognised, in the prostrate and closely-veiled figure, that knelt in apparently the most abstracted devotion on the lowest step of the high altar of "the adorable Mary;" but the mode,

or manner this good work was to be carried out in, was known only to "the Master Spirit," who pulled "the Puppet wires" within those sacred walls, and shudderingly guessed at, by his unresisting victim, who knelt in mortal agony before the Blessed Virgin's Shrine.

The pageant swept by with solemn genuflexions, as they passed in front of the gilded ark, supposed to contain "Him, who sits at the right hand of God," singing as they moved with solemn pace, the *Glorias Laus*, while the Priests, with Monsignore Reynard still at their head, defiled in single lines, with almost military precision, and ascended the richly carpeted steps that led to the altar, the *confraternity* of aristocratic young ladies moving in front of the chancel, while the Carmelite Nuns took up their position behind their own latticed retreat, now resigned, to accommodate some less gifted, and more aged members of the Marist order than the young and lovely beings chosen on this occasion for the procession.

Their united voices now swelled in grand chorus with the sweet tones of the veiled sisterhood, in giving the responses of the *Turba* in the passion from Alfieri's "Vittoria," and then, for the first time, Seraphine Mardoni looked up.

The thrilling melody of the young and beautiful Marists, the chastened sweetness of devoted women who abjured the world for a cloister, the gorgeous display of sacerdotal robes, a visible sign of the Priestly power she so firmly believed in, the richly-adorned shrines, the illuminated pictures, the flowers, the lights, the incense —it drew her, as it were, out of herself, and when the choir sung, with plaintive and touching effect, the office of *Tenebre*, her voice mingled in its soul-subduing cadences.

"The Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament" then took place; the lights being suddenly extinguished heightened the illusion to the senses of the adoring worshippers, who bowed down in solemn ecstacy before a wafer! The procession of the "Most Holy" was then formed, and the newly created god exposed in his decorated ark,

placed under a canopy uplifted by the attendant Priests, Monsignore Reynard, murderer by intention, at that moment supporting its centre, walking underneath, while his brethren held it up at either side. Two of their number, raising the wretched Seraphine from her kneeling posture, and placing her almost lifeless figure between them, supporting her at the same time, formed next to the canopy in procession; the Carmelite Nuns and beautiful *confraternity of Marists* following slowly behind, singing, in gushing sadness, the "Lamentations of *Palestrina*."

In an adjoining *crypt*, on the "Altar of Repose," the gilded ark and wafer god was laid with great pomp and ceremony, and the "High Mass of Deposition" performed effectively by Monsignore Reynard, ably assisted by his attendant priests; when lo! the chapel was suddenly flooded with brilliant light, and a *novena* for the conversion of heretic Protestant England was gone through in masterly style by the Monsignore, the priests, nuns, and *Marist* choir joining most devoutly in the office, concluded by the investiture of Seraphine Mardoni with the insignia of the "Oblates of Mary," the Monsignore Reynard placing round the kneeling postulant's neck the finely wrought gold chain, to which was suspended the medallion picture of the "all-powerful Mary," pronouncing at the same time, in the vaunting and flattering language of the Church of Rome, a blessing on the future labours of the cherished and highly favoured *Marist* missionary he just invested, imploring the prayers of the faithful to aid and strengthen her in the good work she was embarked in; while the fanatic Seraphine felt so honoured and inspired by the solemn services she had just witnessed, and so prominently made to play a part in, that at that moment she was equal to perform any sacrifice of her own feelings, or affections, the Church might command, nay, any act her infallible wisdom might decree as necessary, to advance her prosperity and glory.

Elated with this fatal enthusiasm, and solemnly impressed with her own importance in being expected to

perform a work of extraordinary magnitude, the disciple of Monsignore Reynard heard the Benedictus pronounced, and entered the confessional immediately after, with much the same feeling of submission to her Jesuit director, she had evinced when listening to her mother's dying call for her only child, unheeded and unmoved.

"I will try and promise, Holy Father," faintly whispered the penitent in the ear of her Jesuit Confessor.

"Before the sun sets, my daughter, must this glorious act be accomplished."

Seraphine's thoughts recurred to the forbidden ones, with which she had gazed on his rising glories.

"Already," resumed the Holy Father, "this sinful reluctance on your part has been permitted too long; the sister's mind has been withdrawn from the devotion of the Blessed Mary to read those Scriptures that made a Luther out of a believing monk. Her admiring, vacillating Chaplain, will easily adopt her views, and like the dog return to his vomit, and wallow, before long, in the mire he was brought up in: and that dangerous heretic Lord already has his eye on him. I know this noble Bible-monger well; unless the families are separated, he will bring him entirely over to his own Puritan views: he was reared in them, and will return to them if you hesitate."

The Jesuit paused, and something like a groan escaped from his penitent.

"Do not," he added, in a firm tone, "let your mind dwell on the great, or fancied estimable qualities, of an obnoxious heretic to your Holy Church. The more endearing her private virtues may be, the greater glory to you for being the chosen instrument to remove so dangerous a stumbling-block to the spread of Catholicity. Consider, if you disobey the mandates of our Holy Order, the sacred oath of Loyola is violated, and your soul is lost; and who can tell how many thousand souls are lost beside, if you now criminally falter? Here is a family of station and influence, sprung from the first abettors of the accursed Reformation, with a Protestant tenantry, to

be extirpated or converted to Catholicity, like their landlord; their children's children brought up in the true faith; a Protestant parson to become a Catholic priest; his example and grand reception sure to bring over other weak godless men like himself. Will you, then, Seraphine Mardoni, after acknowledging to me that if this woman lives, her sister and family are lost for ever? They and you are to accompany her to Ashworth, to rejoice with their Orange tenantry, over the heretic scion of an accursed house. May not Satan sift your own soul, as wheat, in this visit? Already, you have confessed doubts arose within you, when listening to her Scripture arguments. Either doubt, then," he added, in a lofty tone, "and be eternally lost, or obey the Church, and have future generations rise up and call you 'Blessed.'"

Seraphine shuddered. "I promise, Holy Father," she faintly articulated; "but in this, my last earthly conflict," she cried passionately, "tell me, does *he*" (she dared not trust her voice at that moment to name Luigi di Cortona) "yet live? Has the Church spared him? Has she brought him back to the true fold?"

"She has spared him," replied the Jesuit Father emphatically, though he was aware that at that moment the mandate had gone forth for his death; "because you submitted to her guidance, by aiding in the conversion of this family, you have gained for him space for repentance; by consummating this obedience, you will accomplish his conversion."

"I have promised," replied the wretched girl, "but not," she cried, in a voice quivering with emotion, "to save him alone; to save others, to extend the power of the one true Church." And a glow of hectic flushed her cheek, and her eye looked bright and hard, as she entered the cab that was all this time waiting for her outside the Carmelite chapel, and all expression of reluctant indecision had vanished from the countenance of Monsignore Reynard's penitent.

CHAPTER IX.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free;
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Sampson his green withs.

COWPER.

"I AM so glad to meet you, my old friend!" exclaimed Lord Drydale to Sir Charles Stamer, a few moments after the Jesuit cabman deposited his fare at the corner of Chesham Place.

Seraphine, muffled almost to disguise, had seen his Lordship enter Mr. Stamer's, and she started involuntarily, as she thought "this family were lost to the Church, by their son spending even one day with that obdurate heretic parson, that the poor speak so well of. The Monsignore knows best, and yet"—here she stopped her thoughts from recurring to the painful and dreadful subject they dwelt on, increased her pace, and tried to look calm and unconcerned, as if returning from a morning walk; while Lord Drydale, heartily greeted by his old friends, the Stamers, whom he had surprised over a late breakfast, replied to their anxious enquiries about Lady Drydale—

"That she had been getting on famously, as well as her boy, until the evening before, when she became feverish and uneasy; the doctor saw her at once, and during the

night, when the feverish symptoms recurred more or less, but that he left her quite free from them, and doing well; Mrs. Fosterton had been with her all through the night, and had just lain down; he had been up, too, but always rose at his usual early hour."

"Always the same, my Lord, wherever you are," remarked Mr. Stamer. "I do not know how you manage it, but London upsets our regular country hours; that was what Charley was complaining of when you came here."

"He was up and routing everybody this morning," observed Mrs. Stamer, "as if he had gone to bed at his usual hour, instead of being, after making his maiden speech, in the House of Commons."

"And a capital hit he made of it, I understand," observed Lord Drydale, "that was what brought me over so early, to hear all about your speech, Master Charley. I didn't go out at all last night, on account of Lady Drydale, but Fosterton just called in for a minute, to say the clubs were all buzzing in your favour."

"I only said what I thought," replied the young statesman, in his own manly, unaffected way, "and really did not intend to speak at all, until someway I felt the discussion of this grant to Maynooth of such vast importance, I found myself on my legs, and the Speaker's eye encouraged me to go on."

"You never heard anything like it, my Lord," cried Sir Charles, evidently in high good humour, at his favourite nephew's success. "The fellow kept the House of Commons quiet for over two hours, and that is saying a good deal; he never faltered through the whole speech, as if he had been making himself up for it for the last twelve months; and hit the ministry right and left. Their leader in the House thought Charley's attack on that

> Rare College of Maynooth,
> Where everything is taught but truth,

(he recited *en parenthese*) worthy of a reply, but it was a miserable failure, and the House was counted out before he had well got into his speech."

"I spoke strongly," observed Charles Stamer, with a

vivid recollection of what he himself, and his family, had suffered from 'Priestly intention,' "because it was a subject I had thought lately a good deal about, and I felt strongly the money of a state, professing a Scriptural religion, should not support an institution for the education of men, who, systematically, there are taught, and whose mission it is, to teach the suppression of the Word of God. The thing lies in a nut shell. If Bible Christianity is to be upheld by a state, it is surely sheer folly to pay for the education of men to neutralize its effects, by propagating error, and subvert its great truths by the promulgation of subtle casuistry to uphold a monster fable."

"Charles feels strongly, my Lord," observed his mother, turning to Lord Drydale, "because he has practically been made to feel the secret workings of a system that the Government of the country sustain by a large grant; but the Lord opened his eyes in time, and my son's providential escape from the hands of such ruthless men, completely opened mine; I see now clearly there is no lasting peace or safety for me and my family but the written Word of God; which was so long withheld from them and me, but has now, thanks be to God, made us 'wise unto salvation.' "

This was spoken with some emotion by Mrs. Stamer, who stood up immediately before his Lordship could reply, and left the room.

As soon as the door closed after his wife, Mr. Stamer exclaimed, turning to his old friend—

"Her eyes are, indeed, completely opened, and under God she may thank her son for it; for after that murderous attack was made on him at Fosterton Park, by that disguised Jesuit, that I hinted to you, my Lord, about, when last we met. When Charley there, returned to Stamer Castle, looking more like a ghost than the stout able fellow he does now, limping on crutches, he called his brothers and sister together, and with his mother present, opened up the whole matter. They all, of course, felt very indignant at the way he was treated,

and his mother naturally felt it more keenly than any of them; but Charley detailed the change his own mind and opinions had undergone, and insisted that the Word of God should get a fair trial from his parent, and the rest of her children. The poor dear woman, frightened out of her wits at the deadly power of the Priesthood she was brought up so much to venerate, thought the making away of me in some way, by poison or assassination, would be the next thing attempted, and that her son, or husband's life, would be the sacrifice, if she continued to carry on clandestinely to be guided by their direction. So she made no objection to reading the Bible herself with Charley, or her children reading it under their brother's guidance. And the word of Truth, that never fails, 'mighty to the bringing down of strong holds,' took root, by God's grace, within her heart, and set the poor 'captive free' from Priestcraft. She told me all. The history of years of double dealing and duplicity, to prevent my children becoming acquainted with the Holy Scriptures. She says now, she feels as if she escaped from some dreadful labyrinth, into which she and her children were led by a blind superstition, the meshes of the Jesuit woof that entangled them being broken by her son, and his hand holding the Word of God, as a clue, to lead them out of such a web of deceit."

"His hand, too, that brings good out of evil," observed the old Baronet, "brought Charley to consider the root of the matter, not like his poor uncle, God help me! who used to think all was right if a man wore an orange ribbon. But now Charley brought me to read the Bible, as well as his mother, and I read it as I never did before, and see things in quite a different light."

"I would have been a Nun, but for Charley," cried his sister, half laughing, who was sitting next him. "You have a great deal to answer for," she added, archly, in a lower tone, looking up with great affection in her brother's thoughtful face.

"The truth, is the best to be told, Isabella," whis-

pered the elder brother playfully; "you had no vocation; and there," he added, "I hear my mother's bell ring; your drawing mistress has come."

And Isabella Stamer, a pretty lively looking girl of about sixteen, bounded out of the room.

Lord Drydale offered his sincere and hearty congratulations to his old friends, on the merciful interposition of Providence, in bringing a beloved wife, and her children, out of the influence of that Apostate Church, who had so unscrupulously laid down plans to enslave them in gross superstitious error, while he expressed to Charles Stamer his entire approval of the manly, straightforward course he had acted, in undeceiving his family, and the Christian spirit he had shewn in leading them to drink at the fountain of living waters, the written message of the Most High God to His fallen creatures.

"You have put the Jesuit party," he said, "at arms length, by your uncompromising avowal of your own fixed principles, last night, and so have saved yourself from any further tampering; for I always find those, whom the Jesuits assail, and assail most effectually, are those indefinite kind of people, who have no very accurate notions of what is truth, and what is error. Then, Mrs. Stamer's open recantation of Popery, in her Parish Church, will save her, and the younger branches of her family, a world of trouble, particularly as it is well known, it was entirely her own unbiassed act."

"Entirely so," replied Mr. Stamer. "She insisted the recantation should be made in her own Parish Church, before her own family, and in the face of her Tenantry. She entirely took your view of the matter, my Lord, by this open act to cut away all hope of the Jesuits regaining power over her, or her family. But the Popish Press, I find, have attacked Charley in the most shameful manner. Here is the Local Paper, forwarded to me by somebody, though it is a couple of weeks old. Of course, with them, no one turns to the religion of the Bible from conviction. Just listen to this tirade of calumny," and Mr. Stamer put on his specta-

cles, and commenced reading the paragraph he referred to, from the "Western Patriotic Propagandist," while Sir Charles fidgetted in his chair, and vowed "it was like everything connected with the party, a tissue of falsehood from beginning to end."

The paragraph ran thus, as read by Mr. Stamer:

"We learn, a very ludicrous scene took place, a few Sundays back, in the Parish Church of S——; the unfortunate Lady of a certain Tory Aristocrat (who once, by an Orange *clique*, was disgracefully foisted on the constituency, for the representation of this great county), under strong family coercion, was paraded before the astonished congregation, to read her recantation! (bless the mark) from the errors of Popery! The poor Lady, who is quite *imbecile*, miserably broke down, though under the *lash* of her Foxhunting Brother-in-law's black look, and audibly remonstrated with, by her *indulgent* spouse, who notoriously makes it a point to carry matters with a high hand; while her eldest born dutifully reminded his mamma, her dear boy's election in the forthcoming contest for the county, the ensuing week, entirely depended on his mother's public recantation of the faith of her Forefathers! his Orange backers having modestly stipulated for this maternal sacrifice, to ensure her hopeful son's return to a British House of Commons."

"Disgusting!" observed Lord Drydale; "but I would take no notice of such low malice. They have attacked me over and over again, but I am invulnerable to their shafts, and will make you laugh, when you come to Ashworth, at some of the ingenious fictions, got up to damage my usefulness, and my wife's, amongst our Roman Catholic tenantry. But it doesn't succeed. They are, I really think, personally attached to us both, and are half wild with joy, that the Lord sent us an heir, and already, I understand, are amongst the foremost in subscribing for Fireworks, and I know not what, to let off on the arrival of their young Landlord."

"Lord St. Maur is the most popular gent I know," observed Charles Stamer, laughing, "the good people of

Ashworth, of all creeds and classes, are quite crazed about him. I hope no division will be coming on, to prevent my taking a run over; I should'nt like to lose witnessing his Lordship's advent at Ashworth."

"We'll all enjoy it," cried Sir Charles, "I hope I'll live to see him in the leathers fox-hunting yet; but 'twill be a pleasant sight, my Lord, to see such staunch loyal men as your Protestant Tenantry, with the Papists amongst them, shamed into good behaviour, marching out with banners flying, and bands playing, to meet the young heir of Ashworth, the bulwark for all that is true and noble in the loyal north."

"A great day for Ireland," cried Mr. Stamer, laughing, "Sir Charles will have the bands playing, 'Croppies lie down,' or 'Protestant Boys,' if you don't watch him, my Lord, he and the Ashworth folk are always on such good terms when they meet."

Lord Drydale laughed, while he observed, with a knowning shake of the head—

"Some fear of that, too; but he can settle the programme with some of my Ashworth neighbours, who are coming up to day to present an address to Lady Drydale and her young son, which I assure you, her Ladyship feels very proud about."

"The son, or the address?" enquired Mr. Stamer, in his dry humorous way.

"Of both, to be sure," exclaimed Sir Charles, before his Lordship could answer. "But who is coming over? you know of old, my Lord, that I am well acquainted with all the magnates of Ashworth."

"Why," replied his Lordship, "there is Ferguson of the Glen, an excellent man, that holds under me nearly half a barony of my best grazing land. And young Walker, son to old Sam, you know, that kept a pack of harriers; and this young fellow's name is Sam, too, he is nephew to Ferguson, and to be married, I believe, to one of his daughters; he holds a good deal of house property in the town of Ashworth, as well as his late father's farm at Corrigdoon; he is the lawyer to the

deputation, a smart intelligent chap enough, and is doing a good business, I believe, as an attorney, at Ashworth. The third man is Bigley, the brewer, who has realised a good thing for himself, and done a great deal for the town in the way of trade; he is a corn merchant as well, and a very sensible, worthy man."

"Oh! I know Ferguson and Bigley well," cried Sir Charles, "and I knew that Sam Walker's father very well, a right good fellow, and a capital horseman. When do you expect them?"

"To day," replied his Lordship; "but my Agent did not mention what train they were to come by. However, Lady Drydale insisted on their taking up their quarters with us, so they can't go astray, and they have my direction. You must help me, Sir Charles, to shew them the sights; I can reckon on you for the horses at Tattersall's; and Stamer here, must shew them the Prince's Model Farm, he knows more of prize cattle than I do."

"Oh! they must see everything," cried the worthy old Baronet, quite delighted at the prospect of a gossip with a crony from his own side of the water. "Charley can get them into the stranger's gallery in the House of Commons. What a pity it is they weren't over in time to hear his speech last night; but they can read it, at all events," he added, consoling himself that the oratory of his nephew, so much in unison with the avowed predilections of the Ashworth folk, was sure to reach them, even in a mitigated form.

"And they must be introduced to a certain fair lady, too, Charley," continued the old gentleman, addressing his favourite in a very meaning tone.

"Her feelings should first, I think, be consulted on the subject," observed Charley, as he stood up from the breakfast table, with a slight accession of colour.

"Well, go and consult them," replied his old bachelor uncle, good humoredly, "or, if you don't, I will, and don't stay all day, for I want you to look at a good cut of a horse, I am about buying, to present the young lady with."

Charles Stamer muttered some inarticulate sound about "business," and strolled to the window, and from thence strolled out of the room, Lord Drydale and Mr. Stamer being engaged in conversation while this bye play went on.

"No getting any good of him," murmured the Baronet to himself, "until he sees her first every day."

"I can tell you, my good friend," observed Lord Drydale, smiling, as he stood up to go away, "those Ashworth gentlemen will have an opportunity to be formally presented to the fair Julia, for she is on Lady Drydale's list, not alone for the rejoicings at Ashworth, but is to be present at the reception of the deputation, please God, a week hence."

"All right! all right!" cried the old bachelor, "I like everybody I think well of to admire Charley's choice as much as I do myself; she is a charming sweet young creature; and I have knocked off six months of their year of probation; they are to be made one for life just before parliament is prorogued."

"And happy I am sure they will be," observed his Lordship, "for they both have chosen the 'better part.' She was always a great favourite of mine and Lady Drydale's; but when we met her this last time in London, a serious change for the better had taken place in her religious feelings."

"The Jesuits, my Lord, did that for her," cried Sir Charles; "she was so shocked and horrified that time at Fosterton Park, and so thankful for Charley's escape out of their hands, 'it brought eternal things before her mind in a stronger light than she ever saw them before.'"

Here Mr. Stamer entered, with his hat and gloves, ready for a stroll with Lord Drydale to the British Museum, to inspect some Egyptian curiosity that had been just imported. His Lordship wished the Baronet good morning, and the old gentleman, after first enquiring for his nephew, and ascertaining that he had gone out in the direction of Wilton Crescent, where General Mellworth

resided, shook his grey head, with a nod of satisfaction, and betook himself to write a long letter to his factotum, at Stamer Castle, in which the management of his favourite hunters took up a rather prominent part, though the poor pensioners of his bounty, the old and feeble, in the neighbourhood, were not forgotten in the missive of the worthy Baronet.

Some hours later in the day, after a train arrived at the Euston Square terminus, three gentlemen might be seen, sitting apart, in one of its monster coffee rooms, apparently engaged in grave consultation; one of the party, a stout, robust looking elderly gentleman, was evidently suffering from the effects of sea-sickness, whilst a dapper, accurately trimmed whisker young man, dressed in a complete suit of new toggery, counselled his friend to try "brandy and water;" their companion, a tall, spare personage, who stooped in the shoulders, with a Williamite nose, and close firm mouth, his thin grey hair, and scanty grey whiskers, neatly trimmed, giving an air of primness to his sensible intelligent face, proposed his friend should "dine first, and then try the brandy and water, and lie by a little, before they proceeded to Lord Drydale's."

"I think you are right, Mr. Ferguson," observed the squeamish looking gentleman, "the noise of that steamer is still in my ears; I don't think I ever was on the sea before in my life; I never went pleasuring on it in the way I see other people; a pint of salt water would do me while I live; and how am I to get back to Ashworth? that's the question."

"Oh! don't think of that now," replied the young man, quickly, "the bile is only stirred up in you, it will be stirred out of you before you leave London; we'll have you whistling the whole time on the deck, going back."

His bilious friend threw a jaundiced look at his comforter, and shook his head with an air of utter incredulity.

The spare gentleman modestly arrested a waiter, who

was performing a sort of erratic gallopade through the coffee room, with a hesitating order "for dinner for three."

The dancing waiter slided off with "presently, Sir, presently," and was no more seen in that quarter of the immense chamber.

"If we could have something hot and comfortable, Mr. Ferguson," cried his fat friend, in a languishing tone, "in some small room, out of the way of all these people coming and going, calling for this, that, and t'other, it addles my poor head, and is as bad as the steam-boat."

"If you order dinner, Mr. Bigley, in a private room," observed the young dapper gentleman, with a knowing look, "you'll have to pay for it, through the nose; I know these things pretty well. We'll get boxed up here in a corner, if you like, though; if I had my own taste, I didn't care how many were at the table, the more the better, I like nothing so much as variety."

"Well, Sam," observed the Williamite-nosed gentleman, in a kind, friendly way, "you are a young man, and was born in the days of steam, and care less for knocking about than my friend here and I do; all seems strange and puzzling enough, particularly when Mr. Bigley is far from well."

"That, indeed, am I," replied that gentleman, "and I think the cigar Sam Walker persuaded me to smoke, after I came out of the packet, made me a great deal worse; I'm not used to them, nor never should be; there's nothing, in my mind, like a good clay pipe, and genuine Cavendish, for a good smoke."

"I am no smoker, you know," observed Mr. Ferguson, "and I always make it a rule never to be over persuaded into anything, particularly things I am not accustomed to take; people should adhere to their own rules travelling, as well as when at home."

Mr. Bigley shook his head. "Seeing strange places, and strange things, upset one, I believe," he remarked, languidly.

A waiter here approached the group, and signalled them to a table laid for three.

"That fellow minded you, though I thought he didn't understand a word you said," observed Mr. Bigley to his tall friend, as he moved with alacrity towards an inviting looking shoulder of roast mutton, with some other desirables on the table, laid for three.

The worthy man felt nothing but astonishment since he had quitted the Emerald Isle, and on no occasion were his feelings of wonder more excited than at finding himself, notwithstanding his previous sufferings, eating a very hearty dinner, quite at home, in a coffee room, filled with other people snacking, lunching, dining, and talking.

"London, to be sure, is a wonderful place," cried the Ashworth brewer, as he imbibed some of the mixture Sam Walker recommended him so strongly; "nothing like it under the sun."

"It's nothing when you're used to it," returned the younger man of the party, determined to shew how easy he took matters. "Waiter!" he cried, to a flitting shadow that passed by, "more brandy, and some good cigars."

"We must keep ourselves sober, Sam," observed his future father-in-law, with a quiet smile; "remember, we are in a large and strange City, and will want to have our senses cool and collected; and, besides, we must see all we can."

"You are quite right, Mr. Ferguson," cried the fat Brewer, who had a very exalted idea of his friend's good sense, and right judgment on all occasions. "It's well you're our polar star in this deputation, for I am so bewildered; and Sam there is so dying to be at everything, that I don't know what would become of us before we got out of London."

"No fear in life of our going astray," cried Sam, gaily, while Mr. Ferguson remarked—

"Thanks to Lady Drydale, she took care we shouldn't want a home while we were in London."

"There's nobody like her Ladyship for a kind

thought," exclaimed the Ashworth brewer. "Here's that she may be long spared to her noble husband, and her noble heir, the young Lord St. Maur, and may all of them be long spared to the people of Ashworth."

Even the abstemious Mr. Ferguson drank that toast in a bumper.

"She is, indeed," observed he, warmly, "the very best woman I ever met. If there's a sorrow in one of our families, she is the first to come to tell us how to bear it like true Christians: and if there's a joy, I never think it's good news, some way, until her Ladyship is made acquainted with it. To see her when she got my son, Bob, that appointment in the East India service; if he were her own child she couldn't be more anxious about him; got his mother the list, from the East India House, of what outfit he'd want, and sent some extra things herself we never would have thought of, and came over herself to the Glen, to cheer up my poor woman and the girls the day he sailed. And then I'm sure, as to Andrew, it was she first gave him a serious turn for the Church, and got him to take a class at the Sunday School, and had him to dine at Ashworth, when he was preparing for the ministry, to meet some of the best Clergymen in the diocese. If Lord St. Maur is only like his mother, there never would be a better, or more Christian-like man at the head of a large fortune."

"Aye! like father or mother," chimed in Mr. Bigley. "Not a more staunch upright man living than Lord Drydale."

"But her Ladyship is an angel, not a woman," excialmed the greyheaded, prim, composed-looking Mr. Ferguson.

"What I like in Lady Drydale most," observed the young man of the party, as he prepared his cigar for lighting, "is, that she's always the same; in her own drawing-room, surrounded by a crowd of company, just the same as if nobody were present, or as if she were in Ashworth Church, so peaceful-looking, so genuinely pious, without any cant in whatever she says or does. I

often think people ought to be better than others, who live under such a woman. When I was a boy, growing up, I was more afraid of her Ladyship hearing of my doing anything wild or bad, than I was of the Rector of the Parish, and he was no joke when a youngster went astray. Though she looked so young, and so handsome, yet she used to look so grave, when she heard of anybody's misdoings, whenever she met the delinquent, and yet so kind and pitiful, sure to say something that was better than a sermon. If Lord St. Maur doesn't turn out a first-rate man, he's not his mother's son."

"He will turn out a good man," remarked Mr. Ferguson, emphatically, "for the children of the righteous are blessed."

"May the heir of Ashworth, and his worthy parents, long reign over us!" cried Mr. Bigley, as he finished his brandy and water.

Mr. Ferguson said "Amen," and proposed a stroll, as his friend felt so much better, and as they settled not to go to Lord Drydale's until after the hour his Lordship was supposed to dine, which was unanimously agreed must be about eight o'clock.

Much refreshed, and in excellent spirits, the Ashworth Deputation set out on a short walk, fully alive to everything they saw, and full of pleasurable anticipations of how they would enjoy getting a peep, that very night, at Lord St. Maur, even if he were asleep; Mr. Bigley magnanimously announcing, "he would bribe his Lordship's nurse;" Mr. Ferguson assuring him there was no occasion, for she was a Tenant's wife from Ashworth, that lived just near himself; while Sam Walker speculated on his Lordship's style of living in London, supposing "the steam was well got up;" and all three promised themselves a happy and pleasant time, on this joyful occasion, visiting their noble Landlord.

CHAPTER X.

O that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That when possess'd, it is but lessen'd grief;
And even then, there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view.

KIRKE WHITE.

"I feel so much better, Emily," cried Lady Drydale to Mrs. Fosterton, as both sisters were seated in the former's dressing-room, about three o'clock, "that I think I might have my little boy in for a while, I only saw him in his nurse's arms for a moment this morning."

"You must keep very quiet, the Doctor says," returned her sister, who was seated at a small table near the couch on which Lady Drydale was reclining, "for though you feel so cool and pleasant now, those feverish symptoms might return, they came on so suddenly last evening."

"Oh! yes," returned her Ladyship, "but they have all subsided, and I must take a peep at St. Maur, and see is he looking his best, for those gentlemen from Ashworth will be here by and by, and I am sure will insist on seeing him in private, though it is arranged the young gentleman is not publicly to receive them until I am able to bear him company."

"I fear, my lady," said Miss Herbert, who was seated at some distance from where Lady Drydale lay, giving a finishing touch to a portrait of Mrs. Fosterton's, that she had been recently engaged executing for Lady Drydale, who wished to have her charming sister's picture sketched in the becoming *négligé* of a morning *déshabille*, without sitting formally for her picture to be taken, "I fear," she repeated, "the coming of those gentlemen from Ashworth brought on your feverish symptoms last evening."

"Oh, not at all," cried her Ladyship, "it was all settled a week ago, and I am not to see them for a week to come; so expecting them certainly had nothing to do with those unpleasant sensations I experienced last evening."

Lady Drydale rang a small silver bell, on the table, near the couch, and, her own maid entering from an anteroom, she desired "Nurse might bring in Lord St. Maur." In a few moments, the official of the nursery appeared with her precious charge. Mrs. Fosterton took him in her arms.

"He is so like you, Louisa," she exclaimed; "the same calm developed brow; and his eyes actually are beginning to smile, as yours do sometimes."

Lady Drydale laughed.

"Nothing, Emily, like the force of imagination," she said, as her eyes, full of tenderness and love, gazed on the features of the really handsome infant in her sister's arms.

"Now, Miss Herbert, do you not perceive the likeness?" cried out the latter, turning to that lady, who had resumed her brush, and was apparently absorbed in the portrait she was finishing. Thus appealed to, she looked up, but there was something ghastly and unmeaning in the vague expression of that look.

"Are you ill?" asked Mrs. Fosterton, quickly.

With a strong effort she seemed to recover herself.

"Oh, no," she said, "my sight is merely a little confused, looking so intently at this picture."

"Put it by, my good friend," said Lady Drydale, kindly. "You have worked too closely to have it finished, while this restless sister of mine is a prisoner beside me. She must be made to keep quiet, when I am up and well, or I'll become an invalid, to have her sit watching me," she added, smiling, "when you can finish it at your leisure. But now come over, and look at this pretty living picture here, my sweet cherub boy," and the fond mother extended her arms towards the long-robed baby her sister was caressing.

Mrs. Fosterton placed Lord St. Maur in his mother's arms.

"Now, Miss Herbert," she cried enthusiastically, "there is a picture for you to sketch. You cannot refuse me—you that hit off likenesses so admirably—you can strike off Lady Drydale and the young heir of Ashworth in a moment. Come, now," she added, coaxingly, "my dear girl, I'll take no excuse."

Miss Herbert had turned away her face; she was stooped over a portfolio, that lay on a chair, near the table she had been employed at; but a tear of bitter agony, stood bright and unshed, in eyes hardened by a fanatic faith to commit a great crime.

"Do, pray Miss Herbert," asked the gentle persuasive voice of Lady Drydale, "it will be such a pleasant surprise to my husband, when he comes in. You need not produce anything very fine, or finished, but in your own rapid style commit me and my boy to paper; but don't caricature us, pray," she added, laughing, "by making us appear handsome, and all that sort of thing; and tell her, Emily," she whispered in her sister's ear, "to be sure to include nurse in the sketch, standing there at the foot of the couch, with her fine, matronly face and figure, looking a world of love and admiration at her darling nursling, 'my own noble boy.'"

Mrs. Fosterton was in ecstacies; arranged the drapery of her sister's flowing dressing gown most artistically, placed Lord St. Maur so that his tiny features would stand out in relief from the rich Valencienne lace border

that shaded his infant beauty, drew Miss Herbert's table and portfolio nearer the couch, her sister and young heir looked so lovely that moment reclining on, glanced towards the nurse, who was all she could wish, and the sketch was taken by a hand that burnt and throbbed, but the heart within was icy cold.

No martyr, perhaps, that ever suffered at the stake, endured more refined torture, or endured it more magnanimously, than the artist who drew that sketch, producing a rapid and striking likeness of the angelic looking parent, and her beloved infant, who smiled unconscious, for the first and last time, in a mother's face.

"How like!" exclaimed both sisters, when submitted to their gaze; "but," added Lady Drydale, "you have omitted nurse, Miss Herbert."

"I saw only your Ladyship and Lord St. Maur," replied the wretched girl, in a voice sounding hoarse and unnatural.

"I am afraid we have taxed your good nature over much," said Lady Drydale, kindly, as she kissed and dismissed baby with his nurse. "You do not look well, and though this charming sketch I shall value, and I am sure so will my husband, more highly than the most finished gem of art, still I think it has worried you some way. A short walk, or a drive, Emily, would do her good."

"I shall drive a little," returned Mrs. Fosterton, "after I see you take your chicken broth, the doctor prescribed for you; and can set you and Louise down," continued she, addressing Miss Herbert, "in Kensington Gardens, for a walk; I suppose she is with her cousins, in the school room."

"Thank you," replied Miss Herbert, gratefully, not heeding her query. "I feel very well, but should enjoy a walk with Louise in the garden vastly.

"Is she with my girls, in the school-room?" enquired Lady Drydale.

The governess hesitated a little, but replied, self-[illegible]ough—

"No, my Lady; Louise was refractory this morning, at her studies. I left her learning some tasks."

"Oh! indeed," exclaimed Lady Drydale, unwilling to interfere between the governess and her pupil, yet pained to think her little god-daughter, at her early age, should be left entirely alone. "She has got them, of course, by this; but you must release her, if not, for Louise is a timid child, and solitary confinement breaks the spirit."

Still Miss Herbert did not move, and resumed her labours by taking out Mrs. Fosterton's just finished portrait; she, however, gathered up her mind, as it were, to passing matters, and, standing up, brought the portrait over to the couch where Lady Drydale lay.

"Oh! Louise is not in solitary confinement," observed she, "her attendant is within call, and I suppose the tasks, which were very short, are learned long since."

This was said in an easy, natural way, that set her kind aunt's mind at rest. Had Lady Drydale known that a stout locked door was between Louise and her attendant, she would now have been more concerned about the dear child's liberation, than inspecting her mother's portrait, which was exquisitely designed, and finished with a degree of art that drew forth the admiration of both sisters. Lady Drydale, asking her maid, who was in the room, to hand her a casket that stood on the dressing table, opened it, and producing a chain and locket, containing her own and her sister's interwoven hair, with their united cypher, set in brilliants, in her Ladyship's kind, graceful way, presented it to Miss Herbert, for her acceptance.

The governess did not place this *gage d'amitié* where the kind, generous donor expected she would, suspended from her neck, but slowly replaced it in its casket, offering at the same time, however, profuse and grateful thanks for so considerate and costly a gift. Nothing could be more appropriate than the expression of her gratitude, but somehow it sounded hollow in the ear of Lady Drydale, and her voice conveyed something of her feelings, as she said—

"I thought, Miss Herbert, you would like to wear my sister's hair and my own, a token of our friendly feelings towards you, and a grateful appreciation of your disinterested labours, that have indeed afforded me the purest gratification."

And Lady Drydale gazed admiringly at her sister's portrait, that she still held in her hand.

Miss Herbert repeated, in yet warmer terms, her sense of such considerate kindness, but the chain and locket lay unappropriated, in the open casket. It would have been deemed "mortal sin" in one wearing the insignia of the Order of Marist, to place the gift, not to say the actual hair of a heretic, next the medallion of the Immaculate Virgin,—a sacrilege this devout believer in the "religion of Mary," would have shrunk with horror from committing; at the very moment she contrived to pour, from a small phial, concealed in the folds of her ample sleeve, a few drops of a "subtle essence," prepared by her confessor, into the chicken broth, now brought in by the attendant in waiting, for the use of her lady, the silver salver it was placed on being laid on the very table where Miss Herbert's portfolio lay, that lady officiously removing it, and her drawing materials, and desiring the servant to lay down the tray, while the unconscious victim, and her sister, still examined the latter's portrait; and the attendant proceeded to remove the smaller table near the couch covered with books and papers, to make room for the table on which the silver tray rested; while so engaged, the broth was adroitly drugged, to produce the same feverish restlessness of the night before; and the skilful "Poisoner" calmly put up her sketching materials, and placed her portfolio ready to carry away; while Lady Drydale sipped her broth, and declared it was "excellent," and she was sure it would do her "a great deal of good, for she felt a little weak," and so finished it; and then the pupil of Monsignore Reynard hurried Mrs. Fosterton away, and her sister promised to lie down a little. "She would not see her dear girls until the evening," and just as Mrs. Fosterton's carriage,

with that lady, and her daughter and governess, drove out of the square, feverish symptoms began to be exhibited in the flushed cheek and parched lip of Lady Drydale, and her attendant, a skilful and experienced woman, administered the drops that had relieved her the night before, and made her undress and lie down, and quietly sent for the doctor.

In the meantime, Miss Herbert and Louise walked in Kensington Gardens, and the former retired to a large and secluded walk, and knelt behind a shady and overhanging tree, and counted the beads of her rosary, and her lips repeated, without intermission, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, for a great number of times; and Louise curiously and perseveringly sought around for daisies, their modest heads just peeping above the green, cool turf. Miss Herbert at length rose from her devotions, and the daisies that had been gathered by Louise's industry, had to be flung away, and she gave a lingering look of regret at them, when she had to walk off with her governess—a look such as older children give at the culled daisies of their riper years, when the hard realities of life sweep away its flowers—and with Jesuit casuistry her governess muttered to herself—"My hand shall never administer the last deadly drop," and waited impatiently for Mrs. Fosterton's return.

She came at last, looking revived, and very beautiful, after her drive, with a look of calm happiness about her, that reminded Miss Herbert strongly of Lady Drydale; but the sisters had lived latterly much together, and the excitable Mrs. Fosterton felt always more tranquillized, and more right-judging, when near her inestimable friend and sister.

That day, Mr. Fosterton entertained a small select party, and, bright and happy-looking, his wife sat at the head of her *recherché* table. Miss Herbert seldom dined with the family on those occasions, and this day her absence was not noticed. Mr. Lee, as Chaplain, pronounced a short grace, and before it was finished, the footman whispered something behind the chair of the lady of the

house, and with heightened colour, and visible emotion, she announced "her sister, Lady Drydale, was alarmingly ill," made a brief apology, and in her own rapid way retired, before some of the people present could comprehend the cause.

Mr. Fosterton had no idea of losing his dinner, an enjoyment he highly prized, and assuring his guests "Mrs. Fosterton was needlessly alarmed," though he had no reason for such a supposition, proceeded to discuss the piquant feast before him.

In the mean time, Miss Herbert met his wife in the hall, and enveloping her in an opera muffle and large square of black lace, she seemed to have been awaiting for her with, hurried Mrs. Fosterton across the Square, explaining, as they went, that a messenger had come from Lord Drydale's, to say the feverish symptoms had again appeared, and that the doctor had been sent for, suppressing, however, the latter part of Lord Drydale's message, "that the doctor was not at all alarmed." She knew better herself, and suggested, something fatal might occur, as they entered the house.

Half fainting with terror, Mrs. Fosterton almost gasped for breath, but she bounded up the staircase, followed closely by Miss Herbert. An attendant was coming out of her sister's sleeping-room as she approached the door, whom she at once questioned. Great was her joy, then, to find that "her Ladyship was much better, and that his Lordship was reading for her."

Mrs. Fosterton paused for breath, and threw upwards a look of utter thankfulness, and almost noiselessly entered the room, still followed by Miss Herbert.

The attached husband had been reading for his beloved wife, that soul-refreshing chapter, the 8th of Romans, which contains within itself an epitome of Gospel truth: his back was turned to them as they entered, and Lady Drydale's eyes were closed, as if in devout contemplation, or mental prayer. He had just come to the concluding verses, wherein the Apostle makes that touching and affecting declaration so realised by every true believer,

"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present or to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"Pray, my beloved," said the gentle voice of Lady Drydale, as soon as her husband had finished reading, "that my earthly blessings may not prove a snare, and that, with Paul, I may be able to say, 'Nor any other creature shall be able to separate *me* from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.'"

The Christian wife's and mother's heart at that moment trembled, lest those she loved so devotedly might become idols.

On bended knee, that believing noble offered up a short impressive prayer, that both might be "kept steadfast, immovable, abounding in the faith; seeking those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

A fervent *Amen* passed from the lips of Mrs. Fosterton, who felt utterly subdued by the scene she had just witnessed: and the medallion figure of "the immaculate Virgin" was pressed against her companion's heart, to steel it for the fanatic crime that must be performed before sunset.

Lady Drydale now assured her sister the feverish symptoms were subsiding fast; she only felt a little weak, and Lord Drydale wished his sister-in-law to return to her company; but she would not; "she and Miss Herbert would sit quietly;" and then asked, "Had the doctor ordered anything more?"

"No; the same drops were to be taken every quarter of an hour while the uneasy symptoms lasted," and Lord Drydale, pointing to the time-teller on the mantel-piece, remarked, "the time was nearly out." His Lordship then hung over his dear wife, and whispered her something, and with his lips ascertained nearly all feverish symptoms had left her cheek, and turned towards the window, and looked out, and wondered to himself, "What

kept, until so late in the day, the gentlemen from Ashworth?" Miss Herbert stood near the foot of the bed; Mrs. Fosterton took Lord Drydale's place. Her sister assured her "she felt much better, but that just after she left her in the morning, she grew restless and feverish; the attendant gave her the drops, and sent for the doctor, who arrived at the same time with Henry, who never left her since. She now felt well enough, she thought, to see her dear girls."

Miss Herbert looked at the timepiece, and Mrs. Fosterton, who thought she read her glance, stood up for the small phial, containing the drops ordered by the doctor, on a table that stood near. Miss Herbert politely anticipated her, and handed her the phial and the wine-glass, placed there with the medicine.

"They are to be taken in water," said Mrs. Fosterton, reading the label on the phial; and she stood up, and poured from the croft of water that stood on the same table, a few spoonfuls into the wine-glass, and then dropped the six drops that were to be taken into the water, and handed the phial back to Miss Herbert.

Did the pupil of Monsignore Reynard lay back the same phial on the table? if not, she did one precisely similar, for it was one of those Lady Drydale had taken the doctor's drops out of, the night before.

"I think," said her Ladyship, "I feel now so easy, I need not take those drops."

The film of death almost passed over eyes that were fixed on her sweet gentle face at that moment.

"Now, Henry, do you hear this?" appealed Mrs. Fosterton to Lord Drydale, who still was standing at the window.

He had not heard her distinctly, nor did he know exactly what she meant, but as he was in the act of turning round, his wife said, half smilingly—

"Well, I suppose I must." And stretching forth her hand, took the wine glass from her sister, and drank off its contents.

The effulgence of the sun's last rays shone that mo-

ment into the apartment. The "Poisoner" did not feel as the repentant Peter did, when "the cock crew," but she felt the abhorrent guilt of murder within her soul. Still the Jesuit triumphed over all, for in stooping to pick up Mrs. Fosterton's opera cloak, that had dropped from her shoulders, Miss Herbert upset the wine glass, and with her foot broke it in pieces; but the phial remained standing on the table. The fragments of the glass she carefully picked up, but they were not placed on the table, and she trusted her voice to say something about "Mrs. Fosterton returning, her Ladyship being so much better."

Before Mrs. Fosterton could reply, her sister said faintly, "I feel very ill, open the window."

"Open the window, Henry," screamed Mrs. Fosterton, as she saw Lady Drydale's color change to an almost ashy hue.

Miss Herbert had thrown up the sash of the second window in the room; the one Lord Drydale stood at he promptly raised, and rushed towards his wife's bed.

"Louisa, my darling wife, what is the matter?" he cried, as he raised her head, and flung back the curtain, to give her air.

"Shall I send for Doctor Crowley?" gasped Miss Herbert; and without waiting for a reply, she rushed out of the room. But she met an attendant outside, and had sufficient presence of mind to tell her to do so, and with a desperate effort came back to the foot of the bed.

Mrs. Fosterton was calling on her sister wildly "to speak to her."

Lord Drydale was rubbing his wife's brow, and about her mouth, with some aromatic vinegar, a servant had put into his hand.

His four girls now rushed into the room, with Mrs. Ashley, and Mrs. Felton. Her children had been waiting in an adjoining room to be admitted to see their beloved parent. She now seemed to breathe with great difficulty, but rallied a little, and opened her eyes wide, as if to take in with that look, all the beloved objects

grouped around. Once or twice she essayed to speak, but no articulate sound came.

"My wife! my beloved wife!" cried the agonised husband.

"Jesus!" was the faint, but distinct response; and her gentle spirit passed into His hands, throughout ages of eternity.

The loving parent heard not her children's cry of sorrow, or the bereaved husband's groan of anguish, or the fondly attached sister's hysteric shriek.

All was over when the doctor arrived. He looked at the dead, and he looked at the phial, and tasted it, and muttered something of "sinking rapidly," and tried to force Lord Drydale out of the room.

Mrs. Fosterton was carried out in violent hysterics, escorted by her Jesuit governess.

The four orphan girls still clung sobbing, as if their hearts would break, to their lifeless mother; and their governesses, horror stricken, and aghast, at such an overwhelming loss, were unable to remove them.

A cab drove up to the door; in it were three gentlemen; outside was their luggage.

"Here we are," cried the younger man of the party, as the cabman drew up before a noble looking mansion.

"This is the house, I am sure, for the blinds are all down, as they see no company, on account of her Ladyship, I suppose," remarked Mr. Bigley.

"Except two windows above, that are thrown up," said Mr. Ferguson, who was an accurate observer.

The cabman opened the door, and the three gentlemen got out; and the porter came to the hall door, and told them, before they knocked, or rung, "Lord Drydale could see no person."

"Oh! he'll see us, I'll be bound," cried the Ashworth brewer, his spirits wonderfully got up since he stepped out of the train at the Euston Square terminus.

"But 'tis Lord St. Maur, we want to see, and not his Lordship," added Mr. Bigley, in a pompous tone, who

had thought of nothing else but Lord St. Maur, since an heir was first announced to the house of Ashworth.

"Better send in our names," suggested Mr. Ferguson, in an under tone.

The porter stood within the half opened door.

"No occasion for that yet," cried Sam Walker, stepping briskly forward into the hall.

His companions followed. The man looked stunned, and frightened.

"We are come over from Lord Drydale's estate in Ireland," said Mr. Ferguson to the porter, who accounted for the man's manner as merely English stolidity, "come over to present an address to Lady Drydale, and the heir of Ashworth." He would have added, "he hoped they, and his Lordship, were quite well," but the stolid Englishman burst into tears, as he sobbed out, "Lady Drydale is dead! Died within the last five minutes."

A cry of horror escaped the Ashworth Deputation.

A footman now came into the hall, and the dreadful news was confirmed.

The Ashworth brewer blubbered like a child.

Mr. Ferguson, faint and sorrow stricken, sat down, and covered his face with his hands.

Sam Walker questioned the porter, and footman, by turns, and a housemaid, that now joined the group.

"Their Lady got ill the night before, and had the doctor with her, and Mrs. Fosterton; was better that morning. But ill again, about four o'clock, the doctor saw her, not long after her sister left her, got a little better, when word was sent across the square to Mrs. Fosterton, and the poor lady rushed over, quite distracted, and was just in time to see her Ladyship die. His Lordship was with her to the last; and neither he nor the young ladies could be forced out of the room; and no wonder, for great was their loss indeed."

"A public calamity!" cried the young attorney, his eyes filling with tears; "what a sad story we have to take back to Ashworth! Not a house on her estate but will

mourn for her, as for their best friend, aye! I may say, as men mourn for their mother."

"She was a mother to the oldest of us, in the best sense of the word," exclaimed the greyheaded Mr. Ferguson, in a voice broken by emotion.

"Oh! how her infant heir will miss his sainted mother!" cried Mr. Bigley.

"And the poor dear young ladies," chimed in the English housemaid, weeping bitterly, "they loved their own fond, kind mamma, so dearly."

"Everybody loved her, high and low," was the stolid-looking porter's remark, as with a heavy sigh he closed the hall door.

"May the Lord God comfort her afflicted husband, and family," prayed Mr. Ferguson, fervently, as he stood up, "and give those that are left," he added, devoutly, "tenants as well as landlord, grace to follow her blessed example."

He moved towards the hall door, the footman, in a low voice, told him the apartments his poor dear lady ordered for the deputation from Ashworth, were all ready, and he himself, as he knew London so well, was to wait on them while they were in town.

"How like her!" exclaimed the prim, composed-looking Mr. Ferguson, bursting into tears.

"Why, man, our hearts would break to stay here," cried the Ashworth brewer, violently bursting open for himself the hall door.

"Oh! it would never do," exclaimed Sam Walker, as he followed his companions into the street, "it was a dreadful blow, and we promised ourselves so much pleasure!"

"But, 'tis nothing 'till we go back to Ashworth with her remains!" cried Mr. Ferguson, in a choking voice, as he got into the cab, and looked up at the open windows, with a shudder.

"She's lying there dead, and insensible to us all," sobbed Mr. Bigley, interpreting his glance.

"Drive to the next hotel," cried Sam Walker to the

cabman, with a very different air from that with which he ordered brandy and cigars, in the coffee room, at Euston Square.

And grieved to the heart, and utterly dispirited, the deputation from Ashworth were driven from their noble landlord's door.

CHAPTER XI.

Let nature weep; leave her alone; the fresher of her sorrow must run off,
And sooner will the lake be clear, relieved of turbid floodings.

TUPPER.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours, amidst these earthly damps;
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers, may be Heaven's distant lamps.

LONGFELLOW.

"YOU must get Mrs. Fosterton out of London," counselled Sir Anthony Reynard her husband, the first evening he met him after Lady Drydale's death, at his club, "this funeral would be entirely too much for her; nothing but change will do her good," observed the Baronet, in an emphatic tone.

"She is utterly prostrate," replied Mr. Fosterton; "at first her grief was violent beyond anything; at times, I feared she would have lost her reason; but for Louise's governess, that you got us, I never could have managed her, but she never left her, and has immense influence over her, and very wisely, I think, called in Mrs. Fosterton's late physician, that her poor sister persuaded her to dismiss for Crowley, who, I think, really, botched her own case, for he ought to have called in more advice, when he saw she was sinking so rapidly."

"I wonder he did not," returned Sir Anthony, "but Crowley is a narrow-minded man, as well as a very timid man, and lately, in some similar cases to Lady Drydale's, he has been very unlucky; so he was nervous about other medical men seeing her, I suppose, though, I understand, he admitted to Lord Drydale, he was quite unprepared for her Ladyship being carried off so quickly."

"Why! yes; he didn't expect it; but Mrs. Fosterton now thinks she saw a great change in her sister, the very moment she entered the room; and Miss Herbert, who, I believe, saw a great many people die, declares 'death was in her face for days before.'".

"Very likely," observed the Baronet, "those first-rate London doctors, I often think, haven't time to look at their patients; a clever, skilful friend, observes an invalid far more; and I think you should get your wife off before the funeral; it takes place, doesn't it, the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Fosterton, "and I am in horror at the idea of being cooped up with Drydale on such an occasion; I saw him only once since, and then against his will, I believe; but Mrs. Fosterton would have me see him, but he was quite unable to speak, and I remained only a minute."

Sir Anthony thought his friend Fosterton was not exactly the style of man best calculated to comfort the bereaved widower, but he kept this to himself, while he said, carelessly—"To be sure, you could do him no good; and your poor afflicted wife must be now attended to, Fosterton; take her out of London at once, by all means; the doctor will agree with me, I am certain, that staying where she is, at such a time, is enough to kill her."

"I should be delighted to get away," replied his friend, "if I thought Drydale would not think it strange my not going over with him at such a time, and Mrs. Fosterton wishes it, besides; but 'twill be a horrid bore, beastly altogether, for, I suppose, the Town of Ashworth will be hung with black crape."

"Oh! I suppose there will be a grand display of grief, and of Orange scarfs," returned the Jesuit Baronet, with a laugh; "but some of his Lordship's pet tenants are, I understand, in town, going about, like mutes, with that old bigot, Sir Charles Stamer. 'Birds of a feather,' you know, 'will flock together;' and these fellows are just the men to wipe Drydale's eyes; it will add to their consequence, being comforters to the great man, and he'll be expected to do saint on the occasion, and bear his 'heavy affliction like a Christian,' and so forth; and so you would find yourself quite *de trop;* and, besides, it would be too much to expect you to leave Mrs. Fosterton, who really requires to be moved at once; for the poor lady that is gone had the most wonderful power over her sister, and I am sure, if she lived, would have weaned her sister's affections from everybody else but herself."

The Jesuit had struck the right chord in a jealous mind, and gained his point.

The next question to be discussed, "Where was he to take his wife, with most benefit, in her present depressed state?"

"Unquestionably, Rome is your ground," exclaimed Sir Anthony; "the physicians have now decided, in cases of mental shock, or excessive grief, objects of beauty in architecture, sculpture, and painting, are best calculated to recover the tone of the nervous system, and where will you find these in such perfection as at Rome? Then, it is expected to be very crowded after Easter, and you can very pleasantly get through a month or two, and then make a detour homewards, by Manheim, or Baden-Baden, where something amusing is always going on."

Mr. Fosterton laughed; he perfectly understood "the something amusing" his friend so slyly suggested, and the next morning the packing up commenced in the household; and the evening before Lady Drydale's remains were to leave London, Mr. Fosterton, his wife, Louise, and her governess, started for Dovor, *en route* to the Eternal City; the chaplain, boys, and such domestics as were to accompany them, to join them in Paris. And

Sir Anthony Reynard, over his wine, the same evening, chuckled, as he detailed to his brother, Monsignore Reynard, that he had seen "the Fostertons off."

And his grave brother indulged in a Jesuit smile, as both brothers agreed "such a slight to the memory of his wife must ensure the desired effect, an irreparable coolness between Lord Drydale and his brother-in-law, not capable of explanation."

The Monsignore, in his figurative language, significantly adding—

"This flight from London, and an open grave in the vault at Ashworth, closes, for ever, the door of friendly intercourse between the families."

"Our neighbours at Fosterton," remarked Sir Anthony, drily, "and their goose of a Chaplain, must now, as a matter of course, be received into the true Church; the Protestant tenantry at Fosterton is a mere question of time."

"There shall be a mission and a *novena* for their special benefit," replied the Jesuit.

"That must succeed," replied his brother.

And these worthies separated.

About the same hour, the same evening, the tall, stooped figure of Mr. Ferguson entered Lord Drydale's study; he appeared more stooped than usual, for the good man's mind was sadly depressed.

"I wished to see you, my good friend," said his Lordship, slowly raising himself in the arm chair he lay back in, to shake hands with his Ashworth tenant, "because"—and here his voice faltered a little—"I know you and yours sympathise in my great sorrow; and," he added, evidently with a strong effort suppressing his emotion, "because you and the kind men that are with you expressed a wish to Sir Charles Stamer, to see, before the coffin is closed, all that remains of my angel wife."

"We thank you, my Lord, from our hearts," cried Mr. Ferguson, scarcely able to speak; "it will, indeed, be a sad but great gratification to us, and to our wives and children, when we go back to Ashworth, to tell them

we saw the last of the noble and pious lady who lived amongst us, and made us better men, and better women, by her Christian example."

Lord Drydale's face was shaded by his hand, but tears wetted the table on which his elbow rested; he looked broken, and his old neighbour thought, many years older, than when he feasted, the Christmas before, his tenantry, in the great hall at Ashworth. Who was beside him on that occasion rose up vividly now before Mr. Ferguson's memory, and, with a long-drawn sigh, he remained silent.

"I am still rebellious," at length said Lord Drydale, in a low, subdued voice; "for she was more to me than life itself, and it is hard to say 'Thy will be done;' but tell my people I am not left comfortless"—and he laid his hand on an open Bible, that lay on the table beside him—"and that she sleeps in Jesus," he added more firmly; "in life she served her Saviour, and in death, 'Jesus' was the last sound of her parting breath."

"She is with Him, where He is, my Lord," replied Mr. Ferguson, "in that glory eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."

"But which God hath prepared for them that love Him," added his noble landlord. "Still I am so weak: the magnitude of my loss seems, at times, too great to be consoled, even by God's precious promises;" and he wrung his hands in bitter anguish.

"You must live for your children, my Lord," cried his attached tenant, much moved.

"Poor things," exclaimed the bereaved husband, "their loss is indeed great; but the Word of God is my best comforter, it will teach me to be still, and know 'that He is the Lord,' who will have me perform my duties, here below, single-handed."

After a pause, he said—

"You will be greatly shocked, my friend; for she is greatly changed; but death is swallowed up in life," he added, faintly, as he stretched out his hand to wish Mr. Ferguson "good bye."

And after a silent pressure, his tenant, sad at heart, left the room.

Mrs. Felton was waiting for him in the breakfast parlour, with the other two gentlemen of the Ashworth Deputation; silently she preceded them to the chamber of death. The London undertaker had hung it to produce the gloomiest and most lugubrious effect, draped in black cloth; and on the catafalque in its centre, lay, in her open coffin, pale and rigid, the beautiful and the good, who had never met them before, but with her own gentle, peculiar smile of recognition. The expression, the universal conqueror had stamped on her once happy looking brow, was, anxiety and sorrow.

There were three stout manly hearts in that room, that would have imperilled life and property, to serve that noble lady while she lived; those hearts were now as weak as the new-born infant, gazing on her clay cold remains. Involuntarily that sorrowful party knelt at either side of the unconscious dead. Who bent the knee first, it would have been hard to tell, perhaps it was her faithful Mrs. Felton, for her soul was bowed in grief, but there the four mourners knelt, and the grey headed Mr. Ferguson prayed aloud, and his companions silently joined in his prayer, "that their last end might be like hers, 'living for Christ, and dying in Christ.'" And they rose up, and felt, "the memory of the just was sweet."

At the foot of Lady Drydale's coffin, stood the Ashworth Nurse, with Lord St. Maur in her arms; she had entered while they prayed.

Was it thus, they were to present the address of a rejoicing tenantry, and a grateful people, to mother and son? Men's hearts are not made of stone; "they lifted up their voices and wept."

It was an unmanning sight; and the Ashworth Nurse, and Mrs. Felton, cried bitterly, as in wordless sorrow, they looked on, while each of the deputation took the heir of Ashworth in their arms, and with their manly eyes, dim with tears, gazed on the mortal remains of his sainted mother, and blessed her son, and prayed, "he

might be spared to live as she did, a blessing to her family, her tenantry, and all that came within her reach, walking humbly with her God."

The orphaned one is again in his nurse's arms; even the Ashworth brewer, at that moment, thought only of taking a last look at the noble, but much loved lady, who lay there, still and cold, as he read the simple inscription on the richly mounted lid, that lay beside her coffin—

"Louisa, Countess of Drydale, aged 33."

CHAPTER XII.

Yet there be thousands among men, who heed not the leaning of their talents,
But cutting against the grain, toil on to no good end.
Analyze the doubtful, cultivate the good, and crush the head of evil;
So that thou catch, with quick hand, the golden ball of opportunity.

IN one of those deep basins, or hollows, scooped, as it were, out of the side of the lofty Lugnaquille, forming small, but romantic glens, between that giant hill of the County Wicklow, and the group of smaller, but not less picturesque mountains, ranged around, like the Minster spires and cloistered turrets, circling the dome of some vast cathedral of nature, seated on a tragment of broken granite, was a man, deeply and abstractedly engaged, reading a book, apparently of most absorbing interest. The volume lay on a rude but fragrant reading-desk of purple heather in its young bloom, that grew here and there in the interstices of the rock, his figure half reclined on.

The sun was just gone down behind the lofty summit of Slieve Gadoe, but his parting splendour illumined the rocky heights around, and his slanting rays penetrated the gloom of the precipitous ravines, that separated the group of attendant hills, rising in wild and abrupt grandeur around the lofty Lugnaquille, capped with a Druid cromlech for a mural crown, its imperial majesty

And the patriot Priest repeated the first stanzas of a poem, of the true national stamp, he had sent by his messenger to "The Nation" newspaper for publication, a week before.

"Well," he thought, "they know my handwriting well enough, not to make mistakes printing it;" and with this consolatory reflection, he threw his eyes again in the direction of the pathway that skirted the side of the lake at his feet.

No appearance of any living thing hove in sight, except some large bird of the Heron species, that dismally flapped his wings as he flew to his mountain home, over the solitary watcher's head, who repeated, in the Irish language, musingly and sadly, a passage he had been just reading in the Irish Bible beside him—

"The birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

His thoughts seemed to be led into some channel that excited feelings of indignation within him.

"And yet," mused the young Priest, "Christ's vicar on earth must needs be a sovereign, and wring the last drop of liberty out of the hearts of his subjects, as well as the worst tyrant king in Europe—nay!" he cried almost aloud, "he does worse, for he hands the sons of the free he rules over, to the despots of the earth, to be trampled under foot by brute force. Italy! a good time is coming! and I wish you joy of it; they'd slaughter your patriots in this country, if they could; but I foiled some of their manœuvres; and Ireland's day will come, too, when something more like truth than priestcraft, shall give freedom to her slave-trodden people."

A very small boy, dressed plainly, but comfortably, stealthily crept along the path, and with a sharp quick cry of delight, at surprising the Priest, bounded to his side.

Father Tom's dark eyes were fixed on the still water before him; it was like his late deeply regretted Parish Priest's bright coal fire, a haven of rest for their fitful glances.

"You surprised me, sure enough, Paudheen," he cried, "though I was watching for you close enough; but were you in time, my boy?" he added, anxiously; "but I guessed you were, when you didn't come back sooner."

"I just nicked it," returned the child, who in reality was much older than he looked; "your Raverence never saw such a run as I made after I got into Dublin; and after all I was within an aim's ace of missing him; the train was just off when I boulted up the steps, and slipped by in the crowd; the man that was taking the tickets, if he stopped me, I'd have tould him I wanted the guard, Andrew Murphy; but he didn't, and I stood at one side, and saw Uncle Andy up from me, shutting the doors of the carriages on the quality; and then I knew I was all right, and I tipped him the sign your Raverence tould me, and he popped me in where the luggage was, and locked me up, and there I lay as snug as a trout, with a fine carpet bag for a pillow, and never stirred until we comes to Droghedy; and then, I scratched away at the door, and I needn't, for Uncle Andy let me out, and I up and I tells him I had a dhrame, that a block of stone, as big as the Station House, was on the rail, on th'other side of the station, where you first see the salt say, 'off Warren Point.' And he up and says to me, 'My bright boy, you had no dhrame at all; but 'tis Father Tom sent you, I knew well when you gave me that sign, 'twas on some errand of his you were bound; but be quiet among the luggage, and I'll get out on the engine myself, when we come near the place.'"

"But how did you know," asked the Priest, "that this gentleman went by that train at all?"

"Didn't Mrs. Cassidy, the milk woman, your Raverence, tell me the night before, he was going the next day to Belfast, to make a great oration with the parsons—a turn-coat as he was? and didn't I come in myself with him that morning in the same train, on the Kingstown line? I watched him well, until I seen him coming out of the clargyman's house, and he never known me in the good

clothes; and what made me near missing him was, that he, and the clergy who were with him, took a car in Dublin, to the Drogheda Station, and I took to my legs, your Raverence;" and the diminutive creature laughed, well satisfied with the result of his own exertions.

"But you needn't have gone on," said the Priest, "when you saw Andy. I thought he never went of a Monday."

"No more he didn't; but the days are changed, your Raverence," returned the urchin, "and I hadn't time to tell him at the station in Dublin, for the train, you know, your Raverence, was just off."

"And you wished for a lark, Paudheen, eh! is not that it?"

"Oh, I liked the journey well," cried the boy, "though when I peeped out through a hole, and saw the salt say, I was frightened enough, for fear Uncle Andy wouldn't see the stones, and that I'd be kilt, locked up without a chance for my life; but I felt the train going mortal slow after we passed the station house, and I could hear my heart beating like a bird's; but, your Raverence, the engine came to a full stop, and then everybody got out, barring myself; and some said they were kilt, and some said they were near it, and there I lay like a fox in a hole, while everybody else was kicking up such a hulliloo, and it took every man, big and little, in the train, barring myself, to carry away the big blocks of stones off the line; regular whoppers they were, your Raverence, but I couldn't show my nose to help them."

"You cockroach," cried Father Tom, unable to suppress a smile; "sure, you're not the fiftieth part of a man."

"May be, I'm not," cried the urchin, with a provokingly pert air; "but I did man's work, your Raverence, to day, anyhow, to be in time to catch the day light, that your Raverence might have a read at 'The Nation;'" and the boy produced from a pocket, artfully concealed in the back of his rough coat, nearly between the shoulders, Father Tom's favourite newspaper.

"Why didn't you tell me you had that before?" cried the young Ireland Priest, snatching it out of his hand.

"Because," said the boy, knowingly, "if I did, your Raverence wouldn't listen to half my story: and it was well you got it now at self, for I forgot it in the bundle with my raggetty dress, and hid it under the big stone in the cave, at the back of the hill there, and had to go back for it; that was what kept me so late, your Raverence, and I'm half kilt from running," he added, with a long drawn sigh, as he stretched his tiny figure at full length on the heath-covered rock beside the Priest.

That gentleman, in the mean time, devouring "the Poet's corner" of "The Nation," and running his eyes, in all the eager pride of authorship, over his own effusion.

"Who dare be free, must stand alone."

His companion, though lying apparently much exhausted in his recumbent posture, bent his keen, observant gaze on the excited countenance of the young Priest; at length he cried—

"Oh, then, 'tis you, Father Tom, would like to hear that black looking foreigner haranguing the people from the platform, in Belfast; it would stir, your Raverence, the cockles of your heart to hear him. I never heard anything like him, from the altar even. 'Tis he tould them what sort of chaps the ould Romans were, and what sort of chaps the young Romans u'd be, when they got their liberty."

"How came you to hear him?" cried the Priest, his attention at length withdrawn from the newspaper, by Paudheen's recital of Luigi di Cortona's speech at the great meeting in Belfast, to promote civil and religious liberty in Romagna and Legations.

Paudheen was somewhat taken aback by the question.

"I thought it no harm, your Raverence," he at length said, in a meek voice. "Sure, your Raverence let me hear Pauestant young Irelanders before now, when they'd be spouting about liberty, and all that sort of thing; and when I was there, and took such a long journey on his account, I thought, your Raverence, I might as well take

my change one of him, and bring back to your Raverence all he had to say about freemen, and slaves, and that sort of talk."

"Aye, Paudheen," observed the Priest, drily, "and at the same time, indulge your own fancy for variety and every kind of mischief that will bring you, mark my words, my good boy, into harm, some time or another."

"Not a fear of it, your Raverence," cried Paudheen, springing to his feet. "Didn't I stand forenent him last Monday? and didn't he know me in the middle of his speech? and ain't I in the 'Hue and Cry?' and here I am; and who dare (except your Raverence) say boo to my goose?"

"Paudheen, you'll dance upon nothing yet, I am afraid," cried Father Tom, unable to repress a smile; "but I thought you told me he didn't know you in the good clothes."

"No more he did," returned the pert looking boy, "but hadn't I my raggetty ones with me, afeard Uncle Andy wouldn't be guard that day, and that I have to warn him myself when the train stopped in Droghedy. Well, your Raverence, I thought it would be a fine joke to put him out in his speech, before all the quality; and before I gets out in Belfast I dresses myself up in the raggetty clothes, and makes a bundle of my good ones, and gives them to Uncle Andy to keep, and away I went, and stood right before him when he was spouting out on the platform; and when I cotched his eye, I grins in his face, and he looked as if he saw old Nick, begging your Raverence's pardon, and I ducks my head, and away with me, and Uncle Andy puts me in the next train, and he could not sure, a reward was offered for me, dead or alive, in Belfast."

"You'll ruin me, yet, Paudheen, by your love of mischief," remarked his friend.

"Never! Father Tom," cried the boy, in an emphatic [illegible] grass grows, or water runs. I'll be true to [illegible] shouldn't I? for it was your Raverence

gave me, a poor *Luprechaun*, I may say, the real larning; I'd suffer to be drawn by wild horses, sooner than I'd turn informer on your Raverence."

"That I know, Paudheen," replied the warm-hearted Priest, kindly," but you must be more cautious in the future, or you'll bring yourself into trouble, and then you know, Paudheen, that will be a trouble to me."

"Well, Father Tom," returned the boy, "I'll content myself, and keep from roving, and won't ask to stir from this parish, and attend your Raverence celebrating the mass, quiet and steady as any boy ever served mass before, and then I can't bring your Raverence into trouble."

"Except somebody gives you up for the reward, Paudheen," said the Priest, in a half serious tone.

"No fear of that, your Raverence," cried the young schemer; "Uncle Andy won't tell on me; and, moreover, he knows 'twas you sent me; and besides that, they made a subscription for himself, for seeing the big stones on the rail, and I'll be bound he'll get some of the reward beside; and 'tis me, and not him, ought to get what was going," and the urchin drew from his secret pocket a soiled and torn placard; the Priest reached out his hand for it, and read aloud—

"Reward of One Hundred Pounds. Whereas, on Monday, the 17th inst., three large blocks of stone were laid on the rails of the Belfast Railway, near the N—— Station, at a place called Coolick; we offer the above sum for the apprehension, or information that will lead to the apprehension, of party, or parties, guilty of the above malicious act. Hugh Craven, Secretary to the Belfast Railway Company."

"Well, you're not mentioned in this at all!" cried Father Tom, after he had finished reading.

"If I'm not, I'm mentioned in this," exclaimed Paudheen, triumphantly producing from his secret repository a well-thumbed piece of torn newspaper.

The Priest eagerly snatched it from his hand, and turning the paper from one side to the other, cried out—

"The 'Tory Mail!' You'll get a squeeze I'm thinking, Paudheen, unless you keep close to your nest;" and glancing his eye over the fragment, read, in a low voice, the following paragraph, underneath, apparently, a detailed account of the intended accident his messenger had so effectually prevented:—

"There can be no doubt entertained, that the malignant fiends who placed these stones on the rail, intended them to upset the train, in which that distinguished foreigner, the Signor di Cortona, and those Clergymen who accompanied him to the Belfast meeting, were travelling; and we entertain no doubt, and have no hesitation in stating, this obstruction was placed there by the Jesuits, and their friends, to upset the train, and so destroy the noble and persecuted advocate of civil and religious liberty in Italy, and prevent his usefulness amongst his *Refugee* countrymen in the reformed faith he is now a distinguished minister of, in this country. The Signor, we understand, takes our view of the subject, and has reason to suppose a raggetty child, that appeared in the crowd, grinning at the Signor, towards the close of his very brilliant speech, was cognisant of the intended trap for his life, but, notwithstanding the police being immediately set on his track, strange to say, he eluded the strictest search, and could nowhere be discovered, or traced, which proclaims for itself, the Jesuits are not without sympathisers in the black North; and this miserable fragment of humanity, who, in a crowded and intelligent meeting, had the temerity to grin derisively at the popular advocate of Truth and Liberty, so immediately after his late providential escape from a foul Popish plot; escaping, as this vile emissary did, detection, is only another, and striking instance of the Ribbon system having its accredited agents in Belfast. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Murphy, the Guard; at the N—— Station, he got on the tender, and told

the Engineer to drive slow, as he had perceived a very suspicious looking person, looking down the railway, as the train came up; fortunately, the Engineer acted on his suggestion, and Murphy perceived the large blocks on the rail in time to prevent a collision, though the engine was actually, notwithstanding the steam being at once shut off, within a yard of the fatal obstruction. The Signor di Cortona, in the handsomest manner, proposed a subscription in Belfast for the Guard, Murphy, for his vigilance and promptitude, generously heading the list by a gift of ten pounds. The loyal men of Belfast feel very indignant, and cheered the Signor to the echo, throughout his eloquent Patriotic, and truly Christian speech."

"Partly right, and partly wrong," was Father Tom's commentary, "like everything else in this world. But where did you get this piece of a newspaper, Paudheen?"

"From Mrs. Cassidy, the milk-woman," returned he; "I bid her ask the servants at the houses she served the milk at, for the papers about the big stones on the railway, and one of them gave her this; the servant girl lit the fire with the rest of it."

Scarcely appearing to hear Paudheen's explanation, Father Tom, by the imperfect light, pored over "The Nation;" it gave a different version of the Coolick affair, copied from a Jesuit organ, suggesting that "the stones tumbled down the embankment, and were greatly exaggerated, as to size, reported by a credible witness in the train, who saw them, as mere pebbles," and that "the proscribed Revolutionist, the Tory Press made such a fuss about, was, in fact, a fallen and degraded creature in his own country, for malpractises that would not bear the light; flung off by his own Church, he became, like other *soupers*, a disinterested convert, too insignificant to think of writing about, not to say, attempting his craven existence."

"What a foul calumny!" cried the young Ireland

Priest to himself; "a Washington would be a coward and a knave with them." Then aloud, he said, "Come, Paudheen, I see the moon rising over Imale Hill; she'll light us home; but put the book above there, behind the rock, first, and see your foot doesn't slip, for I'm sure you're tired."

Father Tom handed the Irish Bible he had been reading earlier in the evening, to the boy, and Paudheen, with a cat-like movement, crept up the face of the mountain, from one projection to another, and seemed carefully to deposit the book behind a large frowning rock that hung above the Priest's seat. Its occupant rose slowly, folding up his newspaper, and burying it in the depths of a breast pocket in his coat.

"I knew your Raverence would larn me no lesson, this evening, out of the Irish book," said Paudheen, in a reproachful tone, when he returned to where the Priest stood.

"We hadn't time," returned Father Tom; "but for that, I would, Paudheen. To-morrow evening, we'll be at it: every Irishman should know his own language, and love it; and every one that has a soul to save should read God's message for himself, and not take it second-hand. That's my notion, my boy; but," he added, as they walked along the narrow pathway, "keep this to yourself, Paudheen, and above all things, don't let Father Tierney ever know about that Irish Bible."

And Father Tierney's coadjutor, and the acolyte who attended him, serving mass, trudged along under a bright moon, through scenes of grandeur and sublimity, softened under the influence of her silvery light; and Paudheen thought of the new purchase he had made, out of the shilling Father Tom had given him to defray his travelling charges, out of which he had only expended eightpence halfpenny, thanks to the charity of old neighbours, and tender-hearted new acquaintances, whom he impressed with the idea he was a poor scholar, "picking up the larning, intending to be a priest." Once or twice, he now essayed to try the new purchase, and wake the

echoes of the mountains with the simple melody of the Jew's harp, but he felt tired and weary, and Father Tom looked in a black mood, and on such occasions his acolyte never disturbed him.

The young Priest fixed his dark eyes on the moon and stars that now began to twinkle in the blue ether, and thought, like David, as recorded in that book hid behind the Priest's rock on Lugnaquille, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou so regardest him?" And then he thought of man's assumption throughout all ages, a guilty sinful creature seeking to cleanse himself, by vain oblations, before a pure and holy God; and then he thought of his own assumption, that professed to create the architect that made the skies; and his thoughts took a tangible form, and wandered to the next morning, which was to be a Saint's festival, when he, assisted by the urchin at his side, the wily little Paudheen, would turn a wafer into an incarnate God! And Father Tom Kavanagh groaned, and a voice, wafted from behind the Priest's rock, on the side of Lugnaquille, whispered, as if in his ear, "Search the Scriptures."

Hurrying on, he entered the lowly farmhouse wherein he lodged, and Paudheen got his supper, and went to bed, tired, but well pleased he had so successfully fulfilled his mission, and defered trying his Jew's harp until the next day; and the ultramontane Father Tierney's coadjutor prayed neither to Virgin or Saint that night, but asked the same Divine Master, in the language of Peter and his brethren, "Lord, teach us to pray," and omitted, for the first time since he became a Priest of the Church of Rome, to read his breviary!

CHAPTER XIII.

These are the means, the shameful means, that please:
Rome's very nobles own the power of these.
* * * * * * *
For few, my friends, few dare, like thee, be plain,
And Prayer's low artifice, at shrines disdain.
* * * * * * *
Whence now proceeds these errors? Doubtless hence:
Man fancies gods have man's corrupted sense;
The natural easy inference is then,
Why should not God love gold as well as men?

PERSIUS.

THAT "paradise of fools," the Roman Carnival, was over, when life and its serious occupations are travestied to produce the most ludicrous and absurd effect, the saturnalia of Paganism, retained as a civilized festivity, like the statues of the gods and goddesses of a heathen mythology, set up as images of Saints in the Christian churches of modern Rome; many of the rites observed in those gorgeous temples, before the shrines of a quondam Juno or Vesta, partaking more the character of a remote antiquity, when men worshipped wood and stone, than of that simple spiritual worship, the distinguishing mark of the religion of Christ.

The enlightened *Pio Nino*, "every inch a Pope," had

walked, the first day of the Lentine fast, in solemn procession, barefoot, with all his clergy, singing the Litany of the Virgin, to the Church of St. Maria di Loreto. Like a modern wizard, his Holiness suddenly appears enthroned in scarlet cope, richly contrasted with his purple stole, surmounted with a mitre of silver; his attendant satellites divested of their red hats and stockings, with fur caps and robes of purple, as befitting Cardinals' attire, when the Church proclaims herself in mourning. Like their mitred head, with rapid jugglery, they assume suddenly the vestments of the altar; the auditor of the *rota*, in a violet-coloured *pianetta*, takes from the shrine a richly gilt plate, full of ashes. The Apostolic Vicar pronounces the benediction over this symbol of exhausted humanity; a favourite Cardinal, in great humility, divested of the episcopal mitre and ring, without gloves, celebrates mass in the most elaborate fashion, then ascends the footstool of the throne, whereon sits the professed successor of Peter the fisherman, and with profound obeisances, and many genuflexions, removes the silver mitre, places a delicate portion of the ashes, in the form of a cross, on the head of him who assumes to hold the keys of heaven—wonderful humility! his Holiness bareheaded, even for a moment!—the mitre is again assumed, and every Cardinal, Bishop, and Abbot present bows the knee before the living idol, while he dips the forefinger of his right hand in the richly-gilt dish, and describes with the ashes the sign of the cross, on the forehead of each kneeling postulant, who, in return, according to their respective rank, kisses the knee, or, as it may be, the foot of the sovereign Pontiff. His Holiness, when all are duly daubed with "the blessed ashes," washes his sacred hands, using in this solemn ablution, instead of soap, the lemon and the crumb of bread.

No ventriloquist doffs his toggery quicker than the Cardinals lay aside their sacred vestments, and re-assume the purple; and the Holy Father proclaims to all who have assisted in this august ceremony plenary indulgence for all sins that may be committed for twenty years to

come!! Surely "developed Christianity" bears a strange semblance to exploded Paganism.

"Perhaps so," thought Captain Gardner, as he and some Oxford-bred divines, on the high road to Romanism, occupied reserved seats in the Church of St. Loretto, witnessing the above edifying ritual, observed on Ash Wednesday. The Captain had not yet parted with his commission in the Guards, and was now a very distinguished man at Rome, it was whispered, privately received into the true Church; but his public profession was reserved for the grand festival of Easter, the Monday after being the day fixed for this edifying spectacle, in the Church of *Del Gesu*, where Ignatius Loyola lay entombed under a load of jewels, and where the Pope himself, it was expected, would preside over a ceremony of such vast importance, as the admission of the Protestant Life Guardsman of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to the bosom of the Church of Rome, in the full prestige of his fame, as a learned Tractarian, deeply skilled in mediæval lore, seeking a more developed form of worship than the Anglican Church, guarded by her thirty-nine articles, permits.

The Captain, and a select band of enquiring Puseyites, were duly paraded from one Basilica to another, now inspecting the skeletons of decayed monks, long since dead, dressed up in their dark robes, stretched along the subterranean Chapel of the Capuchins, in the Piazza Barberini, the gloomy walls decked out with dried and withered branches, the living members of the Order chaunting masses for the repose of their brethren's souls, beside the dead bones to which, in life, they had been united—an appalling and revolting picture, but, nevertheless, part of the machinery the Church of Rome so skilfully uses, to exhibit the most startling contrasts, and thus producing mental shocks, prepares her votaries for the marvellous and extravagant mysteries of doctrines and rites, so opposed to the exercise of the reasoning faculties, and the divine simplicity of Gospel truth.

Then the pageant changed to that celebrated Church where Salvator Rosa lies buried, the *Santa Maria degli Angelii*, raised by the genius of Michael Angelo, all light and splendour, with its oriental granite columns as they stood in the days of Diocletian; its noble transept and magnificent nave; its porphyry altar, and jewelled shrines, where some pious fiction was sure to be enacted, midst a Priestly procession—a long train of monks—incense bearers, scattering perfume around—banners borne aloft in honor of the idol of the hour—and strains of thrilling melody, to excite the devotion of the prostrate crowd—while other days, the Captain and his co-enquirers after "development" might be met before that statue of the Virgin, that conversed so condescendingly and affably with Pope Gregory, the sweet benignity of the adored image raising within the breast of the gallant Captain the most ecstatic feelings, while he and his friends witnessed a *Festa* before her shrine, some offering gold and gems, others flowers, as votive gifts; this concealed Jesuit, drawing off his finger that rare ruby ring, places it, with great devotional humility, on the richly decorated finger of the immaculate Mary, who sweetly smiles her acceptance of the costly offering; the lips move apart, but, to the disappointment of the wondering crowd, no sound issues: perhaps, the angelic voice of the Virgin Queen penetrates the ear of the highly favored Captain Gardner; his friends from Oxford incline to think it does; so does a mystified English nobleman, and his wife, who are always in chase of some myth, as they gaze on the upturned countenance of this Jesuit actor, kneeling in wrapt worship before the smiling deity of his devotions, apparently absorbed in listening to those immortal sounds, denied to less believing ears. The Captain himself knew better, and, half provoked with the concealed Monk, who adjusted the machinery behind the Virgin's image, that the intended passing smile of approval should be prolonged into something like a fixed expression of her saintship's countenance, with the tact of a skilful *Jongleur*, he groaned, but not

in prayer, and the divine Mary resumed her wonted calm, goddess-like look of indifference.

Then the Captain, and his "developing" friends, did not fail to attend the Church of *Maria Maggiore*, and witness the truly spiritualising spectacle of a jolly monk standing at the door, with a brush sort of broom in his hand, dipped in holy water, which he showered over each gaily-decorated animal that approached, invoking, at the same time, a blessing from St. Anthony; while oxen, sheep, horses, dogs, mules, asses, and goats, defiled before this strange hydraulic machine, to be sprinkled by the monk, blessed by St. Anthony, and paid for by their owners. The Pope's state carriages moved by to be sprinkled and blessed too, and so did every noble's equipage in Rome, down to the humblest dray cart; and the monks of *St. Maria Maggiore* drove a profitable trade. The Captain had his sandwich-case sprinkled and blessed, and the advocates of "developed worship to suit the genius of the age," paid their Pauls to the jolly monk, and received in return a rough picture of the Eremite, and a small brazen cross, and went away, highly delighted with that monachism, which their Tractarian order so strongly recommends as a "preventive to Dissent," thus enlightening the masses, and edifying the educated, by ceremonies that were certainly not "developed" in an apostolic age.

However, the Captain and his developing friends from Oxford were indefatigable in their enquiries after rites and ceremonies. Their number increased by the arrival of Mr. Frank Lee at Rome; but not in time to witness the pious whipping of the faithful, who, with bare shoulders and whip-cord scourges, in the Oratory Chapel of the celebrated Padre Librita, laid on themselves after a most unmerciful fashion, the congregation kneeling in the nave, when all lights were extinguished; and in a dim, religious glimmer, with closed windows, this self-castigation commenced, apparently under great mental torture; then, as the blows slackened, they were exorcised in a loud voice from the altar, "to think of the unconfessed sins of their

whole lives!" when the flagellation was again renewed, Captain Gardner declaring to his Oxford friends that the ceremony "was fraught with good to his soul, a charming example of self-abnegation." And so it was; but the Captain was not active in his devotions on this occasion, contenting himself with applauding, as a mere looker-on; nor was he sorry Frank Lee did not witness a scene of such disgusting brutality; for he well knew his love of the ideal would be greatly shocked at the gross outrage committed by men, on their own persons, who professed to follow that Gospel, whose message to repentant sinners is one of peace and love; besides, Frank Lee's mind was not in that "developed" state his Oxford friends' were, who had convinced themselves the Church of Rome was the only unerring standard to pronounce in matters of faith, and were prepared to allow a wide margin to any absurdity, or error, this infallible rule might sanction.

A more refined and congenial ceremony was the first one chosen by the Jesuit for the Fosterton Chaplain to witness, and perhaps no rite in that elaborately-devised Church, to guide men by their senses, instead of by the written Word of God, could be more admirably suited to fasten on his ideal mind, and subdue it.

The first church he entered, in company with Captain Gardner, at Rome, was the Sistine Chapel, in the Vatican, and the first office he witnessed, was the office of *Tenebre*. Some of the best and most exquisitely-cultivated voices in Italy sang there that night. Neither image nor statue defaced the altar; on it were the fifteen candlesticks, with their mystic lights burning; before him was *Pio Nino*, on his Pontifical throne; beside the Holy Father were cardinals, seated on their chairs of state, in rich, glowing splendour, attired as kings; above him were the immortal frescoes of Buonoratti, and as his eye fell downwards, he almost shrieked aloud, for he gazed on that terrific, but superhuman masterpiece of Michael Angelo, "The Last Judgment;" and then came those low, unearthly voices, in their mellow sweetness, like the spirits

of the blessed, wailing for the sins of man, as each candle, in succession, was extinguished; and when the last taper was put out, a thrill of entrancing melody gushed from the concealed choir, that shook Frank Lee's frame to its centre; but when the *Miserere*, in its tender and touching pathos, succeeded, his soul melted within him, and he wept.

The Jesuit beside him marked every emotion, and was satisfied.

The next morning he presented Mr. Frank Lee to the Abbe Freshman, now quite a *célèbré* at Rome, residing in magnificent apartments, fitted up with the most faultless taste, in the College of the Propaganda, in the Piazza di Spagna, where his receptions were considered among the most *recherché* that season at Rome. To the Abbe's most select parties was the young Chaplain invited, where some distinguished lady of rank was sure to preside, and mark, by her presence, that *éclât*, with which the Church of Rome invests her converts.

The Abbe Freshman, though a concealed Jesuit for years, officiating at times as a Romish Priest, as when detected in his younger days by Mr. Warner, in the Church of *St. Maria Sopra Minerva*, had been recently received openly into the infallible Church, at Rome, as a convert from Protestantism! And great were the rejoicings of the faithful over this supposed leading Tractarian, who had been doing the work of his Order—a zealous, though concealed Jesuit Missionary—with signal success, for years; as well by the subtle sophistry of his Tractarian writings, as the unprincipled teaching of his Jesuitical tenets, amongst the youth of Oxford, while he received the pay, and bore the honors, of the Reformed Church. As a Fellow of Oxford, he left no means untried to sap the foundations of a faith he had solemnly sworn to uphold, but now rejoiced over, as a newly-converted Anglican to the doctrines of Catholicity, upon whom no honors were too great to be showered; while his piety and erudition were vaunted to the skies.

Frank Lee was too much intoxicated with his own feel-

ings of delight, at being received as an honored guest, in so *distingué* a *coterie* as the Abbe Freshman's, to see his own danger, or remember the Abbe's history, as related to himself and young Stamer, by Mr. Warner. He had some indistinct idea, that the Rector of Wellmine and the Abbe had years before crossed each other's path, without any very definite notion as to how, or when; then, Mrs. Fosterton had so often expressed her conviction that Mr. Warner was a prejudiced, narrow-minded man, incapable, with his sober matter of fact views, to give an enlarged and comprehensive opinion on a "developed faith," or appreciate the charms of a "grand ritual," that he dismissed from his mind anything he might have heard from the old clergyman, relative to the Abbe's deceitful treachery, as practised against himself and others, and enjoyed, unreservedly, the *entrée* his friend, Captain Gardner, had procured him to this distinguished convert's circle, the most fashionable and sought after at Rome.

Mr. Fosterton became quite proud of his chaplain and his sons' tutor, being received so graciously, by so exalted an individual as the renowned Abbe Freshman, upon whom the Pope himself had bestowed the most astounding marks of personal regard, and liked to point out to his friends passing through the Abbe's *salons*, the interesting looking young *Inglese*, so much noticed by the presiding Princess, or *tete-à-tete* with the charming *Duchesse du Tivoli*, as his "own chaplain;" a very deserving fellow indeed, tutor to his boys; Vere and Redmond vastly improved since they came into his hands, and so forth. But this judicious parent would have been sadly puzzled, had he been asked to particularize the improvement; nor, indeed, could Mr. Frank Lee himself point it out, for he saw but little of his pupils, from his multitudinous pursuits at Rome; and when he did superintend their studies, it was with a mind so preoccupied, and so harassed by the conflicting emotions of a secret, and hopeless passion, that the boys, naturally quick, but very idle, learned little, and what they did

acquire, in a superficial, desultory way, that left no lasting impression on their minds.

Before Frank Lee left London, he had heard from his sister Letty twice; in both letters he was given to understand a reconciliation with Mary Elmore could be easily effected; and in her second letter, Letty seemed to think it was expected by her young friend, as well as by his mother and herself; but Frank, when he received the letter, was in the presence of the fascinating, but unconscious woman, who had supplanted Mary in his affections.

To the first overture of peace, he replied in a short constrained letter, writing in the aggrieved style, as more sinned against than sinning. Then, from Mrs. Fosterton's increased intimacy with her sister, he was thrown less into her society; and when they did meet, there was no excitability on the lady's part to encourage his feelings of admiration; but a tone of good feeling and good sense, repressed his flattering assiduities, and subdued insensibly the wild folly of his ideal love. Still, to Letty's last more unequivocal peace offering, he vouchsafed no reply; he intended to do so; he intended entering into full explanations, and perhaps, intended confessing he was in the wrong; but Frank Lee generally intended doing something that he left undone, and his letter to Letty was one of those things.

Lady Drydale's death supervened, overpowering Mrs. Fosterton with sorrow, and her Chaplain was expected to comfort her. Witnessing her agonising grief, deprived him of all recollection of what was due to himself, or others; his good resolutions all took flight. Mary Elmore was forgotten, and Letty Lee's letter remained unanswered; then came the hurried journey, and once in Rome, *viséd* by Captain Gardner, Frank Lee had no room in his heart for the inhabitants of Wimbledon Terrace; he lived but for the unhallowed passion that now reigned unquestioned within him, and the dazzling and exciting pleasures of the Eternal City.

Mrs. Fosterton shut herself up from all society, and

expressed her determination to follow, as close as possible, her deceased sister's opinions; at times, depressed with the profoundest grief, for the loss of this inestimable sister, she turned to her Chaplain for that consolation his sacred office might be expected to bestow; but this unfaithful shepherd's heart was unrenewed by a living faith, and the dangerous sympathy of the Confessional he was so ready to offer, gave no repose to her sorrowing spirit, but led her impulsive feeling, overwrought by suffering, into a kind of moral collapse, ready to catch at anything that would withdraw her mind from the contemplation of its own sad loss.

CHAPTER XIV.

What mortal man, whos'er drew breath,
Shall break into the house of Death,
With foot unhallowed, and from thence
The myst'ries of that state dispense ?
Unless they with due rites prepare,
Their weaker sense such sights to bear.

IN this state, urged by Miss Herbert, who scarcely ever left her, she was again induced to try the efficacy of chloroform, and other sedatives and stimulants, artfully combined, so as completely to upset her nervous system, and render her, at times, the victim of the most absurd and terrific fancies, the prevailing sorrow of her soul, coloring as it were, those distempered imaginings. Now, she heard her beloved sister's voice in her ear; then, at other times, her ghost-like shadow flitted before her, and the governess indulged her morbid cravings with a spirit rapping *scéance*, when Lady Drydale's spirit was summoned by her poisoner, and gave the respondent rap on the table, where her wretched sister sat. Then the spirit was questioned as to its felicity in another world; and no answering rap came, and Mrs. Fosterton was thrown into violent convulsions; but at the next *scéance*, the spirit was more closely interrogated by the *medium*, and divulged, by well directed raps underneath the table on which the hands of Mrs. Fosterton were spread out

in the most intense anxiety, the sad story of those purgatorial sufferings, her heretic spirit was at present undergoing, "lost for ever in the flames of Hell, but that her sister had, years before, heard High Mass sung at St. Peter's, and praised, in Lady Drydale's presence, a hymn sung to the Virgin."

"How was her Ladyship's spirit to be released from purgatory?" was the next anxious enquiry.

The raps came brisk and expressive, signifying "by masses, said for the repose of her soul, in the Church of Trinita di Monti; her sister joining in the Vesper Hymn of the Holy Nuns of the adjoining convent, for three successive evenings."

This was a delightful task to Mrs. Fosterton, she could now do something for that sister she so dearly loved, and the thrilling sadness of her exquisite voice, mingled with the Vesper Hymn of the sisterhood; and another voice of gushing melody was heard there once more; but there was triumph in its tones now, for her mission was near being accomplished. And Mrs. Fosterton's Chaplain listened in silent rapture, and thought the voice of her he admired so much, never sounded in his ears so sweetly plaintive before; and that its sad and dying cadences breathed something like pity for the passion that consumed his own heart.

He hardly felt it wrong Mrs. Fosterton joining in the Vesper Hymn to the Virgin, or himself listening in such unfeigned delight; such charming singing might well excuse a lapse of the kind on their part; then the effort in itself was good, he considered, for the sorrowing lady, arousing her mind from the stupor of grief; while such thrilling melody was sure to soothe and calm her troubled spirit. Mr. Frank Lee's notions on religious subjects were developing fast; but his Jesuit friends thought a stimulus necessary.

"Do you really doubt?" cried the Jesuit *medium* to this very unstable young man, as they gazed on that wondrous ruin, the Colosseum, by moonlight, while Mrs. Fosterton stood aloof, leaning on the broken shaft of a

column, lost in contemplation. "Is it possible that you are a cold unbeliever in that world of spirits by which we are surrounded—those good angels who watch over us, and those emissaries of the Evil One, that in visible shape tempted the saints of old?"

"I confess I am rather sceptical of spirit-rapping," replied Frank Lee, evasively. "The raps, I suppose, are produced mechanically, by some involuntary action of the muscles, by very nervous parties, whose hands are spread out on the table at the time, and not by the spirits supposed to be in attendance."

"Supposed!" repeated Miss Herbert, in a tone of well-acted surprise: "then you think Mrs. Fosterton or I must have been guilty of some trick, and that the spirit of this unhappy lady did not make known her sufferings, and the mode by which they were to be relieved, by a succession of raps, witnessed and verified by us both?"

"Oh, no, I assure you," replied Frank Lee, courteously, "I never, for a moment, conceived either you or Mrs. Fosterton did not firmly believe it was a spirit, and not your own agitated hands that rapped, unknown to yourselves, on the table; but I am not one of those who find fault with the imagination; its vagaries, after all, perhaps, contain the great charm of life. What would it be without the ideal? Vapid, dull, and commonplace; and I really think this spirit notion has done Mrs. Fosterton more good than all the physicians of Rome could effect. How heavenly, how ecstatic did she look, after singing that delightful vesper hymn! it would be cruelty indeed to disenchant her mind of such a charming illusion; it can do her no harm believing that her own matchless voice, mingled with the sweet voices of pious and holy women, can move Heaven to remit the suffering of her adored sister. It is a beautiful idea, and will help to tranquillize the agonising sorrow she at times seems to suffer."

"Have you," asked the spirit *medium*, in a low sad voice, "any of those you love in that unknown land?"

Frank Lee started. The image of his twin brother,

so loved, so mourned over, came back fresh on his memory, as in the first outbursts of his boyish grief.

"Have I not, indeed?" he said, with emotion; "but his spirit is beyond those starry skies, in the regions of the blessed, unconscious of either my love or sorrow."

"Summon that spirit here," cried the *medium*, "and doubt not it will come."

"Impossible!" returned the young man, sadly. "How often have I called on him, in hours of darkness and gloom, to come back to me, even in my dreams! but the dead hear not the voice of the living."

"How shall those who doubt in material things," asked the Jesuit, "realize the velocity of the lightning's flash? The spirit's flight is, oh! how far swifter to those who can believe!"

While she yet spoke, one of those meteors, a shooting star, fell, with the rapidity of thought, through the blue ether, and seemed to vanish at their feet.

"Do you now believe?" demanded the spirit *medium*, fixing her dark luminous eyes on the startled face of the young Clergyman, whose love of the marvellous, and naturally superstitious mind, invested the falling star at that particular moment with a hidden meaning; the hour, the moonlight scene before him—so grand, so vast, so unearthly in its gigantic proportions, the dark mourning figure of Mrs. Fosterton resting against that ghost-like column of white marble, with her thoughts in the spirit land, holding mysterious communion with the ransomed dead—all heightened the illusion, and, in a voice broken and unnerved, Frank Lee called out,

"Brother, is your spirit here?"

"Brother," asked the spirit *medium* at his side, in a low, sepulchral tone, that sounded like some distant echo, "Is your spirit here?"

A single rap, followed by another in quick succession, loud, distinct, and startling, was heard, as if on the image of some heathen deity, they stood near.

Half astonished, half terrified, Frank Lee gazed in his companion's face. She looked so spirit-like, so un-

real, in that silvery light, he almost expected to see his brother's shadow stand beside her.

"Demand what you will," she cried authoritatively, "for your brother's spirit is here. What will you ask?"

"Is he happy?" returned Frank Lee, in a faltering tone.

"Are you happy?" enquired the *medium*, in a deeply grave tone.

No respondent rap, in the affirmative, came.

"It is all illusion and moonshine," cried the young man, attempting to shake off the spell that seemed to mystify his reasoning faculties; "if he is not happy, there is no paradise for the blessed, for he was an angel on earth."

"So thought Lady Drydale's sister," said the *medium* sadly. "Ask her now; did the tortured spirit reveal the secrets of the prison house in vain? Has she not been given that mysterious, but undeniable assurance, that the suffering soul is released by the prayers of the faithful?" The last sentence was uttered in a louder tone of voice than she had hitherto spoken in, and seemed to arouse Mrs. Fosterton from her reverie, and attract her attention, for she raised herself from the reclining posture she had so long stood in, and moved towards them. Miss Herbert advanced to meet her, and Frank Lee slowly followed. The governess made some remark, but in too low a tone for him to hear. Mrs. Fosterton flung back the black veil that concealed her face, and stood still; then, raising her hands and eyes to heaven, she exclaimed—

"Oh! Mr. Lee, she is happy indeed! with blessed saints, and holy angels rejoicing. I have seen her—I have seen her," she cried passionately, "when the last notes of that vesper hymn died away, breaking from the trammels imposed on her, for rejecting, whilst on earth, a more developed faith, borne aloft to visions of glory, by saints and martyrs, invoked to aid her by prayers offered up before their own shrines. I doubt no longer

—I saw the vision. In the church of Triniti di Monti I heard her spirit rap, when the *medium* asked—'Was she now happy for ever?'"

Breathless, and exhausted, by her nervous excited feelings, Frank Lee supported the beautiful and impassioned Mrs. Fosterton to her carriage, too much occupied with thoughts mystified, and enraptured, to perceive Miss Herbert, who lingered behind them, wave her hand to the Jesuit Rimino, Mr. Fosterton's valet, as his figure slowly emerged, as if from underneath the statue, the exorcised spirit gave such a timely and peculiar rap on.

The next evening, a spirit *scéance* took place in Miss Herbert's own sitting-room. There were present, in that darkened chamber, only Mrs. Fosterton, her Chaplain, and, as the American advertisement goes, her "gifted *medium*."

Mrs. Fosterton, with her nervous system wrought up to the highest pitch, by artfully medicated drinks, looked like some beautiful inspired priestess of the Temple of Isis. Opposite her sat Frank Lee, mystified and entranced, gazing on the lovely vision before him, which filled his impressionable soul with delight. There was something so ideal in the beauty of Mrs. Fosterton, at that moment, so *spirituelle*, as the French would say, with her deep violet-colored eyes, veiled within their dark silken lashes, piercing material objects around, to penetrate the secrets of the spirit land for him. Conventional forms seemed for ever annihilated between them; their spirits would henceforth mingle together, and hold converse with the lost and loved ones of another sphere! In that spiritual intercourse the secret worship of his heart would be recognised, and responded to by a kindred spirit to his, thus sitting face to face *en rapport* with the living dead, their affections, like their faith, developed into a broader and wider channel.

He stopped not to investigate his own feelings, or how far he believed in the *medium's* power to bring back to a world of material objects the disembodied soul. The

shooting star, the evening before, and the spirit rap, amidst the ruins of the Colosseum, to be accounted for by no involuntary muscular action, or nervous hallucination, in his present dreamy state of mind, floating, as he was, in cloud-land, borne along by unhallowed passions, appeared to his visionary mind almost conclusive evidence. But when the spirit of his lost twin brother was summoned, that dual one, whom he had loved, and looked upon as part of his own being, and when the well-known rap, sounding like a postman's, one rap following the other, vibrated on the small table placed between him and Mrs. Fosterton, while their outspread hands were united, at each extreme finger, according to the *medium's* directions, to increase their magnetic influence on each other, and on the attendant spirit, Frank Lee could have believed anything, and did believe the spirit of his brother stood by, a sort of high priest, to bless the spirit union of two beings there, whom earthly ties had so widely divided asunder.

The *medium*, to make assurance doubly sure, interrogated the spirit as to his name, and, in reply, the raps accurated told,

"George."

And as accurately gave the date of his death,

"11th of August, 18—, as the clock struck twelve, at midnight."

While his age was just as accurately specified by raps—

"Ten years, five months, and thirteen days."

"Frank Lee's memory could only vouch for the accuracy of the information just received, as to the name, and hour at which his brother died; he perfectly remembered, the house clock struck twelve, at midnight, as the last pang was over, and he had never heard since, that hour strike, without experiencing an agonized recollection of the desolate, and bitter feelings, with which he first gazed on this darling twin brother's insensible clay.

The rest of the information supplied by the spirit, was of a most painful nature, for he was undergoing "the

pains of purgatory, and would have been in hell, but that his mother's maid, Sally Connors, sprinkled his face with holy water whenever she saw him asleep."

Frank Lee perfectly remembered his mother's servant, Sally Connors, as the person who was in the house at the time of his brother George's death; nothing could be more conclusive of supernatural revelation; for it was impossible, Miss Herbert, who never knew his family, or any person who had known them, could supply such information. Then, the spirit gave the precise rap George always gave, at his mother's hall door, to intimate to the servant, it was no visitor, who waited for admittance; and besides, it was a moral impossibility, any rap could be executed by mortal hand, on the small table before him. He had examined it minutely, as well as the subdued light in the room would permit, and there was no trace of any contrivance to deceive him whatsoever; but he never suspected the lofty-toned mind of the spirit *medium* capable of such duplicity; and besides, she now stood aloof from the table, where the answering raps seemed to proceed from; and then he looked at Mrs. Fosterton, and if he had doubts, they vanished.

She sat, in a state approaching to catalepsy; the eyes were widely open, but seemed unconscious of the presence of the objects they gazed on; the beautiful lips were apart, in a kind of ecstatic terror, and she wrote rapidly on a sheet of paper placed before her, by the governess, apparently unconscious of what her rapid pen noted down.

The *medium* took the paper in her hand, and brought it to a ray of light, that streamed in from the partially-closed window; glancing over the magnetic revelation of the spirit of "brother George," to "the spiritualized intelligence," as she designated the half mesmerised Mrs. Fosterton. The lady handed the slip of paper, or rather the one she dexterously exchanged it for, concealed in her sleeve, to Mr. Frank Lee, who eagerly ran his eyes over the spirit's intimation, which was disjointed and unconnected enough, but counselled pretty plainly, his dear brother Frank, to lose no time in offering up, for his

soul's repose, prayers in the oratory of St. Philip of Neri; there, the saint himself, or a holy man sent by him, would appear, and instruct the living brother further in the great mysteries of a true faith, his own spirit was now punished for not being made acquainted with on earth.

This was the pith of Mrs. Fosterton's "spiritualized intelligence." Clothed in glowing and mystical language, half insensible, she now lay back in her chair, almost in a state of collapse, from the effects of the pernicious drugs she had been so violently excited by, and her gifted *medium* declared the *séance* over.

The poor, duped Chaplain retired, with his mind in a chaotic state of bewilderment, while Rimino, whom he nearly stumbled over, by inadvertently, in his exit, opening the door of an adjoining room (scarcely knowing what he did), retired behind a convenient screen, where a galvanic battery was in full play, connected with some invisible wires, passed along the matted floor of Miss Herbert's apartment, to a certain small table in its centre, on which the spirit rapped, for the edification of developed believers.

Frank Lee wrote by the next post, to his sister Letty, and also to his mother; but neither letters contained an expression of those good intentions he had at one time on reflection contemplated; they merely expressed an earnest wish to have certain queries he put, promptly, and circumstantially answered, relative to "the exact date of his deceased brother's death, and the precise age, if possible, to a day, that he had lived."

Frank Lee bethought of his own birth day, which, of course, was the same as his twin brother's, and calculated that if George died on the 11th of August, 18—, he must be exactly ten years, five months, and eleven days, but he thought he himself must have miscounted some of the leap years, and that the spirit rapped his precise age; and with much the same investigating spirit, a Roman Catholic *dévoté* goes to witness one of the miracles performed in his infallible church, did this young

clergyman hasten to the chapel oratory of St. Philip of Neri, and there, to his, but we hope not to the intelligent reader's astonishment, he encountered, before the Saint's shrine, his newly-formed friend, the Abbe Freshman.

It was not the hour for the Jesuit's private devotions, but he was impelled there, at that particular moment, by an unaccountable impulse. So he said, and so his duped auditor believed; and Frank Lee, and the Jesuit Abbe, offered up a prayer before the shrine of a saint, who, the faithful say, raised the dead, for the repose of George Lee's soul; and his brother felt much gratified at his distinguished friend's kindness, and condescension, on the occasion, and enjoyed exceedingly a requiem, chaunted with great purity of style, by a concealed choir of hired musicians, for the repose of somebody else's soul; but he thought only of his brother George, and the requiem sounded in his ears as the voice of angels, hymning his tortured soul into the regions of bliss.

The Abbe was delighted with the idea, and brought forward many charming instances of a similarly developed faith; and Mr. Frank Lee visited the oratory of St. Philip of Neri daily, in company with the learned convert; and his faith in the marvellous waxed stronger, strengthened a good deal by attending, pretty often, a spirit *scéance*, with Mrs. Fosterton, in Miss Herbert's apartment; the spirit of his brother George, plainly intimating, by his postman-like rap, "that safety alone was to be found in the Catholic Church;" while Lady Drydale's spirit denounced "heretics from the infallible Church of Rome, as amongst the damned," and with angry raps made known her Ladyship's expressed wish, that her sister and family should conform to Catholicity.

However, Mr. Fosterton was not prepared to commit himself to such a step, merely because Lady Drydale's spirit was uneasy, and had pronounced on its necessity; to be sure "many distinguished individuals," he argued, "had gone over for less cogent reasons, but, in fact, he liked to steer a middle course; the Anglican Church might develope itself into the Church of Rome yet, but

it would be premature for him and his wife to go over, until things were in a more advanced stage."

"Captain Gardner's reception on Easter Monday was a triumph, and no mistake, and really left nothing to be wished for; a church blazing in jewels and gold, the Pope himself presiding, cardinals of the highest rank assisting, and the newly baptised convert, the cynosure of all, crowned by a grand banquet from the charming Princess of D— to commemorate the happy event; but then the Puritan press in England had attacked him since (that odious liberty of the Press he so much detested); and some awkward stories were whispered about, and the Captain was smuggled out of the Life Guards; and, in fact, he himself would wait, and see his way better; nothing like biding one's time. Half the *éclât* of the thing was choosing *la bonne heure.*"

In the meantime, the gentleman amused himself, witnessing divers and imposing ceremonies in many of the most magnificent churches at Rome, developing his faith in a wonderful manner, generally accompanied by his wife and chaplain, the former keeping up a mysterious intimacy with the holy sisterhood of *Trinita di Monti*, while the latter attended the Abbe Freshman's *conversaziones*, and discussed with the Abbe himself, in the oratory of St. Philip of Neri, points of difference between the Anglican and Romish Church, and waited, with ill-concealed impatience, for his Irish letters.

The packet at length came, and the direction was in his mother's handwriting. How little did she think, when she directed that letter, the most important event of her son's life depended on its contents. He now tore it open, and saw only, her darling George died 11th of August, 18—, and that he was that day, "ten years, five months, and thirteen days old." "She had marked it down exactly at the time, in his own Bible," which her son Frank well knew, was always kept carefully locked up by the attached mother.

Scarcely waiting to glance over the remaining portion of her long affectionate letter, he hurried to Mrs.

Fosterton's presence, who had just arisen from a *sieste*, and was reclining in her magnificent morning-room, half hid amidst the luxurious cushions of an oriental ottoman.

How beautiful she looked! Surrounded with objects of *vertu* scattered around, frescoes and paintings of exquisite design adorned the walls and ceiling, tables of the richest mosaic in marble, cabinets of buhl, porphyry vases filled with perfumed flowers, herself looking like some rare exotic in this charming *parterre* of taste and beauty, the deep, deep blue eyes dreamily fixed on the fountain in the court-yard below, now in full play, its light silvery shower giving a refreshing coolness to the apartment through the open windows which descended to the ground, the dark mourning robe she wore, contrasting well with the dazzling whiteness of her delicately-formed hands, clasped together as if in wordless prayer, while the gorgeous coloring of the cushions she reposed amongst, set off, like the glowing back ground of some painting, the lovely but subdued-looking being an artist might have chosen for his masterpiece.

Frank Lee felt something like this, as he approached where she half-sat, half-reclined; but the open letter in his hand, and a glance at his expressive face, startled her from the dreamy reverie she indulged in, and with her wonted animation she cried out:—

"You are convinced at last, Mr. Lee. I read it in your eyes—the spirit told you aright, the date and years. Ah! why did you doubt?"

"I doubt no more," cried the deceived enthusiast, burying his face in the cushion on which her hands rested.

"Oh!" she cried exultingly, "I knew yours was not a cold, repellant nature, insensible to the magnetic influence of that spirit-world that surrounds us, but one of those spiritualised organisations that can hold mysterious but ecstatic communion with the spirit of those you love."

Frank Lee raised his drooped head from off the cushion, and gazed passionately in the face of the vision-seeing Mrs. Fosterton. She read not in his eyes the unut-

terable love they expressed, but, lost in a spirit-rhapsody, exclaimed — "Our spirits, now, can travel together through illimitable space, and penetrate that spirit-land where those we love dwell, and hear the guiding voices of the dead, but dead to us no longer, for our spirits shall no more grovel among the tombs of earth, the dull, cold realities of life, but, midst the beautiful glories of a developed faith, worship before Catholic altars, where the spiritual intention of a miraculous church creates an incarnate God."

Frank Lee lost all command over his feelings; he heard the lips of the fair visionary, his ideal mind loved to madness, enthusiastically declare their spirits were united henceforth for ever, and wild with rapturous excitement, he covered with passionate kisses, the fair hands on the cushion beside him.

Mrs. Fosterton felt powerless to withdraw them; this wife and mother had given the reins to her imaginative spirit, and the voice of Scripture, and of reason, at that moment, were not heard. With her developed ideas of spirit union and spirit worship, she scarcely felt it wrong.

Enraptured by such encouragement, this lost young man poured forth, with an impetuosity that amazed himself, the hoarded tale of his hitherto hopeless love; the hands were now forcibly withdrawn from his grasp, and placed before the agitated, but not indignant, face of Mrs. Fosterton. Perhaps, at that moment, she blamed herself, of the two, most.

"Leave me," she cried, faintly, as the impassioned Ideologist knelt at her feet. "Leave me, and for ever. Oh! why was I blinded so long not to perceive what I have now heard; had I but listened to my own reason, your happiness would not have been wrecked, and my own, and my husband's imperilled by such a disclosure; but," she cried, withdrawing her hands from before her face, and fixing her bright, enthusiastic-looking eyes on his, "let our spirits only hold converse for the future. In the dim cloistered aisle, before the sainted shrine of some Holy Martyr, they will be united together in the worship

of that developed faith, that is only to be found in the Catholic Church. I have obeyed," she continued, "the spirit voice of my now angelic sister. I dare no more question the miraculous mysteries of an infallible Church. Why, then, do you hesitate? Has not the spirit of that brother, that was part of yourself, called you forth from Heresy into the True Church? and in that Church only can our spirits meet."

The distracted young man gazed on her with feelings of almost adoration; she had not once blamed his insane presumption, and was she not now to be obeyed? He did not believe in many of the dogmas of the Church of Rome, but he did firmly believe, after the information he had that day received from his mother, that the spirit of his beloved and twin brother, had ordered him to conform to this infallible faith; and with a vague, but rapturous feeling in his heart, that the spirit of the lovely being before him, would be mysteriously united to his by doing so, on his bended knee he solemnly pledged himself to embrace a faith that has been truly and emphatically designated, "The Worship of Idols."

The fair fingers of Mrs. Fosterton described the outline of a cross on Frank Lee's ideal brow; how long after did he feel as if their slight and almost vision-like touch, was burnt into his brain! But when her perfumed lips breathed over, rather than pressed, this shadowy symbol, his reason seemed to totter, and he rushed from the apartment, half frantic with delight.

Incapable of forming any fixed purpose, he quitted, a few moments after, the *Palazza*, and hurried on in the direction of the College of the Propaganda. Until he was actually in the presence of the Abbe Freshman, no doubt seemed to arise in his mind as to his future course; but then, he would have given worlds for time to think over the momentous step he was about taking; but the Abbe's patience seemed exhausted, listening to his vacillating feelings.

He had, with the most subtle Jesuitical casuistry, combated, from time to time, the feeble arguments the

young Chaplain's developed ideas on religion supplied him with, when he flung away Scripture, as the sole rule of faith, and unerring test of an Apostolic Church. Like a man weaponless, he was at the mercy of his wily antagonist; still, in the miraculous assumption of the Church of Rome, he was yet sceptical; but the Jesuit gave him no further time to reconcile absurdities with the exercise of the reasoning faculties.

Frank Lee, with that mystic cross scorching, as it were, his brow, and the pledge to embrace Catholicity vibrating on his lips, could offer no effectual resistance; and the dignified Abbe cut short any further discussion, as he exclaimed, in a lofty tone of voice, to the irresolute neophyte—

"Go on, then, doubting, and be damned, but the door of baptism is open to receive you into eternal life."

And taking the hand of the apostate Frank Lee, with a determined air and firm step, he opened the door of his private oratory, where two Oxford divines, with their minds worked on by the Jesuit Abbe, to suit their peculiar temperaments, were in waiting, and an officiating Priest, ready stoled and albed. And there, before the idol decked altar, the son of the Christian Mrs. Lee, the Ambassador of Christ, who had solemnly undertaken to preach His gospel, with two other duped apostates, were ordered, by the Abbe Freshman, to fall on their knees, and there received the rite of Baptism, as elaborately administered by the Church of Rome.

That evening saw the trio divested of their nicely arranged whiskers, dressed in the long, shapeless garments of the Propaganda brethren, attending vespers in the Oratory Chapel of St. Philip of Neri.

CHAPTER XV.

There comes a token, like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness embued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart, the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever; it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chord, by which we are darkly bound.

——————————————— Mute,
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence.

MR. Fosterton professed to his English Protestant friends, at Rome, being greatly annoyed at the precipitate conduct of his Chaplain, in embracing Catholicity without first serving his due time as a probationer, in the doctrines of Pusey and Co., "but that, really, it was monstrous Mr. Lee making an open profession in the Church of Rome, when he understood not much more than the first rudiments, he might say, of Tractarian doctrines, and had never been initiated into an advanced development of the secretly entertained views of the leading writers, in favor of assimilating the Anglican Church to Romanism. Then by so abruptly with drawing from his establishment, his sons' late tutor had put

him to serious inconvenience; and Mrs. Fosterton, with all the worry occasioned by this inconsiderate young man's conduct, was quite knocked up, confined to her own apartments; in fact, they were off for Florence in a day or so. His wife thought Rome emptying fast, and he quite agreed with her, it was perfectly insufferable when it did. Ems or Manheim would be their route, after a few weeks at Florence."

A fair penitent is kneeling in one of the confessionals of the Church of *Trinita di Monti*. She had often knelt there before, but never with a heart wrung with the same remorseful agony, as that with which she now poured out the secrets of her guilty soul, in the ear of her Jesuit Confessor.

He well knew the strength and weakness of the heart, thus laid bare to his cold, callous, scrutiny, for he had helped, from almost the infancy of Seraphine Mardoni, to mould it, to promote his own peculiar views. And it was with a feeling now, almost approaching to admiration, that he listened to the sad history of the stupendous sacrifice she had made, of the best feelings of her nature, and the acts of duplicity, and fearful crime, she had performed, to promote the interests, and draw souls within the pale of that one true infallible Church, Monsignore Reynard served so faithfully.

He had returned privately to Rome, and immediately after his arrival, intimated to the wretched Seraphine, through some of her friends, the nuns of *Trinita di Monti*, that he required, at a given time, her presence in the Confessional; the report of the Jesuit Father, who, in his absence confessed this valued, and gifted instrument of their order, was unsatisfactory; his penitent endured the most heart rending remorse; so great were her agonies, he feared, at times, she would commit her ghostly advisers, as well as herself, by an open confession of the fearful crime, that, like a drag-chain, pulled her mind down into a state of insufferable misery. Then there were moments of truthfulness between her and an awakened conscience, when she loathed the duplicity and

falsehood of her every-day life; and ventured to doubt the amount of good to be obtained, by sapping the bodily health, and unnerving the mind of the poor Jesuit victim, Mrs. Fosterton; to be sure these dangerous symptoms were intermitting, for there were seasons of exultation and triumph, when her faithful zeal blazed out bright as ever, and her own intolerable remorse and anguish were forgotten, in contemplating the signal success that had crowned her self-sacrifice, in the cause of Mother Church.

On the present occasion, her over-wrought mind was suffering under the most miserable depression; the conversion of Mrs. Fosterton's Chaplain even failed to raise her spirits; but, on the contrary, seemed to add an additional weight to the mental torture she had already endured. Unseen by either, she had been a witness to their last interview, for it was part of the policy laid down by her Jesuit directors, that she should on all occasions, unscrupulously watch and listen at interviews between parties placed under her *surveillance*, and report the conversations overheard in this social *espionage* to her spiritual advisers.

Seraphine Mardoni had loved herself, deeply and passionately; none but Him who knows the extent of human suffering, could estimate the cost at which she separated herself, for ever, from Luigi di Cortona. And while she listened to the wild delirium of Frank Lee's avowal of love for the wife of another, her own heart bled at every pore; did she not feel—should she not always feel — a love the most intense, for him who might now be the husband of some other woman. And a pang, bitter and lasting, shot through her soul, as she thought, "by my devices has this miserable young man been led, step by step, into that vortex of the affections, that hath scathed my own soul."

There was something sacred in the eyes of Seraphine Mardoni, in *une grande passione;* and though the wild passion of Frank Lee was unhallowed and criminal, still

there was so much sad reality in his look, his voice, his words, that the feelings of the impassioned and broken-hearted girl sympathised in his sufferings, while she bitterly reproached herself for being the conducting *medium*, to excite within him lawless passion, that must prey as a vulture on his soul.

Now, in the confessional, her head was bent in the bitterest agony, her spirit bowed down by remorse and sorrow, while her wily confessor spoke smooth words, meant to soothe and comfort her troubled spirit; but the Monsignore Reynard had never loved, and could not understand the feelings of the devoted Seraphine. In vain he pointed out the triumph of this young heretic clergyman's conversion to the true Church, and the honor and glory due to her, for leading him to the sanctuary of the faithful, while he dwelt on the glorious and signal results of his open profession of Catholicity, drawing others after him by the mere force of example, as well as encouraging the timid and undecided, by this bold step, to fling away their doubts.

Seraphine's heart refused to be comforted, for the arrows of the Lord stuck fast within her; and sin—deadly sin—stood revealed, in dazzling light, to the conscience of the guilty penitent.

"Father!" she cried, "there is a demon within my own breast, tells me the Church cannot purge away the abhorrent guilt of my blood-stained soul. I have fasted whole days—I have prayed whole nights, before the Shrine of the Virgin,—I have lacerated my body with the Scourge at the Altar,—I have slept in my coffin, surrounded by dead Nuns, in the Vaults of *Trinita di Monti;* but *her* smile was there,—her voice, and the words of Scripture she spoke, were in my ear;—*her* last look, in death, was before me,—I could not shut them out, for in a voice of thunder they proclaimed, my sin was not forgiven. Holy men told me I was absolved, and called me a martyr,—pious women extolled me as a saint; —but *her* fond husband,—*her* loving children,—*her* be-

reaved friends,—even *her* very menials, came in slow, and solemn procession before me, and demanded the life I had taken away! But when the Judge of all asked for it, at my hands, I pleaded the commands of our true, infallible Church; and the God of Heaven, and Earth, laughed me to scorn." And the wretched Seraphine burst into violent hysterics.

For some moments, her confessor had mentally consigned his penitent to a dreary and living tomb for life, within the Castle of St. Angelo, but the very strength of her agony exhausted her sufferings; and with that powerful control over her feelings, she had been so early disciplined to exert, she recovered herself sufficiently to resume her confession, and detail the misery she endured, in practising so grossly on Mrs. Fosterton's nervous system, undermining her health, and working on her credulity—completely unfitting her for the duties of life, as a wife—parent—and mistress,—while the wretched victim of a well organized deceit, the late Chaplain, was drawn into a violent, and hopeless passion, by her machination; for she had done her utmost, to bring him under the influence of Mrs. Fosterton, as directed by the Monsignore himself, and encouraged within him feelings of admiration for his patroness, that led his impressionable mind to an insane love, that must end in despair. The Jesuit heard her out without an interruption. To draw away her attention from contemplating the crime she had committed, he considered the best sedative in her present troubled, and excited state of mind, (the Church's power and penances having failed to reconcile her to herself), would be a revival of those natural ties he had so cruelly snapt asunder; she had strong affections, and he knew it, and these were now to be acted on, for if the pangs of a guilty conscience could not be allayed, they might be stifled, which, for his purpose, would answer as well; and the gifted Seraphine was still necessary, to carry out his views on the Fosterton family, and her great influence over the lady would ultimately

secure the gentleman; but until a public profession was made, neither of them could be reckoned on, for though Mrs. Fosterton sang Vesper Hymns, with the Nuns of *Trinita di Monti*, and worshipped in Catholic Churches, while grief for her sister was vivid, and that she believed herself acting, in accordance with the wishes of her departed spirit, still the Monsignore knew the lady to be fickle, and that if her spirit *medium* was to be withdrawn, the delusion would die away, and that the Fostertons, or what was more more highly prized by the Jesuit, their children, and large influential Protestant tenantry, would be so lost, perhaps for ever, to the Church of Rome.

"My daughter," said the Confessor, "hitherto you have been prevented seeing your Earthly Parent; it was one of the penances, the Church, in her beneficent love for your soul, laid on you, to prevent your mind from being drawn away from the great, and good work, you have accomplished. Remember, those who 'turn a sinner from the error of their way, shall save a soul from Hell.' You have brought into the true faith, one openly, and another secretly; the conversion of this Heretic Chaplain shall be offered up as a good work, performed by the Daughter, to release her Mother's soul from the purifying Flames of Purgatory, that if this good work, had not been done, on your part, would have consumed her body, and soul, everlastingly. Then, there is another—"

Seraphine started, and shuddered; was Luigi di Cortona amongst the tortured dead?

Breathless she waited for the Jesuit Father to speak again; he marked her agitation, and paused for a moment.

"He lives," he at length said, "an accursed Heretic; to win his soul from Satan, and bring him back into the Church's fold, a believer in the ever blessed Mary, you long since vowed before her shrine to perform your mission, that glorious mission, your Holy Mother—the Church—entrusted to your care, the conversion of this heretic family. You must not faint, my daughter, in the

good work; you must not give way to the arch tempter of mankind, who would pursuade you to forego its blessed fruits, the saving of Luigi di Cortona's soul, his union with the true Church, and his union with yourself, when restored to Catholicity, and his country, by humbly submitting to the Holy See, and craving the pardon of——"

"Holy Father," cried Seraphine, interrupting him; "the pure, noble-minded Luigi di Cortona, shall never wed such a guilty wretch as Seraphine Mardoni. Oh, no! I know him too well; if the whole world were to pronounce me guiltless, I would stand a base Poisoner before him. Tempt me not with earthly happiness, Holy Father; we have parted for ever. To secure for him the pardon of that Church, that can alone save him, I would barter my own soul; but I would not pollute his bridal vow, to offer it up to a secret murderess. How his noble spirit would despise, and abhor me! and Luigi!" she cried passionately, "my long lost, but still loved Luigi, no power on earth shall compel the guilty Seraphine to deceive *you*."

"Then, he is lost in this world, and the next," returned the Confessor, "if you do not finish the good work, the Church lays on you, as the purchase of his soul."

"Holy Father!" exclaimed Seraphine, "I shall not look back; but if this brain gives way before the good work is accomplished, is Luigi to be lost?"

"No," replied the Jesuit, "the Church, in her mercy, only requires the good work you have the good intention of performing, and used all faithful diligence to accomplish; but you must submit implicitly to her guidance, and be certain she is able to save you, and all that are committed to her care. Remember, however, you must avoid the mortal sin of questioning her authority, by supposing weakly, that she would counsel anything that could possibly injure your own soul."

Seraphine groaned, but was silent.

"My daughter," continued her Confessor, "you can

now be permitted to see your earthly father; but it must be behind the lattice, in the Convent of *Trinita di Monti*, and you must be dressed as a Sister of Mercy; and remember, for your spiritual good, and his, the Church will have a concealed censor, to witness your meeting."

"Holy Father!" returned Seraphine, "it will break my dear, kind, father's heart, to see me in that dress. By your directions, I wrote to him at stated times, guardedly, as you wished; but always led him to hope we were not separated for ever; and in the letters you forwarded me from him, he expressed the strongest hope I would not take the veil, and that I should return to Italy, to be a comfort to him in his old age."

"And so you shall, my daughter," returned her Confessor; "but now you must meet him as a noviciate Sister of Mercy, on the eve of entering a cloister for ever, within a year. If you faithfully perform your mission, you shall return to him and to Italy."

"To die!" ejaculated Seraphine, in the sad voice of the broken-hearted young.

The absolution was solemnly pronounced by Monsignore Reynard, but the heart of the penitent quivered with remorse beneath that priestly benediction; for conscience whispered, "Thy sin is not forgiven."

Behind the lattice screen of the Convent of *Trinita di Monti*, Signor Mardoni, in answer, to a summons from Monsignore Reynard, was permitted to see his only child. Scarcely a year had passed over since the father and daughter had parted, yet, both now perceived the rapid and decaying change that had taken place in the appearance of either. Seraphine looked much older, and the rounded proportions of youth had shrunk into an attenuated and wasted frame, indicating that slow but certain atrophy of the physical powers, whose terminus points to an early grave. Her eyes looked brighter than ever, but their expression was restless and un- [illegible] was a varying spot of hectic on her

pallid cheek, that fluctuated with every emotion. The Signor, who had married late in life, and was many years older than her mother, now looked aged and broken. The active energy of the old banker's former business-like look was exchanged for a downcast expression of countenance; his erect figure was stooped; and his bustling air dwindled down into a feeble gait, listless and unequal. The change to the initiated was easily accounted for—the Church had graciously taken Signor Mardoni under her own peculiar care. The large fortune he had amassed, his daughter's Jesuit Confessor had already in idea appropriated for the benefit of his own order. The wealthy banker was made, in the first instance, to place a large sum at his disposal, for defraying the expenses of Seraphine Mardoni, at the very time she was employed as a governess by Mrs. Fosterton, at a scanty and inadequate salary; but money, her Jesuit director well knew, was a powerful lever, to work out the purposes he had in view; and Seraphine was supplied with all that was requisite to carry out his plans in the most finished manner. Her father murmured not at the vast sums thus drawn from him; for he knew he was, in a great measure, in the hands of the Pontifical Government, from the liberal opinions he secretly entertained, and from having saved from confiscation, as much as possible, of his ward, Luigi di Cortona's property, by early turning it into ready money, and investing the sum realised in the English funds. All this he had accomplished with much circumspection and secrecy; and though it was never formally intimated to him that the transaction was known to the Holy See, still he was given to understand, from time to time, that they considered him in their power; and it was only by entire submission to Mother Church, that he could purchase exemption from the grave charges preferred against him.

He now met his only child under the close *surveillance* of the strict order she was associated with, and beheld,

with much grief of heart, the sad and fearful change her appearance had undergone. Of her mind he could judge but little, for she scarcely spoke. But the voice of nature was not extinguished within the breast of the poor victim of Jesuit *diablerie*; for the pressure of her attenuated hand conveyed to her aged parent, far better than words, that they had failed to estrange from him the heart of his only and truly-loved child. His own heart yearned to recount the miserable suspense he had endured on her account, relieved only occasionally by a short and unsatisfactory letter from Seraphine, remitted to him through her Jesuit Confessor; but a warning look from his child now forbid such a communication; and he only entreated of her, in the most earnest and pathetic terms, "not to enter a cloister for life;" when this heart-rending interview was brought to a close, by a signal from the Nun in attendance, and the hands of the father and daughter again met; but this time a small billet was slipped by Seraphine into her parent's hand, and drawing down her veil, she retired with the holy sister, after practising on her tutor, for the first time, the same species of deceit he had so ably instructed her to adopt towards others, to benefit that false Church whose foundation is built on hypocrisy and lies.

The short note she had thus surreptitiously conveyed to the old banker merely intimated that his child was not what she appeared, a noviciate Nun, and an assurance that she never would take the veil, but that, if she lived, she would return to him within a year, and atone, by a life of devoted duty to her father, for the sorrows and crimes of the past.

"Poor child!" cried the old banker to himself, as he read Seraphine's billet, in the solitude of his *bureau*, with the door treble locked, and the windows blinded, so as to exclude effectually the prying eyes of the *spirri* Propagandist. "She is in their hands, and at their mercy, and her own father is powerless to save his only child. Great God! When will there be an end to Priestly

power in this country? When will Italy arise, and shake off the vultures that feed, as it were, on our own hearts' blood, by robbing us of our offspring, to enable them to snatch from us the hard earnings of a life of industry? the lazy drones themselves battening on the misery of priest-ridden Italy, fining, by one pious fraud or another, the industrious and upright; confiscating others, by the pretended discovery of plots, concocted in the Vatican, and taxing all, to support this intolerable ecclesiastical rule? Luigi di Cortona, you were right to fly from such a degraded land, until Victor Emanuel, or some other gallant man, sets us free. This Monsignore Reynard covets the wealth gained by my unremitting toil, during a long life, to extend that Propaganda of which he is now the head, and robs me of my only child, to accomplish this holy end; seizes on her from her infancy, estranges her from the fondest and kindest of mothers, and denies my gentle, good wife, the comfort of one parting word with her heart-broken daughter; and now, he pretends to me she is going to be shut up voluntarily for life as a Nun, separated for ever, by her own wish, from her aged father, unless the great bulk of my wealth, this Jesuit Priest covets for his Order, shall be handed over to the Church; and I must either submit to be robbed, or die childless, a sapless trunk, with my child immolated against her will. Oh, Luigi," cried the old man, in stifled sobs, "why did I not take your advice, and quit this land, enslaved by Priestly tyrants, for ever? But then, my child; she is in their power, she is under their influence. Still," he thought, "she must have suspected their robber views, to write me this; and Seraphine is firm and clever enough to elude their power, once her eyes are opened. I must see her again; we evidently were watched in this last interview, but money can bribe even Nuns to feel something like humanity. My daughter is dying, and must be rescued at any cost."

The old banker lost no time in instituting inquiries, that he thought might lead to a discovery of where Seraphine was placed, and bring about another interview

between them: but though he was lavish of his gold, in trying to accomplish so desirable an object, he signally failed, for the lay Sisters of the Convent of *Trinita di Monti*, whom he attempted to bribe, in the first instance, pocketed his money: they were yet true enough to their vows to conceal nothing from their ghostly Confessor, and a black mark was placed before the name of Signor Mardoni, and his vast wealth considered as forfeited to the Propaganda, by this disobedient attempt, contrary to the Church's orders, to see his only child. Fortunately for the old banker, the decree was not immediately carried out, that would have left him penniless in his old age, and perhaps a prison to close his eyes in, if he remonstrated, or endeavoured to reverse, this righteous decision of his Jesuit friends; but they feared to attack the father openly, while the daughter remained in Italy; and Florence was not so far removed from Rome, but that the tidings of the great banker Mardoni's confiscation, and incurring the displeasure of the Pontifical Government, would be certain to reach her, discussed, as it would be, by the family she was with, as an exciting topic of the day; so that, until Seraphine left Italy, her father was comparatively safe. But the old banker was, all his life, a practical and observant man, and he knew too well the malignant nature of the Propagandist power he had attempted to circumvent, but to which (from not succeeding in his object of obtaining another interview with Seraphine) he concluded he was betrayed, that there was no longer any safety for his property or life at Rome; and with his usual prompt business habits, he set to work, cautiously and secretly, to withdraw vast sums of his ready money, and through the friendly assistance of a French firm, he had done business with for many years, lodged them, in their name, in the Paris *Bourse*, while he disposed privately, to parties who held his own political views, personal property to a large amount; and through the instrumentality of the same French firm, by a representation to the French General, commanding at Rome, set off publicly for Paris, to negotiate a loan con-

nected with the French Commissariat in Italy, but with a secret determination never again to set his foot in that beautiful but degraded land. It was "diamond cut diamond," for the Jesuit Propaganda rejoiced at the absence of the influential banker, and behind his back instituted charges against him, as sanctioned by such priestly code, nicknamed, "Law" in the Romagna and Legations, and with *closed doors* commenced a form of trial of this obnoxious banker, they had long since condemned to penury, to enrich a powerful and unscrupulous Propaganda.

CHAPTER XVI.

For the delicate tissue of a spiritual mind is torn by those sharp barbs.

The stable world had burst, a hollow bubble.

* * * * *

AFTER Frank Lee was duly installed in the apartments allotted him, in the Propaganda College, in the *Piazza di Spagna*, and the excitement of his new position had in some degree subsided, he bethought of his neglected family at No. 13, Wimbledon Terrace. How was he to break to his fond and pious mother, what she would look upon as the apostacy of her son from revealed truth? To tell her that his brother George's spirit indicated, by rapping on a table, that the inspired Scriptures, she believed so firmly in, and studied so closely, were not the unerring rule of faith, he well knew would be idle; but to tell her, the returned spirit of her child rapped his brother into believing the doctrines of the Church of Rome, his parent, he was so well aware, regarded as a cunningly devised fable, projected by Satan himself, to draw away the souls of men from serving the living God and "Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent," he blushed to think, this Christian mother would consider a fraudulent delusion on her son's imaginative credulity.

Those who embark in a downward course, must be

prepared to tumble down the rugged path before them, without attempting to pick their steps on the precipitous road that leads to everlasting ruin. The only safety left for such who have committed themselves to a false and misguided career, is promptly, and without hesitation, to retrace the sad journey of error, ascend, it may be, with pain and difficulty, the steep declivity they slid so gently over in their fatal descent, and with their faces set towards Jerusalem, (the light of Gospel truth) climb up manfully, and hopefully, to that vantage ground they so unwittingly abandoned, to pluck the perishable and artificial flowers of man's devices, midst the dark and dangerous ravines of an apostate faith.

Frank Lee, with his mental faculties prostrate, under the influence of an ungovernable and sinful passion, heard only the voice that led him so grievously astray, cry still, "Onward—onward!" and, with that voice sounding in his ears, he wrote to his parent, announcing the grave, and, he knew, to her, heart-rending fact, that "her son had conformed to the Church of Rome; expressing his firm conviction in that Church's power to remit or retain the sins of mankind, and his own consequent belief in her mysterious, but highly consolatory doctrines to poor human nature, who required the outward aid of a gorgeous and imposing worship, to guide and control the senses, and so purify the heart; as well as a priestly hierarchy, subject to no earthly laws, but with unlimited power delegated to them, by our Lord, to decide on all matters of faith, and bind and loose, as they deemed proper, the souls of men committed to their care." He added, by way of postscript, "that he never felt really happy before." But there was a gnawing at his heart, while he traced those words, that discovered to himself, blinded as he was, that they were dictated more to soothe and reconcile his parent's mind, than truly express the miserable feelings of her son. He concluded, by signing himself, "her affectionate child;" but the usual "fond love to dear Letty," was omitted; he

could not write her name at that moment; he scarcely dare think he had a sister.

It was a sweet fresh morning, such as may be often enjoyed by the early riser, during the balmy forenoon of an Irish summer; the widow Lee is busy, midst her flowers, in that neatly kept *parterre* in front of No. 13, Wimbledon Terrace; not a decayed leaf, but the old lady, still active, and anxious to be useful, has removed with her own hands; not a drooping flower, with its surcharged head of bloom and dew, but has been raised up, and carefully propped; not a rose in the green lattice work that encircles the porch, and extends at either side of the gravel walk to the outer gate, but has been entwined, with artistic effect, so that its graceful beauties may not "blush unseen." And the aged widow, as she busies herself here and there amongst those gay blooming flowers, is humming the Morning Hymn, with her heart full of prayer and praise to that great Creator, who, placed within the reach of his rebellious children, so many objects, to the human senses, of delightful enjoyment, faded into insignificance, when contemplating the glories of redeeming love, but still, though transitory and evanescent, an earnest of those eternal joys which "God hath prepared for them that love Him." Scarce a window on the Terrace is unclosed, for Widow Lee's neighbours do not rise betimes, to enjoy, like her, the breezy fragrance of morning; and now she can work undisturbed, and unobserved, and hum the opening hymn of day, and tend her flowers, looked at by none save the passing labourer, on his way to earn his daily bread, who lingers and loiters outside the railing, to take a peep at that little paradise of sweets, and the neat trim old lady, with her dark gown, and close fitting widow's cap shading that benevolent face, so full of loving kindness. She is a ministering spirit, at that moment, to his enjoyment, and the rugged workman proceeds to his daily toil, and feels a happier man that day, for seeing Widow Lee [illegible] in her pretty garden, and recounts it all to his

wife and children at his noon-day meal, to encourage them to be up and doing, cheerful, and neat, and contented in their humble lot. The thoughtful mother glances towards the half-open French window, to see what Letty is about, and the tidy and thrifty Letty is as busy as a bee, arranging that tastefully spread breakfast table; and she places beside her mother's Bible, lying open, ready for that Christian parent to read the morning lesson of a heavenly Father's love, to her little household, the pretty wicker basket, with its leaf full of ripe, tempting, strawberries, still wet with the dew of morning, for Letty has culled them herself, in her own garden, at the rear of the cottage, where she assists, and presides over the fruit and vegetable department, and now comes in, laden with a quaint-looking old china plate, with a comb of rich fair-looking honey, worthy of the bees of Hybla; and the widow Lee smiles, and wonders "where Letty procured the honey," and guesses, it was a present from Mary Elmore, who had been ill, and ordered to drink goat's whey, in the mountains, at Dundrum, but returned the evening before; and as the honey was evidently meant as a surprise, Widow Lee turns away her eyes from the French window, and looks down the Terrace, towards Mr. Elmore's handsome house, standing so prominently at its head, and sighs, and thinks of his daughter, and of her own son, and wonders, Mary has not tripped down to see her before now, and hopes Mrs. Elmore will not set her to hear the children's morning tasks, shut up in that confined breakfast room, at the back of the house, such a fine morning, and she so far from strong, and her happy, cheerful spirit so broken; and the old lady sighed again, and a prayer rose from the heart, that never reached the lip, for spiritual guidance for her estranged, but beloved, son; and she pulled a white rose bud, that grew on a stem Frank used to call "Mary's tree," and watch for the first bud, and trace its fanciful resemblance to her he loved.

The first opening blossom of that white rose is in his mother's hand; she designs it as a morning gift, for the

fair girl, she trusts so hopefully will be her daughter; and then thinks of Letty, and selects a small *bouquet*, offering for her, in return for the pleasurable surprise, the peep through the French window discovered; and a sharp, quick step is heard, and Widow Lee glances towards the gate that reaches to the avenue, and her heart slightly palpitates, as she watches. "Will he stop?" for she has ascertained foreign letters are delivered at that early hour, and the papers have announced that Mr. and Mrs. Fosterton, with their Chaplain and *suite*, have arrived at Rome.

"Can that be a letter from Francis?" thinks the anxious mother, as she sees the man approach, and before he reaches her gate, separate a letter from his bundle.

"It surely is!" she almost cries aloud, and the gate is opened, with a tremulous hand, but the prevailing emotion is joy.

The Postman passes the letter to her, without a word, and hurries on, and Widow Lee reads the directions addressed to herself, in her beloved child's handwriting; she moves not from the spot, but ejaculating a faint thanksgiving, breaks the seal; it is dated, "Propaganda College, Piazza di Spagna, Rome." She reads it twice over, to ascertain is it in her son's handwriting, but the characters are surely his, and the stricken mother reads her lost child's letter through.

Mary Elmore is closing her father's door after her, at that very moment; how leisurely, how sadly, does she stroll down the Terrace, in the direction of No. 13. There was a day when her elastic step, buoyant and hopeful, reached Mrs. Lee's pretty cottage, in an incredible short space of time, from the same starting point; but the golden hue is easly brushed off the butterfly's wing, and the early hopes of Mary Elmore were as rudely swept away for ever. She never complained, never spoke even to Letty, of the cruel conduct of her brother towards her, for there was a maidenly [illegible] about this gentle girl's character, that disdained

to sue for pity; but she felt perhaps more keenly, for her sorrow rankled, as it were, silently in her own heart. She had at first hoped against hope, that Frank Lee would not remain unjust towards her, and that when he reflected on the slight grounds that amounted to none at all, for accusing his affianced wife of estranged affections, he would express regret, and contrition, for the pain he had so unjustly caused. But day succeeded day, and no letter came from Frank, save one dated from London, and in that, he rather insinuated he considered himself ill treated, than expressed any wish to withdraw his former accusation. Mary had carefully avoided meeting the Signor di Cortona, while he remained in the neighbourhood, nor did he seem to wish to intrude on her presence, but he had left Mr. Smythe's, and was now in London, and she tried never to think about him, though that was rather difficult, for in the circle of Wimbledon Terrace, there was scarcely anything talked about but the rising fame of this gifted Italian, and his devoted preaching to promote Scriptural truth.

Mary grew paler, and thinner, and spent her time almost exclusively in instructing her younger sisters, and the smallest of her brothers, and worked, and read, and never was idle for a moment; but sad, and sometimes bitter thoughts could not be banished, and a slight cold developed itself into a cough, and her mother in affection, the thoughtful Mrs. Lee, grew frightened, and in vain tried to alarm Mrs. Elmore, as to the state of Mary's health; but that lady could perceive no change for the worse in the increasing delicacy of her step-daughter's looks, her failing appetite, and her warning cough, and could only remark, "She stayed within doors a great deal more than formerly, and executed a larger portion of needle-work, and that the children seemed greatly improved, and that now she had no trouble about their lessons, herself; Mary had relieved her of that worry, and seemed to enjoy hearing their tasks better than any other amusement."

But Mr. Elmore took Mrs. Lee's view of his

daughter's case, and promptly called in the advice of a distinguished medical man. He at once ordered her change of air, and as much variety as possible, prohibiting all kinds of sedentary employment, and recommending gentle exercise, constantly in the open air. He felt her pulse, and looked in her face, and perhaps gave a very near guess as to where the seat of Mary Elmore's disease lay.

"Was she fond of gay society?"

"No!"

"She liked mountain scenery."

"Oh, yes, enjoyed it more than any other."

And this judicious physician ordered Miss Elmore "to the foot of Dundrum mountain, to drink goat's whey, and ride on a donkey all day," advising her father to accompany her, and putting a decided negative against any young people, who had lessons to learn, being of the party. Mary returned, the evening before, from the mountain, without her cough, and looking vastly improved in health and spirits; so thought Letty Lee and her mother; but there was a flush of pleasure on the affectionate girl's cheek, at meeting such dear friends, that had faded into a sickly pallor, as she now slowly moved down the Terrace to make the promised early call. She has just reached that well-known gate; but her scream of surprise and terror brings Letty Lee to the French window, and, with an exclamation of horror, she rushes out to raise, with Mary's trembling assistance, her prostrate mother; the white rose-bud is lying on the ground, and so is Letty's *bouquet*, but an open letter is clasped tightly in the insensible mother's hand, and the handwriting is her son's.

Breathless with emotion, the terrified girls attempt in vain to raise her. "Is she dead?" their eyes ask of each other, as they look, face answering face, with dismay and sorrow, but neither could speak at that moment.

The young day has now grown older than when widow Lee, active and cheerful, hummed her morning hymn of praise, and tended her flowers; the milkman

is going his rounds; the bread cart is whirling by, and "nice young cress" is called from door to door by inharmonious voices; but their open baskets are filled with the wild esculent, so prized on many a dainty breakfast table; half a dozen humble but kind faces are grouped around Widow Lee, assisting the terrified girls to bear her apparently lifeless form into that small pretty room, where a daughter's hand embellished the neatly laid-out breakfast table with those offerings of the heart; social kindnesses, though it may be but a fruit or a flower, still gathered by the hand of affection, cement family ties, and indissolubly entwine those who dwell together in unity, as brethren.

Mary Elmore's trembling finger is on the flickering pulse of her beloved and early friend, as they lay the unconscious woman on the sofa; with pallid lips, she cries out to Letty, "your dear mother lives!" and messengers are dispatched in all directions for a doctor, and some are sent to summon Mr. Elmore, and Letty Lee is trying to force a little wine through the closed teeth of her insensible parent, and Mary Elmore is rubbing the palms of her hands with vinegar, and Frank Lee's letter to his mother is lying open on the ground. Mary dare not glance towards it; she feels its contents would rob her of the little remaining strength she now exerts to relieve the aged sufferer, who was to her as a mother, and assist the afflicted Letty, who in her anguish and terror seems to forget the cause. But the suspense to Mary is intolerable; still she dare not trust herself to read that letter. There are moments with every body, when they feel the impending evil is come, and thus felt Mary Elmore, and asked no question when her father picked up Frank Lee's letter, read it hurriedly, and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat, and gazed with sorrow and pity on his old esteemed friend, and shook his head, and compressed his lips, and looked as if he thought, it would be well, the fond heart of the mother would never again awake to the overwhelming sorrow inflicted by her son.

But the Doctor is in the room; he promptly bleeds the sufferer, patiently enquires into every circumstance connected with her sudden illness, has her undressed and put to bed, and leaves her breathing, but still unconscious. As he walks down the Terrace with Mr. Elmore, confides to him his private opinion, "She may linger for a little time, but never will do any good; the mental shock was too great; an effusion on the brain ensued, causing paralysis, sure to end in hopeless idiotcy for the remainder of her life."

CHAPTER XVII.

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in thy heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That as my day my strength shall be.

MISS SIGOURNEY.

"HOW shall I obey my father, and leave you, Letty, to struggle on by yourself?" exclaimed Mary Elmore, in great anguish of spirit, the evening before her departure for Belgium, where she was to accompany Mr. Elmore, and remain with him, while inspecting a line of railway, of which he had been recently appointed the acting engineer; "how can I bear to think, that you will be left alone to watch over your afflicted mother, without me, Letty, to share your sorrow, and take your place, beside this poor sufferer, while you attend to your pupils each morning; for though she scarcely seems to know us, yet her eyes wander sadly round the room, the moment either of us are about to leave it."

"It is right you should go, Mary," replied Letty, sadly, "your own parent requires your company to cheer him in a strange land; and your health is much broken, shut up as you have been, nurse-tending my poor mother,

to enable me to earn, by my pupils, what keeps her without a want of any kind, and pay those physicians, who, under God, may yet restore her to health. But now, as you say, I must give up my pupils, for she seems to dislike a servant, or stranger near her; and I could not instruct young people in the same room, with my poor, suffering mother, jabbering I know not what, before them; still, do not fear, dear Mary, but that with the Lord's blessing, I shall get on, and have advice, and every luxury for her."

Mary shook her head, despondingly; she knew Letty's disposition too well, not to feel certain, no self-denial, or exertion on her part, would be wanting, to add to her mother's comfort; but their means were so small, and Letty looked so harassed and care-worn, with her strength, mental and bodily, overtaxed, needle-work, or any sedentary employment, would kill her. And even, if she were strong, so helpless was her parent, and so incapable of assisting herself, that she required the whole of her daughter's time, when Mary would be there no longer to supply her place, so that the affectionate girl's heart died within her, when she thought of Letty's sorrows and privations, when she was gone.

The two friends had, some time before, planned removing Mrs. Lee to a smaller house in the neighbourhood, or lodgings, and letting the pretty cottage, to increase her little income; but, when the experiment was tried, by bringing her into another house, to see how she would bear the change, the afflicted woman grew violent, and all thoughts of depriving her of her much-loved and familiar rooms, were abandoned. Mary would have fain remained in Wimbledon Terrace, and share Letty Lee's burden, could her father have been moved from his purpose of taking his daughter out of the country; and even now, on the eve of going, proposed that Letty should join her, in a last appeal to Mr. Elmore, to let her stay near the friends she was of use to, for she well knew it was parental affection alone, that induced him to be so decided in taking her away. Her father's

time was sure to be much occupied; and he was in the habit of taking none of his family with him on these professional tours, so that she could be little or no use to him; but Letty would not hear of it.

"Oh! no, Mary," she cried, "you must go; it would kill you, to stay constantly, as you have done, with my beloved mother, looking at her as she sits there in her arm chair, near that French window she was so fond of having open; deprived, I may say, of all consciousness, for she seems to me, at times, now, not able to distinguish either of us, and does not care about anything, not even one of her own favourite flowers, when I place it in her hand, but looks up so vacantly in my face. It is hard, oh Lord! to say, 'Thy will be done!'" and Letty Lee hid her face with a burst of sorrow on the arm of her afflicted mother's chair, as she sat on a low stool beside her parent. Mary Elmore was silent; but her eyes were dimmed with tears, as she gazed on the placid, but idiotic countenance of the stricken mother, insensible to the anguish of her heart-broken daughter listlessly lying back in her easy chair, neatly and accurately dressed, by the affectionate Letty, as when able to assist herself, but now, with her glassy eyes fixed on vacancy, mumbling unconnected words, addressed to some invisible party in the room. It was truly a heart-rending sight; but Mary would not have deserted Letty, if she could, under such a grievous trial, and had tried to persuade her father she felt well and strong, and required no change, when even her step-mother grew alarmed at her altered looks, and pronounced, Mary "was far from well."

Mr. Elmore possessed a sound judgment, as well as decision of character, and agreed with the physicians he called in, that nothing but a total change of scene, under God, could save his child, witnessing, as she did daily, the miserable affliction of those she so truly loved, with her own mind unstrung, by cruel disappointment and deep sorrow, for the apostacy of him she had loved so well. The line of railway in Belgium, offered at this juncture, which the kind father did not hesitate to ac-

[illegible] not much time to consider, hurried [illegible] and fixed an early day for their departure, [illegible] he could not possibly [illegible] Elmore could not leave her [illegible] he required his child's company [illegible]

Mary was not insensible to her parent's kindness, to whom she was tenderly attached; and though she felt her [illegible] was to him, still she mourned so truly the [illegible] and sweet friend, and sympathised so deeply in the sorrow of the much tried Letty, that, if possible, she would have remained to assist her, in watching over the miserable wreck, who once regarded herself with the affections of a mother, and towards whom she felt all the tenderness and love of the most affectionate [illegible] Now, on the eve of parting, she felt with Letty, it was hard to say, "Thy will be done;" but those who are brought under the covenant of grace, God's children in adoption, when passing through the deep waters of affliction, are comforted by the abiding sense of a heavenly Father's love, who loveth not on a believing child, one sorrow or one burthen more than the omniscient Judge of all deems necessary to the soul's health and safety; so that, the heir of salvation, when passing under the yoke of a father's guiding love, though at the time "grievous to bear," is still supported and comforted by that "spirit of adoption," which enabled Paul to exclaim, "For I reckon, that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." And those afflicted ones, now like God's believing people, throughout all generations, and under every possible variety of circumstance, were sustained by an abiding sense of redeeming love, that "ordereth all things wisely," and bowed their hearts in prayer to Him, who was a "man of sorrow and acquainted with grief," yet "mighty to save," "God over all blessed for ever."

Mary Elmore, before she left, took Mrs. Lee's passive hand within both of hers, and looked long and sadly into

the beloved face, that now gave no answering glance of recognition.

"My more than mother," she cried, "is it thus we are to part? But why should I mourn over the Lord's redeemed? Oh, No! Letty, let us rejoice that her faithful Spirit is spared the agony of knowing her child, her beloved child, has 'trampled on the blood of the Covenant,' and seeks redemption in 'corruptible things,' the vain imaginations and devices of sinful men, flinging behind him the revealed word of God, for 'profane, and old wives' fables,' falling away from the knowledge of the Lord, to believe—what?"

"A lie," responded Letty, mournfully, "a huge, distorted lie, that attempts to clothe itself in the garb of truth; but the arch apostate who cunningly devised it, to rob the Saviour of His Glory, is the 'Father of lies,' and my Brother,"—the Sister wrung her hands in anguish,—"the Brother I loved and hoped would establish my own faith, is to perform his Mission, and propagate error amongst his fellow men. Oh, Mary! pray for him; forgive him; the Lord may yet restore him to you, to me—to that vital Godliness, that alone can save from the snare of the Evil One."

Mary Elmore was deadly pale, for it was the first time Frank Lee had been alluded to, by either herself, or Letty, since the fatal illness of his mother. In a broken, but still firm voice, she now said, "From my heart I forgive him Letty, from my heart, I pray for him; pray for the teaching of that Spirit, that renews the heart, and dispels the illusion of Satan, and of our own corrupt senses; but Frank Lee can never be restored to me, Letty, but as one, I forgive, and pray for; the act that smote her,"—and Mary pointed to his afflicted Parent—"forfeited for ever my esteem, for it proved him, who was brought up in gospel light, a weak man, the dupe of his own vain imagination, seduced into believing absurdities, propounded by artful and designing men, to subjugate mankind. I could only love the steadfast and sterling. I love your brother no longer, Letty, but you are, and

ever shall be, the sister of my heart," and both girls were clasped in each others arms, and wetted each others cheek with their tears: and Mrs. Lee sat in her arm chair muttering disjointed sentences, and noticed nothing of their grief, and her son, in the Oratory of St. Philip of Neri, knelt before the picture of a Saint, whom he tried to believe raised the dead, and gabbled over for the third time, a Latin Service, in honor of the presiding Deity; he had five *Paters* and nine *Aves* to say yet, and yawned wearily, and wondered where the Fostertons were, and speculated wildly, who was to be their confessor, when they conformed to the Church of Rome, and robbed the Saint of his due, by repeating, five instead of seven times, the *Novena* before his Shrine, and curtailed the *Paters* and *Aves* sadly; but Mr. Frank Lee was considerably tired of a "developed religion;" yet the Spirit within him, still cried "Onward"—"Onward."

CHAPTER XVIII.

But I saw it in the pleasant home, where Religion smiled upon content,
And the satisfied ambition of the heart rejoiced in the favor of its God.

IN the railway carriage Mr. Elmore and his daughter travelled in, from Bruges to Brussels, sat, a Foreign Gentleman, evidently in the decline of life, yet still, strikingly good looking, with a brow overcast with deep, and apparently painful thought, though the habitual expression of his countenance seemed to be cheerful, and full of that quiet energy, which denotes the practical man of business; his cheek, smooth and rounded, unwrinkled by the petty cares of life, bespoke him a successful voyager in the world's ocean of traffic, while the unmistakeable *tournure* of polished society, relieved his air and manner of anything approaching to the offensive purse pride of the low bred monied man. He looked long and fixedly at Mary Elmore, whenever her eyes were turned in another direction, and whatever he saw in her face, seemed to affect him with sad recollections; for after one of those abstracted and observant looks, he sighed heavily, and sat for some time with his dark, and still handsome eyes, closed, as if engaged in deep thought; then, suddenly turning to Mr. Elmore, addressed him in English. That gentleman, somewhat surprised at hearing

a foreigner express himself almost like a native in his own mother tongue, replied in the same language, and an animated and agreeable conversation took place between the two gentlemen, relative to the country they were passing through, ultimately joined in by Mary, who felt herself much attracted towards this elderly stranger, and read in his countenance, that he already entertained towards her the friendliest feelings. There were no other passengers in the *Coupe* they occupied, and the foreigner mentioned, in the course of conversation, "that he was an Italian *vendoa*, prosecuted in his own country for holding, but not expressing, liberal sentiments; that his only child was seized on by the Church, to get possession of his wealth, she being his sole heiress; that when he had cautiously taken steps to procure an unwatched interview between him and his daughter, and ascertain from herself her real position, and if possible, free her from the power of her Spiritual Guides, he had been betrayed, and knew too well, that his only safety for life and property, was flight; that through a French house the greater portion of his wealth was secured, and that he had adroitly managed to get to Paris, by lulling the suspicions of his Ecclesiastical foes, lest they should suppose he meditated anything like abandoning his own country; that his arrest in Paris had been actually negotiated by his Jesuit pursuers with the Emperor, but that the French firm who had so ably assisted him in removing from Italy, now befriended him, by placing his money in the English Funds, and procuring for him a passport, under an assumed name; but that until he had crossed the frontier, he had considered himself anything but safe."

Mary felt greatly interested, and Mr. Elmore congratulated him heartily on his escape, and proffered his services to aid in discovering the refugee's daughter, by writing to an influential party of his own profession in Paris, who was under some personal obligation to himself, and held liberal opinions.

The Signor expressed himself greatly obliged; and on

Mr. Elmore mentioning the name of his friend, discovered that this leading engineer was son to the head of the firm, who had acted so kindly and efficiently, in saving the persecuted Italian from the vengeance of the Jesuit party at Rome.

The Signor, much pleased with his intelligent and agreeable companions, spoke with much openness—more like an old friend than the passing acquaintance of an hour—detailing, that he ultimately intended settling in England, but that he had come into Belgium, having received a vague hint, that his daughter was at Brussels, but that he feared it was a trap laid to get him into a country that, however liberal in politics, countenanced and encouraged the Jesuits, and that he knew their power to be subtle and powerful, and so unscrupulous in the use of means, that if he escaped without being poisoned or stilettoed, he would consider himself a fortunate man.

Mary was horrified, and looked anxiously at her father, to propose some plan that would throw a shield over this persecuted foreigner; and Mr. Elmore, with the sturdy independence of a British subject, proposed that he should come to the same hotel at which he and his daughter purposed stopping, and remove to apartments afterwards in the same house they might lodge in, during their stay in Brussels.

The Italian seemed greatly gratified, and was profuse in his thanks, and for the first time mentioned his real name—"the Signor Mardoni."

"Mardoni!" exclaimed Mr. Elmore, "that name is familiar to me."

"I dare say," returned the Signor, carelessly, "you may have heard your French friend mention it."

After a pause, he turned the conversation, by addressing himself almost exclusively to Mary, asking her many questions about her mother; "he was always curious about young ladies' mothers."

"Her's had been dead since she was an infant."

"Had she brothers and sisters?"

"Yes: a great many."

"Aye! but were they her mother's children?"

"No; she was her only child."

"Was she considered like her maternal parent? He was sure she was."

A strange surmise stole over Mr. Elmore's mind, as he replied—

"Yes; Mary has a look of her mother, but she has a perfect resemblance to my first wife's younger sister, when she was at her age; my daughter is called after her; and only Mary has a dash of her father's sturdy firmness; I think she is extremely like her aunt in disposition, too. Did you ever meet her, Signor? She was married in Paris, some twenty years ago, to a countryman of yours."

"She was my Angel Wife! returned Signor Mardoni, emphatically, while he took the hand of Mary Elmore and pressed it to his lips; "and your daughter, nature intended, should be more like her in face, and, I am sure, in disposition, than her own child. The moment I saw her enter the carriage, her extraordinary likeness to my beloved wife struck me; but when she spoke, so identical seemed her voice with the well remembered accents of my never to be forgotten Mary, that I felt assured they were near relations, and forbore expressing my feelings, until I traced in her ideas a similitude to my kind generous wife. Your sympathy," he added, turning to Mary Elmore, "for my childless and persecuted state, left me nothing to wish for, or almost enquire after; I felt certain of your identity, and never shall consider myself without a daughter, while you accept from me the affection of a second father."

Mr. Elmore was delighted with his brother-in-law, whom he had never seen before, nor, indeed, whose name he scarcely remembered, his own wife dying the first year of their union, he knew little, or nothing of her family, who were English, and like a dream remembered her younger, and only sister, had married an Italian banker, in Paris, shortly before his own wife's death;

and his subsequent marriage, and his sister-in-law residing entirely abroad, prevented any intercourse taking place, but he had always thought his daughter exceedingly like her foreign aunt, with the same gentle, loving, disposition, blended, as he had expressed it, with "a dash of her father's sturdy firmness." Mary Elmore, besides, possessed what her aunt did not, that inestimable blessing in her early years, a true Christian friend, who formed her character, and fixed her principles, on the basis of Scriptural truth, and, in hopeful prayer, sought a blessing on her labours, which was not denied: for Mary was a consistent and sincere follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, redeemed by his love—sanctified by his Spirit—like Samuel, walking before the Lord, blameless from her youth upward; and now, did she, in a foreign land, forget the pious guide of her childhood—that mother to her orphanage, at whose knee she first lisped her infant prayer? Ah! No. In the cool delicious mornings of a Belgium autumn—in its noon day heat—exhausted, but not overcome, might this fair young girl be seen, with her pale cheek, and frail delicate hand, diligently working away in the little room her father dedicated to business; a large unfinished map is before her; different engineering plans lie scattered around; how busily does the attenuated hand, almost transparent in its wasted beauty, trace those intricate lines; how accurately and graphically does it arrange, and map out the crude sketch of her father's geographical survey. Her thoughts are far away—they are at No. 13, Wimbledon Terrace. She, sometimes, pauses at her work, and looks out of the window, that opens on an angle of the old fashioned court-yard, but sees only Widow Lee's flowers blooming in their trim *parterre;* their perfume is wafted by her; it fans her cheek, and kind and loving voices are in her ears. Now, the beloved mother greets her as of old: then the merry laugh of her girlhood's sister, the lively Letty, is borne on that breeze, and, before it dies away, the low deep tones of her young heart's first love, whisper vows of eternal constancy; and Mary

Elmore starts, and with a flushed cheek, resumes her daily task. She now sets to work in right earnest, and her soft blue eye grows brighter, as she thinks her patient toil is certain to realize thirty shillings a-week, and a sad, sad smile, plays round her beautiful mouth, for her weekly task is accomplished, and she is writing to Letty Lee.

A tear may here and there blot the page, but who would not envy Mary's feelings, as, on the eve of each Sabbath day, she revises her six days' labour, and sits down to write that letter of loving kindness to her afflicted friend, and folds up the Bank order for thirty shillings, and rejoices to think that the Lord has enabled her, like Paul, "to work with her hands, to give to them that needeth!" The recording Angel jotted down in the Book of Life, that labour of love, insignificant as it may appear to the selfish millionaire, but to be read at the great assize, before an Almighty Judge, when mankind is put on his trial, surrounded by Angels and Archangels, and all the company of Heaven. And are there not many such acts of self-abnegation and Christian love to be recorded? Surely, yes; for the cup of cold water given in His name shall not go unrewarded; and there is a sunshine in the heart of the giver that in itself is reward sufficient.

That sunshine was Mary Elmore's; nor did she neglect her other duties. How like home did her father's *salon* look, each evening, on his return from the scene of his daily labours! Mary was there to meet him, in her neatly-arranged *toilette*, with a smile of fond welcome lighting up her gentle beautiful face; fresh flowers are in the gay vases, and a comfortable English carpet covers the tiled floor. Mr. Elmore dines early in a *café* near the works he is employed superintending; but now an easy chair is placed beside the table, where his affectionate child busies herself preparing his favourite tea; his brother-in-law, the Signor Mardoni, strolls into the room from his adjoining apartments, and shares the social meal, and discusses matters, public and private, with father and

daughter, and sighs to think of his own estranged child, and chides Mary Elmore for writing so much every day. The window of his room overlooks her father's little study. "What can she write and draw plans about, before anybody in the house is up but herself?" and Mr. Elmore smiles, and tells Mary "to gratify no idle curiosity," and keeps her secret; for he is the purchaser of her toil, and the father judges of his daughter by himself, and judges rightly, that she is happier and better to be employed, and tacitly understands how the fruit of her labour is appropriated, and blesses God, that gave him such a child. But Signor Mardoni's *calèche* is at the door, and, seated in it, are three, who enjoy vastly their evening drive in the beautiful environs of Brussels, and they return to hear Mary read some favourite author to her father and uncle; and the Word of God is perused before the little household separate, and Signor Mardoni's voice is mingled with the family prayer, for the Scriptures of Truth are no longer to the aged banker a sealed book. But a visitor is expected this evening, and Signor Mardoni is fidgetty, and looks out of the window, and, at his watch, alternately. Mr. Elmore is deep in the study of an English newspaper, delivered by the last mail; and his daughter's cheek varies like an April day, as she sits there, trying to finish that pencil sketch, she has promised her uncle. Why does her fair hand slightly tremble, as she hears the Signor joyfully exclaim, "He is come?" Is it maidenly pride, or wounded feeling, because she was once accused of preferring him to another? Perhaps it was something of both, but a flush like crimson is on Mary Elmore's brow, and now it is pale as monumental marble, for her hand is pressed to the lips of Luigi di Cortona. His former guardian embraces him, as a parent does his long lost son, and a tear stands glistening and unshed in the young Italian's dark eye, as he turns from Seraphine Mardoni's father, to shake hands with Mr. Elmore.

From day to day is Luigi di Cartona's stay prolonged in Brussels. He tries to persuade himself it is because

the Signor Mardoni is unwilling to quit the society of his newly-found niece, and he has promised to accompany his old ward to England. Then Luigi is not idle or unemployed; for he is writing in favour of the religious and political enfranchisement of his own loved Italy, and is a missionary of God's revealed word to his brother *refugees*, who had fled for security to Belgium, their minds a chaos of doubt and difficulty as to the religion in whose prejudices they were educated, and whose priesthood they abhor, as the merciless tyrants of a blinded and trodden-down people. To enlighten these men and their families in the simple truths of the Gospel did the young Italian Minister devote himself, with an energy and zeal that were worthy of the great cause he advocated; while the humble and unaffected piety of his gifted mind edified all within his reach, and served to adorn the doctrine of God, his Saviour. The little band of faithful worshippers he drew around him increased daily, and Luigi di Cartona could not conceal from himself, that he rejoiced greatly that the scene of his ministerial labours was to be that winter in Brussels.

"Why was this?" he asked himself; and his heart, yearning for home affections, replied, "Because those I esteem and regard are here. Does not my guardian feel as I do towards Mary Elmore. From the first moment he saw her, he loved her; because she resembled so closely his lamented wife; and, did I not feel my heart drawn towards her as a brother, since the hour we met, for the same reason; for her look—her voice—her every gesture, reminded me of the gentle loving being who first taught me to prize the Scriptures of Truth, the sacred privilege of freedom—that birth-right of the Christian. Why, then, should I fly from her niece's society? It is fraught with no danger to either of us. Mary Elmore's affections are another's, though she never names him; and mine are blasted—scathed by the simoon of superstitious bigotry, that separated me for ever from her I loved."

Thus reasoning, Luigi di Cortona continued to treat Mary Elmore as a fond-attached brother, and her reserve towards him gradually wore away. He was so just—so upright—so steadfast in his views—so patient and indefatigable in promoting the service and glory of his great Master, and child-like in his reception of Gospel truth, that it was impossible for a mind constituted like Mary Elmore's not to feel the society of this young, noble-looking Italian, as dangerously attractive; with a similitude of ideas and feelings between them on almost every subject, that created a sympathy in each other's mind that both would deny was love; but still it approached very near it; and Luigi, seated beside Mary's mapping, related to her the history of his life, and concealed not his devoted passion for Seraphine Mardoni; and tears stood in Mary's gentle eyes, and wonder filled her sympathizing heart, that the "woman who was loved by Luigi di Cortona, and loved in return snch a noble nature as his, could ever be the slave of a false and degrading faith!" And she sighed, and was silent and absent the remainder of the evening; aad Luigi's disclosure of his own disappointed affections, failed to draw forth the history of her heart. Perhaps she thought he guessed it; but he knew nothing of Frank Lee's apostacy from truth, and had yet to learn he and Mary were alienated for ever.

The very next day brought a heart-rending letter from Letty Lee. She had laid her beloved mother in the dust. Throughout her last illness she had never recovered her consciousness; but "my lost son," was murmured with her Saviour's name, in that awful moment that precedes the soul's return "to the God who gave it."

Frank Lee stood from that moment before Mary Elmore as a murderer!—a horrible matricide of the best and fondest of mothers. Like Letty, she had hoped against hope, that Mrs. Lee's health in time would be restored, and that her son would be saved the bitter penalty of reflecting he had destroyed his pious parent,

by the reckless vanity of his inconsiderate act; but this lingering hope was now swept away, and Mary's brain seemed as if on fire, while she thought on the past, and dwelt on Letty Lee's bereaved and friendless lot; and she tried to keep up, and look as usual, but the effort was too great, and a low, dangerous fever set in, and, for some weeks, Mary Elmore's life was despaired of.

Beside her couch, constantly watched her afflicted father, and his companion was her nearly distracted uncle; the warm-hearted banker had never loved his own daughter as he had loved her. Seraphine was estranged from him since her earliest days, by the cruel men who educated her to promote their own ends, and she never was permitted to evince towards her parent the affection of a child; while Mary's grateful disposition responded to the distinguishing preference he on all occasions shewed her; and she was always ready to forego her own will or pleasure to minister to his comfort, or solace with promises of love and mercy, from the precious Gospel, his exiled and childless heart. Luigi's soul, during that fortnight of miserable suspense, was torn by grief and anguish. He tried to commit her in faith to Him whose servant she so truly was, and felt calmed and strengthened by these frequent visits to the throne of grace; but he no longer deceived himself. Mary Elmore was dearer to him than a congregated world! He felt as if, for the first time, he had loved one who was a help, meet for him, in the work a Heavenly Father's Providence had appointed him to perform; and the basis of his affection was a common faith, associated with feelings of respect and esteem he had never before felt for any other woman.

His heart trembled like an aspen leaf, the first day the fragile delicate looking girl was supported into the *salon* between her father and uncle. He would have welcomed her with words, if he could; but there are moments the emotions of the heart are voiceless; but Mary Elmore's gentle eyes met his, and she was satisfied with their greeting.

Luigi learned the history of Mary's mapping from her father, and afterwards from herself, and sat beside the couch she reclined on, and daily executed, rapidly and well, the allotted portion she was still too weak to work at; while Mary found out references for the work Luigi was writing, and he read and expounded God's Word each morning, in her presence, to his inquiring countrymen, and prayed—how fervently! how earnestly! —for "the strengthening of their faith and his own." Mary Elmore and her uncle enjoyed those morning lectures exceedingly, and felt more peaceful and resigned to the Lord's merciful dispensations in their individual lot; and Luigi's chastened and subdued heart praised the Lord for his goodness, and felt, with the Psalmist, "Blessed are all they that fear the Lord, and walk in His ways."

CHAPTER XIX.

Fashion, the parasite of rank, spreads faults and failings,
Until the general taste depraved hath warped its sense of beauty,
And mental examples in the great, turn to epidemics in the lower;
So that a nation's taste shall vary with its rulers.

THE fair *Impératrice* of France is kneeling in her oratory. Beside its lighted-up altar stands Monsignore Reynard, gorgeously arrayed as a dignitary of the Church. The *Prie-dieu*, Her Imperial Majesty kneels on, is emblazoned with the lilies of the Bourbon, and the golden bees of Charlemagne are embroidered on its cushion.

The queenly head bows in reverent adoration before the precious relic of which Monsignore Reynard is the honoured bearer from His Holiness, the Pope—a small portion of the three-legged stool the blessed Virgin sat on, when she received the Angel Gabriel; the rude timber now studded with diamonds, and presented, with many genuflexions, to the Royal Lady, after being duly adored by the Majesty of France, is laid on the jewelled shrine, and the ladies of the imperial *suite* in turn adore the inestimable *relique;* and this is the "developed religion" of an infallible Church in the nineteenth century! Such was the accredited audience of the distinguised envoy of Christ's Vicar on earth: but the private reception takes place in the imperial *boudoir*, with only one attendant to

witness the interview, and that one is a Sister of the Order of *del Gesu.*

How anxiously attentive is the graceful Eugenia to every word that now drops from the lips of the Monsignore! How low, yet how distinct, he speaks, for the imperial ear alone. Palaces have huge hearing powers, and the Jesuit, in this sense, is a skilful aurist. The subject he chooses to dilate on, is an all-absorbing one to the fair Spanish *dévote*, whom an inscrutable Providence has raised to share the throne of him "who gives his power to the beast;" the weal of Mother Church is the Jesuit's theme; the aggrandisement of his own Order, perhaps, his real object; but, happily for Popedom, their interests are identical. How broad a view does he take of Catholicity—the whole earth must succumb to the iron rule of the sovereign Pontiff! The keystone of the heretical arch, those "Islets of the Sea," he assures the Royal listener, is "sapped already; it requires but the prayers of the faithful, to crumble Protestant England into a mass of unshapely rubbish, and erect on the ruins of all that is Protestant, that true infallible Church, whose sovereign head reigns in the Vatican."

The Majesty of France, much moved, condescends to volunteer a *novena* from her own Royal lips, to bring about such a *desideratum*, but the Monsignore, appreciating highly, as he does, such a powerful lever to overturn the sturdy Creed, whose foundation is built on Apostles and Prophets, "Jesus Christ himself being the Chief Corner Stone," reminds Her Majesty, that though this heretical arch is sapped by innovations introduced from Rome, and a stone here and there withdrawn by the skilful hand of the brethren of Loyola, to beautify and adorn the true Church, still the heretical arch is intact; ready to fall to pieces, to be sure, but the loose stones must be removed, they will draw the solid masonry after them; and some of those tottering ones are, at present, in Paris, and require but the sunshine of Her Majesty's smile, to hasten their withdrawal from

[illegible] as stars in the Catholic firmament, and [illegible] within their sphere.

The list is submitted for Her Majesty's inspection, and among the first names to be distinguished by Imperial favour are our old acquaintances, the Fostertons, and the Lady Emmeline, whose wavering banished Father Tom Kavanagh to Lurmarulla, and broke the good-natured heart of his Parish Priest, in being sent forth from his much-loved parish, in his old age, among strange people. But Mrs. Fosterton has discovered she is of far more consequence when undecided in her religious opinions, than when she professed to be an unbelieving Romanist; and a neophyte in matters of religion, she is sure to excite interest, lest she should retrace her steps, and so countenance others in her decrease; and the Church of *Pio Nono*, like an [illegible], sanctions no renegade from her fold. So Mrs. Fosterton must be confirmed in her newly adopted creed, and receives, in accordance with her Imperial Majesty's private list, a polite intimation that her presence is expected at the grand state ball at the *Tuileries*, that all Paris is wild about: the Fostertons have been equally honoured: and Mr. Fosterton, full of vanity and [illegible], hires a magnificently furnished house for the season, in the *Rue de Rivoli*, and commences in high spirits his winter campaign. His summer one, at Mannheim and Baden Baden, had turned out an unfortunate speculation: he had lost vast sums of money, and the *manie* of gambling had taken such possession of his mind, that he had risqued, and lost every inch of unsecured property he possessed; the Fosterton estate was not in strict settlement, and his law agent had been instructed, by his principal, to raise on its security some fifty thousand pounds, to pay off pressing demands, and carry on with in Paris; he never dreamed of curtailing his establishment or expenses, and retrieving his affairs by judicious entrenchment; some lucky hit or another was to restore him the wealth he so recklessly flung away, and make him a *millionaire* by a throw of the

dice-box. So thinks every gambler; and so thought Mr. Fosterton, while he lived at a rate that trebled his full income before it was encumbered, and threw away nightly ruinous sums in the eager hope of making up his losses; while his wife knew but little of how their affairs stood, and was ignorant of the extent of her husband's involvements, or to what lengths his propensity for high play led; she only liked an expensive and fashionable style of living, as well as he did, and never thought of inquiring about financial details; and with her nervous system deranged, and broken by poisons, mental and physical, the matter of fact realities of life had no charm for Mrs. Fosterton, and, if forced on her attention at any time, by circumstances, she was hurried, by Miss Herbert, into some whirlpool of excitement, that left her no time for reflection. Living now in Paris, the gayest and most expensive capital in the world, with a luxurious Court, whose very stability mainly depended on its gorgeous shows, and grand *spectacles*, she floated down the brilliant tide, without one fear of the rocks and quicksands, that beset her own, and her husband's downward course. Milliners realised fortunes in the *Champs Elysées*, in a shorter period than the gold diggers of California. Fathers and husbands, under Napoleon III., were irretrievably ruined after a few seasons. But the beautiful Eugenia was *l'Impératrice* of taste and fashion, as well as Empress of the French; and the cool calculating Louis Napoleon, encouraged in his wife, and the allies of his Court, a passion for inordinate display, less to gratify his own predilections, than to wield an absolute power over a gay, volatile, artistic people, whom a well-planned *fête*, or a depressing shower of rain, will usually turn aside from revolution and anarchy.

The Fostertons, surrounded by such stimulants to march forth, were not slow in following the magnificent display patronised at St. Cloud; their house—their retinue—their equipages—their *soirées musicales*—and their *soirées dansantes*—their *piquants* dinners—their private concerts, and decorated Opera box—vied with the most

extravagant and brilliant of the season, in Paris. Then, Mrs. Fosterton had been specially noticed by the Empress, and her husband's name figured among the most limited receptions of the Imperial Louis, at the Hotel de Ville; so the Lady's *toilette*, and *parure* of diamonds, could not be less than *magnifique;* and the gentleman gambled with a reckless desperation, as if he had paid up the policy of insurance on *bonne fortune*, and that success, like the destiny of Napoleon III., was a certainty.

Mrs. Fosterton was still under the delusion that she was a Catholic in heart, and believed in the unlimited power of a Church that cannot err in matters of faith; the spirit of the dead—the lost—the loved one—had come back to warn, and beckon her faltering spirit, within the sanctuary of the Church of Rome. Still, neither she, nor her husband and family, had yet been openly received; there were lingering associations in the minds of both, connected, as they were, with those, who denounced the monstrous absurdities of doctrines, they themselves, if they exercised the reasoning faculty at all, could not believe in. But the Jesuit's time was come, to triumph over this seeming hesitation. A grand service was to be performed in the Church of *Notre Dame;* a mass for the repose of the souls of what martial France loves to honour, "the departed brave," at which, the Emperor and Empress were to assist; the most beautiful and distinguished women in Paris were to follow in the train of her Imperial Majesty, who, on this solemn occasion, was, with the Emperor, to appear in deep mourning. The coquettish fan, with the graceful black mantilla, and an ample robe of the same sombre hue, the native costume of the Spanish beauty, the charming Empress, with a womanly consciousness of what became her best, signified her Imperial intention of wearing; and the ladies, *en attendant*, were expected to be similarly attired.

Since the time Diana of Poictiers changed the fashion of her sleeve, Paris was not in such a *furor* of delight. "Who was? and Who was not? to be in the train of

:he Empress," was discussed in *salons* and *cafés*, and ;peculated on by the *Grisette*, as well as the *Duchesse*; ;very pretty woman, at all within the horizon of the Court circle, practised, in private, the exercise of the an; old Spanish Duenna's, no matter how obsolete, vere at premium, for it was a conceded point, the Spaniard alone can discipline, in the graceful art of wield-ng the fan, with that elegant propriety of gesture which istinguishes the Andalusian Senora. The French voman, flirts her fan—the English woman, merely owers the temperature around her face, by agitating the ir with her fan; but the well-bred Spanish beauty, ex-resses every emotion of her soul, with this national eapon.

Eugenia the first, was an adept herself, in the subtle nd skilful use of her huge Spanish fan; and what, then, as the delight of Mrs. Fosterton, when the Empress, her own winning condescension, at a private con-ert at St. Cloud, declared, "she must accompany Her Majesty to *Notre Dame*;" while a Prince of the blood oyal whispered, in the most insinuating tone, "your yle is so Spanish, Mrs. Fosterton, the Empress is under e impression you were born to adjust a mantilla, and ield a fan."

"What was to be done?"

The Emperor and Empress were to receive publicly e Eucharist, and so were their respective *suites*, and e ladies joining in the Imperial procession. Sir Anthony eynard was in Paris, and he volunteered to Mr. Fos-ton his advice, on this nice question, first prefacing e conversation, by telling his friend Fosterton "he ew a party who would advance him eighty, instead of y, thousand, on the Fosterton Estate, as he was aware man of business higgled about the security, and raised ints as to his power to encumber a property that was some degree settled on his children; but his friend uld insure Fosterton's life;" and so the matter was tled.

And so it was, for the Jesuits who were to advance

the money would, to a certainty, have the Fosterton Estate; for what between the interest on the eighty thousand, at a high rate, and the addition of something over three per cent. on insurance, it left the proprietor little or no income to live on; and he spending, or rather squandering, at the ratio of a princely fortune. Sir Anthony, having thus laid his friend Fosterton, under, in some degree, an obligation to himself, he discussed what everybody was talking about, the approaching service at *Notre Dame*, and congratulated his friend on the handsome compliment paid by the Empress to his wife, in personally expressing a wish to see Mrs. Fosterton there; talking over the matter, in that easy, natural way, as if no doubt existed of her accepting such an honour. Much puzzled, Mr. Fosterton scarcely knew what to say; he knew quite enough of Romanism to understand, that unless Mrs. Fosterton was publicly received into the Church, her appearance on so solemn an occasion, in the immediate company of the Empress, would be considered an intrusion, and her receiving the Eucharist, sacrilege. And he was far from being prepared to commit her, or himself, to a change of religion, that would interfere with his ambitious views, of getting into Parliament, and effectually estrange from him that Protestant interest, which he hoped one day or another would return him member for his county.

Sir Anthony was too well skilled a Jesuit not to read him thoroughly. His conversation gradually diverged to home subjects, and before they separated, he had promised that Mr. Fosterton should be returned, on the liberal (which meant Popish) interest, the next dissolution of Parliament, "expected daily, as the ministry could not hold on." Still, he was unable to bring his friend to the point he wished.

That evening Sir Anthony Reynard might be seen in Mrs. Fosterton's Opera box, and its fair owner evidently gratified at the pleasing communication, he seemed most willing to impart. "He had it from a source that could be relied on, that the Empress herself commis-

ioned a lady of high standing in her *suite*, to present to Mrs. Fosterton, as a mark of Her Majesty's appreciation of her grace and beauty, a genuine Spanish fan, set n brilliants of great value, as no other ornament was o be used by the ladies who assisted at the *requiem* ervice."

Mrs. Fosterton was in raptures at such discriminating ondescension; and Sir Anthony retired from the Opera ox, after arranging the whole programme of her open pro-ssion of Catholicity, and public baptism, which was ttled, at the Baronet's suggestion, should take place at the hurch of *La Roche*, the next Sunday but one precisely efore the service at *Notre Dame;* when he promised e lady, "more eyes would be fixed on the beautiful nvert than on the graceful Empress herself."

That night Mr. Fosterton won a good round sum at rds; his antagonist evidently knew the game well, but made some flagrant mistakes, and the winner was erjoyed at his luck, and offered to double the stake, ich was willingly agreed to by the young Englishman, o seemed careless of losing his money. Again, for-e favoured Mr. Fosterton, but his opponent wished to y on, and just then the party broke up, to the disap-intment of both gentlemen. The loser, whom Sir thony Reynard whispered his friend, "had just come for an enormous fortune," regretted he was "to leave ris the next day, but that he would be back in ten days so, when Mr. Fosterton would grant him revenge." at gentleman, in high spirits, assured Mr. Martyn, othing would afford him greater pleasure;" and this cealed Jesuit priest retired, after playing his part in unprincipled farce that was to end so tragically the Fosterton family.

Well, Fosterton!" cried Sir Anthony, the next day, hey lounged over the morning papers, in a *café*, at young Martyn, I think, is fairly in for it, when he es back from London; I never saw a man, in my life, etermined on losing his money; he plays a wild, un-ded sort of game; he has no chance with such a cool

practised hand as you—he'll lose every doit, though, before he gives in."

"So much the better," returned Mr. Fosterton, carelessly, "I like a real pig-headed fellow, who takes to one particular line of play, and sticks to it; let me find out his game once, and he loses every stiver."

"Well! I think you found out poor Martyn's, to some purpose," returned Sir Anthony, drily.

"I rather think so," observed his friend, with a well executed shrug. "I long to see him again."

"And give him his revenge?" cried the Baronet. And both gentlemen laughed.

"He is to be back," resumed Sir Anthony, "to gape at this *requiem* service at *Notre Dame*. By the by, how handsome of the Empress, to send Mrs. Fosterton that superb Spanish fan. I got a peep at it as a profound secret, from the lady who had it in custody. The French women are dying with envy about it; but the Empress is right, Mrs. Fosterton has just the Spanish *tournure*, and will look quite at home in the mantilla; those Paris dolls will look frights, though I am told some of them have bribed the court milliner enormously, to get at the exact cut of her Majesty's Spanish costume."

"Emily has ordered her's from Madrid," returned Mr. Fosterton; "so she told me this morning, and is wild at the thought of anything like a disappointment to her going; and yet"——

"Why!" observed the wily Baronet, interrupting him, "if she were now to decline accompanying the Empress, after the personal interest she has expressed towards Mrs. Fosterton, it would be looked on as a marked insult, and Louis Napoleon is not exactly the forgiving sort of fellow in whose capital it would be pleasant to remain one hour after. Then, as a matter of course, it is understood none but a baptized Catholic can take part in such a solemn service, so that either you must now, my good friend, decide on quitting Paris, or take advantage of such a good opportunity, and do the thing handsomely; the Emperor and Empress, I understand,

both expect it, as your private opinions have been mentioned to them; and her Majesty, I actually heard, told her Confessor, that she intended being present *incog*, at the reception of that *charmante Anglaise* into the Church she so highly venerates herself. So that, as I said before, I don't think you could choose a better time, and with the Court in your favour, there is no such place as Paris. But don't let poor Martyn into a secret, until the season is nearly over: those young fellows, like untrained falcons, ought to be let flap their wings, and see a little of life." And the Jesuit brother of Monsignore Reynard laughed his dry codger laugh. And preparations on a grand scale were commenced for the public reception of Mr. Fosterton, his wife, and family, into the Church of Rome.

Their eldest son, Vere, was summoned from Eton, and Master Fosterton, who rowed his four-oared gig on the Thames in summer, and cared nothing about skating in winter, willingly obeyed the summons. His brother, Redmond, who was in Paris with his parents, and had a visiting tutor, grew sulky and silent, and stoutly declared he should be dragged into the Church of *La Roche*, or enter it he never would, but scream aloud, if they attempted to baptize him. But the Governess advised his mother neither to remonstrate or reason with the perverse boy, but to order a handsome dress for him for the occasion—a white cashmere tunic, embroidered in silver. And Louise's was to be of the same spotless colour, but of a light and transparent material, like her mother's, which was sufficiently beautiful for a vestal, performing the sacred rites of Isis.

The appointed Sunday came round, and before a crowded congregation, with a disguised Empress supposed to be present, Mr. Fosterton received the rite of baptism, as administered with all the pomp and circumstance of the Church of Rome, and congratulated himself for not having done so prematurely—"just picked the proper time;" and perhaps thought of some pleasant entertainments in high places, and looked about

CHAPTER XX.

Rude in language, or in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or Peasant, bond or free:
Hasten unto every nation,
Host on host, the ranks supply,
Onward! Christ is our Salvation!
Your's through him is Victory!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

AS the Fosterton coach was drawn up in the Court Yard, to convey the newly baptized converts to the *Opéra Comique*, old Mat Carey enquired of one of the footmen in attendance, an Englishman, whom he recognised as being with the family in Ireland, "Was that where Mr. Fosterton lived?" The man looked aghast at the sudden apparition of the Steward, who had not been expected, and without answering the question directly, shook his head as he replied: "You should have come sooner, Mr. Carey, and saved my master; it is all over now, the whole family were made Papists to day."

Old Mat was a stout-hearted, hale, active man, but a child [illegible] looked him down at that moment:— "[illegible] that reached Fosterton was true!" [illegible] mind. "I travelled night [illegible] vicked city late last night;

there was no place of worship for a Christian to serve God in on the Lord's Day, that I could find out, and so I stayed shut up in my room at the Inn all day, and they sent an English chap with me, to show me the way here this evening; but what could I do, if I came here to day, or a week ago? the mischief was done long ago, though I hoped it would never come to this; but with the Sabbath polluted as it is here, what is it people wouldn't turn to? Shops open, as well as the Play-houses, some working, some dancing and singing, all after their own pleasure, nobody serving God, as if there was no such day as the Lord's Sabbath, nor the fourth commandment that ordered it to be kept holy, Ah! Master dear!" apostrophised the faithful Steward, "Why did you destroy yourself, and your noble young family, by living in such heathen lands?" and the old man, sad and disconsolate, leaned on his stout oaken stick, and sighed heavily.

"It is hard to escape, sure enough," returned the good-natured footman, bestowing a look of commiseration on the old attached follower of the family. "Servants, as well as their masters, have many a trap laid for them now-a-days, to go over to Popery." And the footman glanced towards the open door at which Rimino, at that moment, appeared.

"Read your Bible, man," returned Mr. Carey, in a firm tone of voice, "and then you may defy the Devil, and all his works."

With a sturdy step, the old Steward approached the open door, and without deigning a glance at his master's valet, who stood with a smirking smile, right in his way, holding a muffle for master Fosterton, in his hand, pushed by him into the hall, and met plump, his master, Mr. Fosterton, their eldest son and Louise, in full opera costume. An exclamation of surprise burst from all, but Mr. Fosterton changed color, and though he shook hands with Mat Carey, seemed unable to speak; the faithful attached servant who had carried him as a baby in his arms, the Eleazar of his own, and his father's house-[illegible] his eyes with a steadfast scrutinising look

on his master's face; the *distingué* convert quailed beneath that glance, and stood confused, and self-condemned before the pious humble man, whose consistent walk in life, he thoroughly respected.

"I shall see you to-morrow Mat," he cried hurriedly, 'early in my own dressing-room; I am going out now; you must have had a fagging journey of it, you look so lone up; tell the housekeeper, Rimino," he added, turning o his valet, as he handed Mrs. Fosterton into the coach, 'to have every thing comfortable," and as he stepped in after her, he murmured, "Why did he not come sooner?" and looked gloomy and discontented during his drive.

Mr. Carey now remembered his favorite Redmond was not among the opera party, and enquiring for the upper housemaid, who was a young woman from Fosterton, piously brought up, learned, with much grief of heart, the particulars of the morning ceremony in the Church of *La Roche*, as reported to her by the English footman who was looking on; and she sorrowfully detailed that "Master Redmond, during the whole time, looked scarcely alive, and was very poorly indeed when he returned and was put to bed, and was asleep ever since." The young woman herself appeared greatly shocked, and grieved at the false step her master and mistress had taken, and had been the first to intimate to her own family at Fosterton, who were respectable Protestant tenants, on the Estate, that might be expected, when the *requiem* service at *Notre Dame* was first talked of, as it was well known, in the household, her mistress was determined not to refuse the Empress's request, and for many a day before, she added, "the governess had taught her lady to bless herself, and pray to the Virgin, and she, and her master, were going to one Popish place, or another, the whole time the family were in Rome, and destroyed that nice young man, that was fit, to be sure, for anything but a minister, by bringing him into such places, and persuading him out of his senses, and contrary to the Bible, that his brother's spirit came back, and rapped on the

table, to tell him he should worship saint's images, and bow down before the Virgin Mary, and do whatever the priest desired him." This was the sum total of Catherine's information for Mr. Carey, whom she was very glad to see; and as the housekeeper was a French woman, and gone out to a ball, and most of the other servants were foreigners, and amusing themselves at a theatre or *café*, Mr. Carey very wisely thought, Catherine had need of the whole armour of God, surrounded by so many temptations, and associating with so many godless companions, while her master and mistress set her an example of desecrating the Sabbath, and renouncing the religion of the Bible, for the ceremonial and gorgeous worship of the Church of Rome. Seated, then, with the humble housemaid in the sitting-room, appropriated to the upper servants, the God-fearing old man produced from a capacious pocket in his outside coat, a Bible; and after offering up a short, and fervent prayer, adjusted his spectacles, and commenced reading a portion of God's Word, for the sober-minded young woman, who had been taught from her youth upwards, in the Fosterton school, "to serve the Lord." And as Paul was sent into Macedonia to "help" Lydia, the seller of purple, and spent his Sabbath day in prayer by the river side, expounding the Everlasting Gospel, so was the pious Steward of Fosterton sent to Paris, to "bind up the broken-hearted Propagandist Poisoner."

How short sighted is man! The pupil of Monsignore Reynard had the most stringent orders, to keep a close and vigilant watch over Mr. Carey, as a most obnoxious and incorrigible heretic; and, true to her instructions, Seraphine was now a concealed witness of this interview with Catherine, whose conversion to Romanism, the Jesuits considered, was a matter of grave importance, connected as she was at Fosterton; but the Lord overrules the machinations of sinful men, to frustrate the councils of the ungodly; and in this particular case, it was a striking and signal dispensation of Providence; for as old Mat Carey turned over the leaves of the Sacred

Volume, he inwardly prayed for guidance, in choosing that Sabbath evening reading, he thought only of the perilous position of the humble young woman before him, but his mission was to another. And as he now read the fourth and fifth chapters of St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians, the wretched and guilty Seraphine felt that she had been practising what the Apostle renounced, "The hidden things of dishonesty, walking in craftiness, handling the Word of God deceitfully," and that the God of this world hath blinded the minds of her spiritual guides, "Lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." And as the old man went on preaching in the Apostle's language, that, "The life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh," with that terrible intimation to the soul of the guilty Poisoner, "that all must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad,' she felt, as if for the first time, the enormity of her vileness, and was ready to cry out with the drowning disciples, Save, Lord, or we perish;" but when this humble flower of the Lord, read on, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;" and that, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses," her spirit received that thrilling message of Paul, the Ambassador of Christ, with saving faith, "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Instant flight from Paris was almost her first resolve. She knew so well the frightful consequences of drawing back, from the vast organised body, whose vengeance she so much dreaded, that to stay there, and avow her belief in that glorious Gospel she heard that night, from the humble instrument, the Lord sent his message of loving kindness by, to her guilty soul, would be death, or at least, incarceration for life; and though the wretched felt within her wasted frame, that her days on earth were to be but few, still to spend those days with liberty of conscience, to embrace that Saviour's Gospel of peace

and love to her agonised sinful soul, was now the first wish of Seraphine Mardoni's heart. "The wind," said our Lord, to Nicodemus, "bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit."

How was the miserable penitent to escape to a land of liberty and safety? without means—without friends—isolated being as she was—estranged from the common ties of humanity, by the cruel, merciless order, who had marked her out as their prey from her birth. She was not even aware, if her father still lived; she only knew he was proscribed, and banished from Italy. She thought of Luigi di Cortona, and shuddered. What crimes had she not perpetrated, to win him back to darkness and bondage, and trembled as she thought, he might now be in the power of that Church that enslaved her own soul. But the Lord provided a pathway of escape for this friendless and helpless one, she knew not of, for Rimino, on his return that night to the hotel, delivered to her a packet from Monsignore Reynard, who, though in Paris, was too much occupied with weightier matters, to give his directions in person; but, in his usual arbitrary style, he now instructed Seraphine, that on the morrow, she should repair to a certain French banking firm, that he named, and identify herself as the daughter of the Signor Mardoni, to the head partner, who had met her some years before, at her father's house in Rome, and ascertain from him, the direction of Signor Mardoni. To lose no time in seeing her parent, if in France; and, if not, to write to him in the strongest terms, to induce him to visit Paris." Seraphine at once understood the object of the Monsignore; her father had eluded the vengeance of his Jesuit pursuers, and his child now was to entrap him into their power, and a condemned cell, in the convent of *Trinita di Monti*, or some other religious prison, was to be her own doom. She had suspected as much, from the Monsignore's manner, when he heard her last [illegible]. but was now confirmed.

At an early hour the following morning, she waited on her father's friend, whose address her Jesuit Confessor so timely provided her with; and though greatly altered, the courteous French banker, at once, recognised the Signora Mardoni, and joyfully received her as the restored child of his old friend, whom he described as in a most miserable state of mind, at not discovering where his daughter was, before he left Paris for Brussels, where his residence had been kept a profound secret by his French friends, as the Signora Mardoni was supposed to be in some part of Belgium. She now expressed her earnest wish to be sent there, as soon as possible; but intimated it must be done secretly. The Frenchman looked grave, and understood her caution, but in a moment his countenance brightened up; there was an English gentleman, and his wife, and servants, going to Brussels that day; the French firm he himself belonged to, had done some business for this gentleman in Paris, connected with the death of his wife's father, who had died there some time previously; and as his French agent procured passports for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stamer, their maid, and valet, a few days before, it struck him, if the Signora would assume the maid's name during the journey, the thing could be managed. It was a peculiar case; and Mr. Charles Stamer was just the man to accede to this plan at once, for he was as kind-hearted as he was firm and intelligent, and his wife was equally considerate, a charming young person, and would, he was sure, dispense with the maid, until a fresh passport could be procured. Seraphine, deeply thankful, recognised a heavenly Father's hand, in this opportunity of travelling in company with Charles Stamer, whose decided conduct, at Fosterton Park, had released himself from the snare of the Jesuits, and she felt comparatively secure in the prospect of a man who deliberately chose to read God's Word for himself, and abide by it, being her protector in the perilous step she was about taking—escaping, if possible, from the deadly power of the

Church of Rome. She returned to the hotel, to procure a few necessaries for the journey, and found the old Steward was closetted with Mr. Fosterton; a slight partition only separated the room she was in from the one where they conversed; and the now conscience-stricken Seraphine, could hear the pious, and faithful servant, urge on his master the simple truths of the Gospel, as preached by Our Lord and His Apostles. Mr. Fosterton's replies were vague and unconnected; his only argument appeared to be a strong assertion, that he had changed to the True Church, and that now, the deed was done, and could not be recalled. But when Mat Carey spoke of his son Redmond, the father's voice became agitated; and Seraphine's heart, wrung with the bitterest remorse, listened in breathless anxiety. The old Steward detailed, that he had that morning, "seen the dear young gentleman, that he told him he did not remember what had occurred the day before, in the Church of *La Roche*, and stoutly maintained he had never been baptised as a Roman Catholic, and firmly declared he never would. No! that he would die, as Ridley and Cranmer died, at the stake, sooner than bow down before images of wood and stone, or be bullied and cajoled out of reading his Bible!"

Mr. Carey gloried in the manly minded, but delicate framed boy, and avowed now to his father, that he himself had been his son's instructor in the Scriptures of Truth, and the history of the brave reformers, who laid down their lives for the religion of the Bible, when Master Redmond and he worked together in the tool shop at Fosterton Park; and Mat Carey now urged on his master, not to sacrifice his child to the bigotry of Popish Priests, for he knew Master Redmond well; they might kill him by persecution, and it would not be hard, for he was frail and delicate, but they never would succeed in warping his mind to worship idols. He, himself, "had served the Fosterton family for over half a century—let his master say, faithfully or not—and the only boon he

craved was, that Redmond Fosterton, whom he loved as his own life, should be sent to some Protestant school, Lord Drydale would be asked to name."

Greatly agitated, Mr. Fosterton declared his inability of doing so. "No one knew better than Mat Carey how deranged his affairs were; he had not half enough to meet his current expenses: and his eldest son, Vere, must be taken from Eton, and sent to Sandhurst, and crammed into a marching regiment, for his father didn't know where to turn for money; so it was out of the question, Redmond must take his chance, and get on as well as he could, with a visiting tutor, to be had at Paris for a mere *bagatelle.*"

Mr. Carey made no reply, but drawing from the depths of his trouser's pocket a heavy-looking leathern bag, rather than purse, poured its contents on the table. "My poor brother, that died in America last year," he, at length said, "made more money in a short time than ever I could, hard as I have worked all my life. Like myself, he never married, and left me more than will pay for Master Redmond's schooling, though I'd toil myself like a galley slave, sooner than that there shouldn't be one Fosterton left to worship God, as their fathers did, 'in spirit and in truth.' Here are three hundred sovereigns," he continued, "for yourself, Sir, to pay the tradesmen's bills at Fosterton, who are crying out for their money; and keep your family credit there, at any rate; and take Mat Carey's word for it, that Master Redmond's schoolmaster will never send in a bill to his pupil's father for payment."

Mr. Fosterton's eye rested on the tempting gold coin. Some time must necessarily elapse before the eighty thousand, promised by Sir Anthony, could be available. Mr. Martyn might not come back for his revenge; and the high-born gambler's fingers itched to clutch up his faithful servant's bribe to save his own son. When men hazard their own and their children's fortune on a throw, their self-respect, and independence of character, which after all constitute true moral feeling, form the

[illegible] ambitious Mr. Fosterton, [illegible] on his own selfish and [illegible] into a [illegible] money, to [illegible] Fosterton, to be [illegible] steward of his [illegible] old Mat [illegible] of the man—his [illegible] Look, that had been [illegible] to him-[illegible] intended [illegible] and the boy she so [illegible] with, was now free of the influence [illegible] beyond the power of [illegible]

CHAPTER XXI.

Know'st thou the value of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze,
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole:—one soul outweighs them all.

YOUNG.

HASTENING her preparation for immediate departure, she dreaded an interview with Mrs. Fosterton, whom she had so grievously injured, and practised on, lest the confession she fully intended making to her should betray herself to the Monsignore, through Rimino, who latterly watched the governess closely, and would be sure, on such an occasion, to be listening, and so discover her intentions before she could escape from Paris; then, the nature of that confession was so dreadful—the poisoning of one beloved sister by the hand of the other pouring out the deadly essence, that deprived the noble and good Lady Drydale of life; the cruel and heartless impositions her murderess afterwards practised on the sisterly grief and bereavement of the duped Mrs. Fosterton, invoking the spirit, the "Propagandist Poisoner" had sent to its last account; and then shamelessly and foully maligning the Christian dead—the long chain of falsehood and deception she had woven to entangle the ideal minds of this impressionable

woman, and her easily imposed-on Chaplain, to guide their imaginative natures to embrace the marvellous mysteries of what she then herself deemed the True Church. How would the injured and grossly deceived Mrs. Fosterton receive such a confession? At all times she had not much command over her feelings; but in such a trying position she would have none at all. The remorse-stricken girl never thought of concealing her own foul acts, though she knew their avowal would forfeit her life to the laws she had so grossly outraged. Still she felt ready to make the only atonement in her power to society, and the parties she had so infamously duped; but if her intentions were discovered before she was out of the power of her late Jesuit guide, her repentant confession, she well knew, would be stifled, and her insanity pleaded to Mrs. Fosterton, to account for such a wild, unfounded statement. A convent prison for the deranged, who divulge Jesuit secrets, or a "subtle essence" draught, would be then, to a certainty, her silent doom. No! by letter, should that awful confession be made, and once in London, she would surrender herself into the hands of justice, and proclaim to the deceived and imposed-on victims of a Jesuit Propaganda, the foul and revolting crimes, as a sincere believer in its mission, she had perpetrated, under the sanction and direction of an infallible Church!

The little Louise, fatigued and worn out by the tiresome ceremony, and opera entertainment of the day before—that Sabbath day so grossly profaned, and so fatal to her parents—was wrapt in the sweet unconscious slumber of childhood, and perhaps, as the guilty "poisoner" stood over that sleeping cot, no crime she had committed assumed a deeper dye in the eyes of the repentant governess than her cruel neglect of that sweet child, and premeditated perversion of the noblest faculties of her mind. The self-convicted sinner knelt down, and prayed for herself, and for the slumbering Louise, "that the eyes of their understanding might be opened, brought out of darkness unto marvellous light,

reconciled unto God, in Christ Jesus," and rose up and felt a consolation her troubled spirit never knew before. But as she stooped down to imprint the last sad kiss on her unconscious pupil's cheek, a tear of penitent and agonizing sorrow, dropped on that fair young brow, Seraphine Mardoni was never to see again.

With her thick veil drawn closely over her face, the miserable girl flung herself into the *fiacre* she had ordered, to drive her a second time to the French banker's. A small bundle, containing some few things, was all she brought with her, concealed under the large cloak she was enveloped in; a cutting easterly wind was blowing, and the streets of Paris were covered with snow; the cold keen air brought on a paroxysm of the dry short cough she had been suffering from since the winter set in; and as the *fiacre* cleared the court yard, it was stopped by Rimino. A cold dew crept over Seraphine's forehead — her intended flight was discovered; but the consummate discipline taught by her Jesuit confessor, of concealing her motives, saved her from his power. Without hesitation she let down the window, and calmly looking in the oily Italian's face, asked, cooly, "what was the matter?" The Propagandist spy fixed his penetrating eyes on hers, as he inquired, "Had the Signora left for the Monsignore an answer to his letter? Should he either call or send for it?"

Feeling the vast importance of not appearing hurried or confused, Seraphine leisurely drew forth her note-book from her pocket, and, tearing out a leaf, deliberately wrote with her pencil, in Italian, "The answer shall be sent when I succeed," handed it to Rimino, and waited to let him desire the driver to proceed. After a scrutinising glance, he did so, and Seraphine flung herself back in the *fiacre*, now convinced she was closely watched. After she arrived at the house of her father's friend, she lost no time in assuming the dress he had prepared for her, and, as the Swiss *soubrette*, Annette Montoon, left Paris.

Bundled into a corner of the same railway carriage her master and mistress, for the time, travelled by, neither of them addressed her, during the long, tiresome journey, or scarcely looked at the wretched girl, lest they might draw towards her the attention of their fellow-passengers; and the heart-broken Seraphine felt grateful for such forbearance. But there were busy and anxious thoughts in the heart of Charles Stamer, and his gentle, affectionate wife, until they had travelled beyond the frontier, for the French banker had entrusted them with the fugitive's story, as far as he knew himself, "the daughter of the wealthy Italian *refugee*, Mardoni, who had been detained in the power of the Church, making her escape to Brussels, to rejoin her father." Neither of them recognised, in the sadly altered, and now disguised Seraphine, the beautiful and attractive Demon of the "Witch's Cauldron," at Fosterton Park; and though Julia Mellworth and her husband had been, subsequently, in the same house, with the mysterious demon, yet neither of them ever had been in the same room with Miss Herbert; so that now it was impossible they should recognise the governess of the little Louise, in the rich banker's daughter, disguised as Mrs. Charles Stamer's Swiss maid, Annette. Yet, what cowards does guilt make of the self-accused criminal! The Propagandist poisoner felt the agonising conviction, during the whole journey, her dire crime was known, and herself abhored, by the generous young pair, who had befriended her so timely: she was an outcast from the affections or sympathies of the good and excellent of the earth, and she felt she deserved to be so; but, born to a happy position in life, what deprived her of the common blessings of humanity? Was it not a gross superstition, that, from her birth erected itself into the self-constituted guardian of her mind and person, tore asunder the sacred tie between parent and child, and trampled on the purest affections of the heart, robbing her mother's deathbed of the solace of her only child's presence, and depriving a father, in times of trial and difficulty, of a daughter's sympathy,

while it sent forth the fanatic girl herself, in a subordinate position, to commit the most flagitious and diabolical crimes, as a member of that Propaganda, whose mission it is to destroy, or convert mankind to the Church of Rome? Perhaps the newly-awakened Seraphine felt something of all this, as she sat there, shrouded up, an apparently unprized, neglected being, in the corner of that railway carriage, and witnessed the manly tenderness of Charles Stamer's manner, as he conversed, in a low voice, with his much loved wife. Was there not a time, she, too, might have been a happy, valued wife? And the noble and devoted Luigi rose up in her remembrance, and the guilty poisoner felt—oh! how bitterly felt!—her Jesuit Confessor had placed between them a great gulf, and she could scarcely suppress a scream of horror, as she heard an English gentleman, who had just come into the carriage, and seemed to be a friend of Mr. Charles Stamer's, now mention to him and his wife, that the celebrated Signor di Cortona was in Brussels, doing wonders among his countrymen: already some of the most influential Italian *refugees* had renounced Romanism; his lectures were most edifying and spiritual, delivered in his native tongue. He had made his acquaintance in London, and renewed it, some weeks ago, in Brussels; would be happy to introduce his friends to the Signor, who was on the eve of being married to a very superior young person, the daughter of an Irish engineer, engaged on the same line with himself."

Seraphine Mardoni had burst a blood vessel. The Stamers were all kindness and consideration; indeed, they had been most attentive and thoughtful towards her, after they had passed the frontier, insisting on her taking refreshment and necessary repose; but now, Charles Stamer, with his usual prompt kindness, had her laid in a recumbent posture, and he and his wife held every restorative within reach, to allay the dangerous symptoms; and, when the train stopped at the first station, adjoining a small village, removed her herself, with all the tender care of a brother, while his

dear Julia, with womanly tenderness, and true Samaritan feeling, proposed, "they should remain with the poor sufferer, and let their luggage go on to Brussels." Her Christian husband at once acceded to his thoughtful wife's proposition, and, telling his friend to despatch a clever physician, as soon as he arrived in Brussels, and giving his servant some directions, he turned his whole attention to Seraphine, who had been gently and carefully removed to a wayside *auberge*, and, though apparently much exhausted, from the quantity of blood she had thrown up, was not insensible, and would now have spoken, had Mrs. Stamer allowed her; but her dark, luminous eyes, in their own sad language, expressed her grateful sense of these Christian strangers' kindness to her forlorn and hapless state; and Charles Stamer, despatching a messenger for the nearest physician, both he and his anxious wife were greatly relieved, to find the interesting Italian was in no immediate danger, but that she must be kept perfectly quiet, and free from anything like agitation. Mrs. Stamer watched beside the poor sufferer's couch, and anticipated every little want with the sisterly kindness of a sincere believer in Him who "went about, doing good;" and her faithful and pious husband commended the afflicted one, in prayer, to the throne of grace, "to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant between God and man, who had bought her with a price, His own precious blood, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of a guilty world." And the repentant sinner felt her faith strengthened, and, as Cornelius rejoiced, when Peter was sent from Cæsarea to build up his faith, and declared his willingness "to hear all things that are commanded thee of God," so did the regenerate Seraphine receive, from this pious couple, with grateful thankfulness, from day to day, "the engrafted word, which was able to save her soul." The physician from Brussels had seen her, and, in his opinion, "to remove her would endanger her life."

With the practical good feeling and good sense which was the basis of his character, Charles Stamer had written

to his servant to convey to the *auberge* a portion of their luggage, and establishing his dear wife as comfortably as circumstances would permit, in a little room adjoining the invalid's, felt that the Lord had called both of them to minister to the spiritual wants of this stricken fellow-creature, who never seemed to tire hearing of the glad tidings of salvation. At the end of a week, she was able to sit up, but the dry, short cough of premature decay, warned Seraphine that her race was nearly run. She had refrained from mentioning her father, for she husbanded her little remaining strength to write to Mrs. Fosterton; and at intervals, with the persevering energy of her nature, that fearful letter was written, that dire confession made, that the penitent girl hoped would disenchant the mind, she had herself so awfully turned aside from truth—"to believe a lie." To Charles Stamer's care she committed the packet, to be posted in London, and he, a good deal surprised at the address, enclosed it to his banker, to be forwarded in due course. No remark was made by either, but a weight seemed to be removed off the mind of the Signora Mardoni, and with fervent thanks to him and Mrs. Stamer, for the more than kindness she had received, she gave her father's direction at Brussels, under his assumed name, and briefly explaining that he was old and feeble, a proscribed *refugee*, expressed a wish, some confidential person would explain to him his daughter's situation.

Charles Stamer started the next morning for Brussels, and left his kind wife in charge of their interesting invalid. Julia read the precious promises of redeeming love, and prayed beside the couch the failing Seraphine reclined on. She looked calm and happy, during those moments of spiritual communion with her God and Saviour; but as the hour approached, when the return train was expected in the evening, a shade of restless anxiety was on her brow, and her dark eyes looked feverish and unsettled; but, as if with a strong effort, she seemed to turn her thoughts to mental prayer, and asked Mrs. Stamer to read for her the chapter her hus-

band read for her the day before—the 12th of Hebrews. As the repentant believer listened to that soul-stirring chapter of the Great Apostle's, revealing God's gracious design in affliction, and the warnings and promises of the glorious Gospel dispensation of salvation alone by "faith in Christ Jesus," earthly joys and sorrows seemed to be forgotten, and Seraphine Mardoni received her father with less painful emotion than she could have conceived, when she left Paris; and was presented to her cousin, Mary Elmore, who had volunteered to accompany her uncle, to relieve Mrs. Stamer and nursetend her newly discovered relation; and the poor dying girl rejoiced to see her, and guessed who she was, and was told of her near affinity to herself; and looked eagerly, beyond the open doorway, where Mr. Stamer stood to welcome another! and Luigi di Cortona and Seraphine Mardoni met; and the repentant believer only felt, her "iniquities, as a thick cloud, were blotted out;" and that Jesus, who had "suffered, the just for the unjust," had spoken to her guilty soul—"Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee."

The next day, the Stamers departed for Brussels; their mission was accomplished; "the Captive was set at liberty"—spiritual liberty as well as bodily; and after they had prayed, and "given glory to God," they went on their way rejoicing. Seraphine was to follow them in a week, they would meet on earth again, so they hoped; but the mandate had gone forth, and exactly that day week, the redeemed of the Lord—the guilty, but penitent, and believing Seraphine's warfare was accomplished, and she rejoiced with the risen Saviour, she so entirely trusted in, face to face.

Mary Elmore never left her; the dying girl looked happier, whenever her eyes rested on her cousin's feeling, and beautiful face, so full of holy love and kindness; it seemed as if her own mother's gentle look of affection was again restored to her estranged child. She asked Mary never to leave her aged father while he lived; and she asked him to bestow on Mary the wealth that

tempted covetous men, with hearts full of idolatry, to make a traffic of his daughter's soul. To Luigi di Cortona, the lover of her youth, was entrusted the terrible secret of her life. Who can describe the agonising horrors of that interview! But, had Seraphine Mardoni lived, her confession would have been public, as a beacon light to scare others from the quicksands of that "Mystical Babylon," that engulphs, as a vast whirlpool, the souls of men; but now, she warned Luigi to warn others, of the guilty career of the Propagandist Poisoner, "snatched as a brand from the burning," a monument of redeeming love.

A few hours before she died, she united his hands with her cousin's, and feebly blessed them both, but no word was spoken of their future union; the dark luminous eyes, beautiful even in death, glanced from Luigi to Mary, and expressed all she wished; and with her head resting on her father's shoulder, the restored child, while her "spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour," fell asleep in Jesus; her eyes were closed by Mary Elmore; the locket she desired, is placed in her hand. That night, a solitary watcher is beside her inanimate clay—need we say, it is Luigi di Cortona.

Is it a superstitious relic that glitters in the cold, lifeless hands, clasped on her breast? He stoops to examine; but the brilliant cipher covers the glossy hair of the Jesuit's victim, Louisa, Countess of Drydale.

"Come out of her, my people, and be ye separate," shall henceforth be his battle cry, against that Apostate Church, who is "full of names of blasphemy," and "drunken with the blood of the Saints, and of the Martyrs of Jesus."

CHAPTER XXII.

Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment, and Regret.

SCOT.

WHEN Frank Lee discussed points of difference between the Roman and Anglican Churches with the Abbe Freshman, before this impulsive young man was hurried into receiving the rite of Baptism, in the Private Chapel of the College of the Propaganda, the subtle Abbe, like the published pastoral letter of an ultramontane Bishop, breathed nothing but the most liberal and charitable spirit, rather insinuating the deadly and idolatrous dogmas of his Church, than openly advocating doctrines, glaringly opposed to the inspired Scriptures. The devotional zeal, self abnegation, and charitable forbearance of her Priesthood were dwelt on; the universality of a faith, claimed to be derived, in direct succession, from Peter, was boldly advanced, oblivious of the fact, that Peter was the Apostle of the circumcision, and never was at Rome, and declared, in his first Epistle, that believers "were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from their vain conversation, received by tradition from their fathers, but with the precious blood of Christ, that their faith and hope might be of God," declaring, that the "Word of the Lord endureth for ever, and this is the word, which, by the Gospel, is

preached unto you." Had Frank Lee studied the Apostolic Epistles of Peter, and the other inspired writers of Holy Writ, in a prayerful spirit, the poisonous sophistry of the Jesuit Abbe would have proved innoxious, and the distorted perversion of Scriptural truth signally failed, as it has ever done, to subvert the faith of the humble student of God's revealed message to man; but with a criminal passion in his heart, and the senses of a sinful nature, unrestrained, "the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," ministered to, and attracted by, an imposing and gorgeous ritual, in the very capital of classical art, a distorted fancy, "winning from reason's hand the reins," was it to be wondered at, that this young Protestant Divine, and many other such Protestant Divines, old and young, fell "a prey to the snare of the fowler," and embraced a religion whose deadliest tenets they have yet to learn. Once admitted to the sanctuary of Antichrist, the unvarnished doctrines of the Church of Rome, the scales dropped from this unhappy young man's diseased vision. He saw the gulf of error he had so recklessly plunged in, and compromised by his own mad folly and passion; escape seemed hopeless; but the same spirit that sent Philip to join himself to the chariot of the inquiring Eunuch, sent a messenger of mercy at this time to Frank Lee's distorted soul.

In the gardens of the Propaganda, he had from time to time observed a melancholy dark looking man, that struck him as evidently an Irishman, casting towards him a furtive and anxious glance whenever they met. This Irish Priest always walked between two of the Propagandist brethren, one at either side, more like a felon, taking exercise under the *surveillance* of his gaol guardians, than a free agent, enjoying the society of chosen companions; those fitful glances, transient as they were, conveyed an expression of commiseration, as well as of common suffering; and Frank Lee, who had been handed over by his friend, the Abbe, to the guidance of an ascetic Jesuit, who hovered round him, like some mysterious shadow, watched for the appearance of the

sad looking Irish Priest, each day, in the garden, with an anxiety, and hopeful feeling, that only the miserable and isolated can feel towards the stranger, who bestows on them, no matter how trivial, a mark of sympathy, or intelligent kindness. He felt, he could not tell why, that this sombre, and apparently closely watched Irishman, was to extricate himself, in some way. Their common country, he argued, created this mysterious bond of union between them; but there were many other Irishmen in the College, but Frank Lee shunned rather than courted their acquaintance. Irish Popery was always, to his fastidious ideal mind, a coarse, vulgar element, with which he could have no sympathy; and now, with the revulsion that had taken place in his religious opinions, it was more distasteful than ever; still, this melancholy looking Irish Priest was to him an object of the liveliest interest, and at times he fancied he had seen him somewhere before, and that his appearance, wherever they had met, was perfectly familiar to his mind. In vain he ransacked his memory, to discover where. Frank had lately received a long and affecting letter from his sister Letty, dated many months before, giving a sad account of the lamentable state their parent was in, referring to former letters she had written, and which he had not received, and conjuring him to retrace the fatal step he had taken, and to convince his own mind, from the Bible, that the Church he had abandoned, was identical with the Gospel, our blessed Lord preached, and his Apostles promulgated. The letter was guarded, attacking only in this indirect way, the doctrines of the Church of Rome. Her brother at once guessed Letty's reason for so writing. The postal department of the Romagna was under the supervision of the Jesuits, and every suspected letter liable to be read by this Propaganda Police, and suppressed, or delivered, as suited their own views. To answer his sister's letter, as he wished, would have been a relief, indeed, to his tortured mind, for he knew Letty's sisterly charity would cover a multitude of her erring brother's sins; but the contents of her communication must be revealed in the confessional, and

his ghostly adviser's counsel sought to direct his answer. All this he had lately ascertained, and the restraint he was insensibly subjected to, without any open, or direct attempt being made, to deprive him of the liberty of action, (for the liberty of thought he had surrendered himself), considerably damaged the glowing and enthusiastic admiration he once entertained for a "developed mode of worship." "The gilding had worn off the gingerbread," and Mr. Frank Lee felt grave doubts of his vocation, to be a Romish Priest, and ventured to confide this important secret to his Jesuit confessor. His mode of treatment was immediately altered; the severe course of scholastic and theological study, he had been hitherto subjected to, was now exchanged for a sort of *viva voce* training, from some of the most fanatic of the Propagandist brethren, while the wild and exciting legends of the Saints, and the most stirring and adventurous incidents of their marvellous lives, were his prescribed reading.

About the same time, his ascetic guardian vanished, and was no more seen; and Frank Lee began to feel he was no longer watched, and mingled more freely among the brethren, and looked out for an opportunity of addressing the sombre-looking Irish Priest, who had attracted so much his attention, whom he fancied he had met before; but this sad-looking Irishman now stood, as if aloof, from making the acquaintance, and Frank Lee could only learn, his name was "Kavanagh," and that he was *en retraite*, in the College of the Propaganda, for some infraction of his Priestly vow. Great, then, was Frank Lee's surprise, when this Irishman addressed him by name, in a small Oratory Chapel, of peculiar sanctity, from having a tear of the blessed Virgin's bottled on its shrine, and a toe nail of that indefatigable walker, St. Ursula, exhibited in a gilt sort of pill-box, beside the precious *relique*. This Holy Crypt was generally used by the Propagandist brethren, as a place to perform acts of penance, and mortification, and had a charming Madonna of Correggio, and an Ursula, by Velasquez, sus-

pended above its altar. Before these female deities, after the vesper service had concluded, adored Frank Lee, chaunting in a low sad voice, the seven penetential Psalms—all other penitents, with the exception of the Irish Priest, had retired from the Oratory, and the quondam Chaplain of that lady, whose beauty a mantilla and fan set off so admirably—still knelt before the Spanish Ursula, voyaging in a dreamland of his own.

The deep, manly tone of Father Tom Kavanagh, with its strong Irish accent, dissolved the ideal reverie, and the two young men conversed, as if they had played together in boyhood, and met now to renew the acquaintance of former years.

What a strange power has human sympathy over the suffering spirit of man! They never before had exchanged one sentence with each other, and yet left that Oratory Chapel, with the mutual feeling of brothers, and Frank Lee learned that Father Tom had been the coadjutor Priest of Wimbledon Terrace, and received from him, as a mark of especial regard, a recent copy of the "*London Daily News*," smuggled into the College by some Italian admirer of Mazzini's, and lent to Father Tom, to peruse and secretly glorificate over its bold advocacy of the "Italian question," in favour of national independence. That night, after Frank Lee trimmed his solitary lamp, in the seclusion of his cell-like chamber, he took out the Irish Priest's English newspaper, and glanced over its pages, without any very lively interest about the state of political freedom in Italy, which seemed of such vast importance to his newly made acquaintance, who had taken for granted, that brought up, as the convert Irishman was, to venerate free institutions, the struggle for liberty, in a slave-bound people, could not fail to excite in him the warmest sympathy and interest. But Frank Lee, like many others, did not prize the blessing he had been accustomed to, all his life, and the iron rule of despotism had not yet practically entered his soul: he had only got a slight foretaste, in the partial restraint he was subject to, of the arbitrary

vigilance of the Church of Rome, in governing her members. So he turned to the "fashionable intelligence" page of the "*Daily News*," totally indifferent how the Italian question might be settled. He read over the announcement of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and the Prince Consort's movements, and their, and their royal children's equestrian and pedestrian daily exercises; who Lady G—— and the Duchess of L—— entertained; and arrived at the Paris Correspondent's letter to the "*Daily News*."

Without attempting to describe the unfortunate young man's feelings, we shall merely copy the startling intelligence, for our readers:—

"A strange and distressing event recently occurred here, that has caused much mysterious surmise, in circles of the *haut ton*. The beautiful and impassioned Mrs. F—— (only sister to the late lamented Lady D——, who died in London, about a year since,) a Sunday or two ago, with her husband and family, abjured Protestantism, and were baptized, as Romanists, in the Church of *Le Roch*. Her Imperial Majesty, it is rumoured, was herself a concealed witness of the imposing spectacle; and a distinguished lady of the French Court, it is whispered, acted as the Catholic Eugenia's proxy, on the occasion, sponsor to the fair neophyte, who received, in addition to her heretic cognomen, "Emily," the orthodox baptismal *soubriquet* of "Josephine." This fair lady, the day after, in the *requiem* service at *Notre Dame*, attracted universal admiration, as well for the recent convert's Spanish style of beauty, vying with the Andalusian Empress, in the graceful action of the fan, as for the *éclat* attending her late magnificent reception in the Church of Rome. The ultramontane party here made the most of it, and "*l'Univers*" published a long article on the happy conversion of this Irish Tory family, generations before bigoted Protestants; announcing that their late Chaplain conformed, some time since, to the true Church, at present studying, for Priest's Orders, in the Propaganda

College, at Rome, under that distinguished convert from the Anglican heresy, the Abbe Freshman. But the tragic part of the story is to come. A letter, it is said, bearing the London post-mark, was delivered to Mrs. F——, and was read by her, when no person was present; but her violent screams brought an English housemaid, engaged in an adjoining room, into that her mistress was in, hopelessly deranged. The scandal goes, that the frightened woman glanced over the letter, Mrs. F—— held open in her hand, raving all the time about, and calling on her servant to read, which she did, and reports, that it was signed by a party who absconded from the house, the day of the *requiem* service at *Notre Dame*, and detailed a chapter of horrors: amongst others, the poisoning of Lady D——, by her unconscious sister's hand, dropping some deadly essence into water, and forcing her Ladyship to swallow it. The spirit of the murdered lady, in a rapping *séance*, the lovers of the marvellous contend, advised the beautiful Mrs. F—— to go over to Rome, which the English maid, Catherine, perseveres in declaring, was stated, in this strange letter, as a gross imposition, practised by this Jesuit agent, (who wrote the letter), with the aid of a galvanic battery, assisted by Mr. F——'s *valet*. Since the *exposé*, this man has been under examination by the police, and, it is supposed, made away with this terrible letter, which is not forthcoming; and the *valet*, who is an Italian, the housemaid states, was in the room, where it was, holding his mistress, who was violent and unmanageable, until aid could be procured. The whole matter has been shrouded in mystery; but the *valet* is now released, and Mr. F——'s magnificent house, in the Rue di Rivoli, shut up, besieged by creditors. The gentleman—no one knows of his whereabouts; but his gambling propensities, for some time back, were notorious, and, it is said, he lost heavily lately, to a young Englishman, of whom he won from largely, some time before. His unfortunate lady, who was greatly attached to her sister, is pronounced, by the faculty, hopelessly insane,

and is now the inmate of a private lunatic asylum. The Jesuit organ here, never deigns to notice in its columns, this novel tragedy, everybody is talking about."

A low, stupifying, sort of fever, seemed for weeks to prey on the health and spirits of the wretched pervert, Frank Lee; he had written to his sister Letty before he had perused "the Paris Correspondent's letter to the *Daily News*," but it was such a communication as his confessor would approve of, breathing the very spirit of Romanism, entire, and abject submission, of that guide and judge of all his actions, "Holy Mother Church." He spoke of his earthly parent in terms of affection and sorrowful regret; but hoped his sister's fears had exaggerated her case, and that she would soon be restored to her wonted health. Letty's answer he never received, for it was announcing his fond mother's death, and his Jesuit physicians considered he was in too low and desponding a state of mind, to communicate to him such distressing intelligence; or rather, the awakening call to repentance, and Gospel truth contained in the afflicted sister's letter.

In Father Tom Kavanagh's society alone, did he at all seem to rally; and the Propagandist spies placed over him, began to have fears their convert's reason would give way, and so create a prejudice, that he was "*non compos* when he conformed to Catholicity;" and as the young Ireland Priest was under *surveillance*, merely for political reasons, and for being implicated in saving the Signor di Cortona from destruction on the railway at Coolick, which was rather guessed at, than proved, there was no apparent danger in his associating with this Protestant convert, whose religious recantation was somewhat apprehended by his Jesuit guardians. Unrestrained, then, was the intercourse of these two young men; and the warm-hearted Irish Priest became the repository of Frank Lee's sorrows, and confided to his sympathy an outline of his short career, declaring, however staggered his faith might be, as to many doctrines of the Church, his entire belief, that the spirit of his twin brother had come

back to warn and counsel him to join the only one true immutable guide for the repose of man's faith and hope—the Church of Rome. Father Tom slyly enquired was he certain "this advice came from his brother's spirit, and might it not be supplied by the medium who communicated the message?" But the duped young man declared such a thing was simply impossible, for "the spirit told him things he was not aware of himself until he wrote to his mother to test their accuracy; for instance, his brother's exact age."

"I have it from memory myself," returned the young Priest, with a sarcastic expression of incredulity on his marked features, "and, I think I could tell your brother George's age, accurately enough; he was precisely ten years, five months, and thirteen days old, and died as the clock struck twelve at night, on the 11th of August, 18—."

Frank Lee was all amazement.

"I have good reason for remembering it so accurately," observed the young Priest, bitterly; "for the man I gave that information to, the very night I gave it, made up his mind to compass my ruin, if he could; something told me he would, at the time; but the very next day, I found out all about him; for a Puseyite lady, he came with me to visit, who had just become a Catholic, insisted on having met this Marist Missionary, an officer, somewhere, a year before; but, though he downfaced her, that she was mistaken, he did not deceive me; and a brother missionary in Dublin, let out to me all about him. He was the identical Captain Gardner, the Pope blessed so solemnly, as a convert from Protestantism, in the Church of *Del Gesu*, not six months ago, and who put the spirit *medium* up to all that ever passed in your family, confessed by Sally Connors, your mother's maid, to her Priest, and down in black and white in the private register, which this Propaganda Captain took a long note of, the night he came spying after me, and the good easy Parish Priest, whose heart he broke in the long run."

The ideal Mr. Frank Lee's "developed" views, were

cruelly put to flight; but his mind lay powerless, and inert, brooding over the gross deceptions that had been practised on his too susceptible mind; while a sort of hopeless despair supplied the place of his late credulous belief; and he sickened from day to day, as he read his prescribed task of pious frauds, and ignorant delusions, recorded in the lives of the Saints, as devout and wonderful miracles performed by the deified members of an infallible Church.

His friend, Father Tom, watched the workings of the wretched convert's mind, as a skilful physician consults his patient's pulse, to administer, at the proper time, the salutary restorative; and as remorse seemed to fasten on the awakened conscience of Frank Lee, great was his surprise to hear, in the seclusion of his chamber in the College of the Propaganda, the same full, sufficient gospel, expounded by Father Tom Kavanagh, the young Irish Priest, that St. Paul, eighteen centuries before, preached to the Christian converts at Rome.

The "young Irelander" detailed to his amazed friend his own political struggles—his religious doubts—and his now believing triumph. The same book, the faithful Paudheen hid in the fissure of the rock on Lugnaquille mountain, was his secret, but prized companion, in the very seat of Antichrist. To Frank Lee alone, had he ever confided his secret; and to his miserable and desponding mind only, had he preached the everlasting Gospel. This Irish Scripture-reader was still in bondage; he could not bring himself openly to renounce the religion of his forefathers, that vaunted Catholic faith, the whole teaching of his life had taught him to identify with the nationality of Ireland. But Christ was to set the captive free; and in handling the Word of the Spirit for the salvation of an erring brother's soul, he himself was delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God; and trembled as he read a Saviour's emphatic declaration, "Whosoever will deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father, which is in heaven." The awakened

Irishman was made to feel, with the Apostle, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel;" and to some who held his own political views among the Propagandist brethren, and were likely to receive it with less prejudice, and not betray him, was that Gospel preached privately by Father Tom; while he consulted with Frank Lee, and proposed their return to that land of freedom, where they might promulgate it openly, each of them abstaining from attending the confessional, or partaking of the idol wafer, they both now regarded as an outrage on the majesty of the Son of God; meeting privately, in each other's chamber, for prayer and supplication for the renewal of their souls; diligently "searching the Scriptures," in the Irish translation preserved by the patriot Priest; while this real convert, who had been turned from fables to serve the living God, earnestly desired to make "full proof of his ministry." And he, who had turned his face from the truth, to vain and profane babblings, that eat into his soul as doth a canker, now with godly sorrow, and contrition of heart, studied, as Paul desired Timothy, "to approve himself unto God a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth." But the Jesuit *cordon* was too strictly guarded round those witnesses of Jesus, not soon to discover the intrepid little band of enquiring believers they gathered round them, to hear and read for themselves, the revealed message of redeeming love. How soon were they dispersed! Some spirited away, and no more seen or heard about them; while two Italians, whose faith in the Son of God enabled them boldly to refute their ghostly interrogators out of the written Word, sickened and died of some alarming epidemic, whose name did not transpire. But the "young Ireland" Priest whispered the ominous word "poison" in his horrified countryman's ear, and both prepared for flight. Father Tom, with the energy and practical knowledge of the democratic element he was born and nurtured in, made instant arrangements with some of "young Italy," whom he had secretly *fraternized* amongst, and who

now procured him, and his friend disguises, until they could reach Genoa, or Milan, providing them with money and the necessary password amongst the friends of liberty, in the Romagna and Legations, to favour their escape. They both felt aware they were closely watched; and the Irish Priest suggested, they should abstain from food that day, unless such as they had witnessed the most orthodox of the brethren first make use of. The next morning, before attending matins in the Oratory Chapel, was the time fixed for escaping from the College; and at a given point, Father Tom's Italian sympathizers were to meet the fugitives, with the necessary disguises and provision for their perilous journey.

That night Frank Lee could not sleep; the omission of acknowledged duties, and the commission of what he now felt to be indispensible, stung him as a scorpion stings. It seemed as if his aroused conscience had held a grand review, and that every act of the last mis-spent two years was re-enacted before him. How bitterly did his repentant spirit retrace scenes of vanity and folly; and how he shrank, as if from the contemplation of his own agonized thoughts, when he reflected on his insane, and criminal passion for the wife of another. Where was she now? demanded the inward monitor. A wretched maniac! by the derilection, on his part, of the most solemn duties, he had vowed before God and man to perform—watching over the souls committed to his care. If that dreadful letter was true (and late events left no doubt on his mind), had not her noble and estimable sister lost her life by his guilty neglect, and ready assistance in the propagation of error, in a household that fostered, as a valuable teacher, a Jesuit Propagandist, and he, the spiritual guardian of that household, brought up himself in Gospel light. The wretched Frank Lee shuddered, and thought of the two ill-fated Italians, who had in his company listened to Father Tom translating his Irish Bible, the very evening they died, buried the next morning, with such indecent haste, what might be his own fate on the morrow. And then a sad pro-

cession passed, as if before him, headed by his mother, and her eye was dim and glassy, and she looked at him reproachfully; and his sister, Letty, spoke out the Lord's fearful denunciation against the unfaithful steward; and his mother's palsied hand was pointed towards Mary Elmore's averted face: that face he had never ceased to love; and the tortured man cried out lustily, "Who's there?" for he felt some person groping near his bed, and springing hastily up, searched the room in vain for the nightly visitant, whose clammy hand, he felt certain, had passed over his own face; and he watched the first grey tint of an Italian morning, to visit Father Tom's chamber, that was situated in the same corridor. How cautiously and nervously did the late convert to Catholicity tread along the echoing passages of the Propaganda College, and what was his dismay to discover the Brother who watched over his sleeping charge, the ecclesiastical spy in charge of the inmates of the corridor, seated in his chair, awake, and apparently deeply occupied, reading by the still imperfect light. Frank Lee looked on escape as hopeless; he should pass near him on his way to Father Tom's chamber, the door of which was contiguous to where the Jesuit turnkey sat, and Frank thought of retracing his steps, though he felt pretty certain, from his mysterious visitor the night before, his hours were numbered. "The strangling noose," the "young Ireland" Priest had warned him of, was uppermost in his thoughts; it would either deprive him, as he slept, of life or liberty, and the latter he looked upon as a synonymous term with death; for Father Tom described the dungeons of the Inquisition as a living tomb, worse than a sudden and untimely grave. Then there was a strict order against fastening the doors of their sleeping apartments. How the young man at that moment execrated, from his soul, the artful blandishments, and gross deception, that committed him into the hands of so ruthless and deadly a power! The Propagandist watchman lifts his eye off the page, and Frank Lee gave himself up as lost. Great, then, was his surprise and

joy, when the man made a sign for him to advance, and Father Tom Kavanagh hid his book carefully in the folds of his dress, and stood up from the night guardian's chair, but remained motionless until his friend approached. The Irish Priest laid his hand on his lip, with an emphatic gesture, to impose silence on his companion, and noiselessly passing along the corridor, paused at the door of his own chamber, which was ajar, and after a moment's hesitation, entered the room, motioning Frank Lee to follow.

What a horrid spectacle did his eyes fall on! There lay, on the lowly couch, the figure of a man, rigid in death, the eyes widely open, with a slight streak of foam about the mouth; his right hand was raised, as if in the act of repelling something that had been forced between his closed lips, that now gaped apart, apparently in the last death struggle. With horror, Frank Lee recognised him as an Italian Brother of the Propaganda, esteemed highly, as a zealous and efficient member, by his own Order. Scarcely trusting his senses, he turned round to look at his companion, against whom, that moment, his heart brought in a verdict of cruel murder, and determined, in his own mind, come what might, not to associate himself, in flight, with such a wretch.

The Irish Priest was on his knees; the dark, abstracted eyes were on the distorted corpse before him, but they swam in tears of indignant sorrow, while the sternly expressive lips of the "young Irelander" muttered, as if to himself, a solemn vow, addressed to that silent and revolting witness; then, raising himself slowly, he drew forth, at the foot of the bed, a concealed pamphlet, artfully hid in an aperture made in the pallet, on which the murdered man lay, and dropping his open hand heavily on Frank Lee's shoulder, whispered in his ear, "They thought I was there, and poisoned him with the same foam, the Borghese dispatched their victims with;" stole out of the fatal chamber, followed by his stunned and horror-stricken companion, whose nervous agitation, as they passed along corridors that led to the Chapel

oratory, threatened to betray them; but the Irish Priest fixed his gloomy, stedfast gaze on the appalled countenance of his companion, and the self-possessed expression of his firm, determined look, reassured Frank, and as they entered the little Chapel, a man in the dress of a Propagandist Brother, pointed to an open door, at its other side, and, without a word being spoken, the fugitives hastily hurried along a narrow passage, that led to another half-closed door, that opened on a narrow and bye-street, and without stopping to close it after them, the Irish Priest, with a collected and measured step, walked along its centre, followed by the agitated Frank, amazed at his friend's coolness, and extraordinary presence of mind. When Father Tom had reached the first turn that brought him into a wider thoroughfare, he exclaimed, "Massino d'Azeglio, you have indeed been the Apostle of Italy, for your writings can make a Propagandist respect, and aid that glorious birthright of man, sacred liberty."

The place of rendezvous they soon reached in safety, and Frank Lee, while disguising himself, learned from his companion, that the young Italian Brother, Jacobo Pozzetti, that he had just seen dead, was a secret and fervent admirer of the "Young Italy" school, a worshipper of Mazzini, though his zeal for the doctrines of the Church was unbounded; and that the tract of d'Azeglio, he had seen him remove from the pallet, belonged to Jacobo, and had been left by him in Father Tom's keeping. So greatly did he dread discovery, that on that particular night, the ill-fated young man was to be the guardian of the watch on the corridor their apartments opened into, and it was agreed between them, that Jacobo should resign his trust to Father Tom, in order that his door, which lay next to the chief inspector's of the department should not be heard opening at the very early hour their escape was planned, lest the noise might create suspicion; and during Father Tom's anxious watch, in the dead of the night, as he sat there, in complete darkness, with his senses sharpened by the

very tension of his nervous system, he had heard the inspector's door almost noiselessly open, on its well-oiled hinges, and a stealthy step proceed in the direction of Frank Lee's chamber, and before he thought the party could more than enter it, hastily and cautiously return, while he himself had heard the sound of some loud exclamation proceed from that end of the corridor; but that, in a few moments, he could judge some person entered, as he supposed, the inspector's room, and a slight noise was heard, but not greater than might be accounted for, by a man lying down on his couch; however, that in the morning, as the Irish Priest passed the door of his own chamber, on their way out of the corridor, he perceived that it was not closely shut, and a horrible surmise, that Jacobo had been foully dealt with, crossed his mind, fearing he had mistaken, in the night, the opening of the inspector's door, for the one where Jacobo slept in his bed. The dreadful appearance of the poisoned man, at once explained his fears were right, and the reason for carrying away the tract of d'Azeglio's was, lest, if found, it might implicate others of the brethren, who entertained the same political opinions as the ill-fated Jacobo, the victim of a "Propagandist poisoner."

Their Italian sympathisers lost no time in getting the fugitives, through the interest of the Mazzini party they belonged to, outside the barrier, though the hour when the City gates are supposed to open had not yet arrived; and in the disguise of a French Voltigeur, the ideal Frank Lee bid adieu, for ever, to that Rome he had pined to see, a sadder, and certainly, a wiser man, than when he first became personally acquainted with that sorceress, of whom "all nations have drank of the wine of her fornication," or spiritual idolatry.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—'Were he ordained to run,
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.'"

MOORE.

Strangers! Pilgrims! Is it so?
Are we Pilgrims here below?
Are our wants and wishes few?
Do we live as strangers do?
Strange to sinful thoughts and ways,
Dead to wordly blame or praise;
Pressing on, and pressing through,
Jesus ever in our view.

SOME weeks afterwards, a cold, damp, drizzly evening, when an Irish spring insists on usurping the rights of winter, the hasty step of a young man, muffled in a large cloak, turned into Wimbledon Terrace, and without pausing, stopped before that well-remembered cottage, No. 13. A faint light glimmered through the shutter of the closed French window; and the usually fastened gate at that hour, by which the garden in front was approached, now swung carelessly open. There was a look of neglect, and visible decay, in Mrs. Lee's well kept *parterre;* the winter snow and frost had mildewed

the rare flowers; their stalks exposed and unprotected, looked black and withered, so different from the neatly matted beauties of former days; and that noble row of double chrysanthemums and China asters, in their blooming splendour, that like a *garde d' honneur*, looked so stately and erect at each side of the gravel walk that led to the porch door, supported by their invisible wire-props, now lay trampled under Frank Lee's impatient footstep, draggled and discolored-looking, obstructing the ill kept gravel pathway; while the tastefully entwined rose trees, and creepers around the porch, flung their bare, leafless branches wildly about, as if to warn him, No. 13, Wimbledon Terrace, was no more his home. Hesitating to knock, he stood irresolute; his mother must have left, and careless people, evidently, inhabited the uncared-for spot; he would look through the chink of the shutter, and ascertain, without knocking, was he right. Like the returned Prodigal, this erring son, shrank from encountering strangers that night.

In a room, bereft of carpet, curtains, or furniture, sat Letty Lee, on the only chair in the apartment, beside a small table, on which was placed a solitary candle lighting, and before her lay an open book; he knew it well, for it was his mother's Bible; but his sister was apparently deeply engaged reading a letter. Scattered about the room, were corded trunks, and packages of various household matters, announcing the eve of removal, and with a feeling, his mother's pretty cottage was about being given up, her son Frank knocked at the hall door, but not his old postman's rap; he was now to enter the family homestead, he felt, as a stranger.

The door was cautiously opened by Letty Lee; and as the light streamed through the open door of the sitting room, and fell on his sister's figure, he started to perceive the sad change that had been made in her appearance since they last met; her figure looked attenuated and broken; and there was a wistful, anxious expression in her face, as she enquired, in a querulous tone—"Why

did you not come earlier, Mr. Purdy, to take away the time piece?" She had mistaken him, evidently, for the old clock maker, whom, Frank remembered, always wore a cloak. Without attempting a reply, he folded his sister in his arms. Letty did not scream, or faint, with surprise and joy, but stood pale and trembling, after they entered the sitting room, holding by the back of the chair she had been sitting on, and her brother was the first to speak.

"I know I deserve, Letty," he cried, in a husky voice, "that you should receive me coldly and suspiciously, for I sinned, with a high hand, against God and man; but, broken-hearted outcast, as I am, I thought, Letty, you would welcome back your miserable brother; I know my cruelly neglected mother will, her repentant son, for she knew better than the dazzled and deceived dupe, the iniquity that lies hid in the unregenerate soul of man."

A groan almost escaped from Letty Lee, as she hid her agitated face in her hands.

"Oh! Frank!" she exclaimed, "God alone can know the sorrowful joy of my heart this night at your return, a poor desolate being, Frank, as I am, mourning over you as worse than dead. Oh! mother! mother!" she cried, lifting her attenuated hands and streaming eyes towards Heaven, "the Lord took you to himself, no doubt, for some wise purpose; but had you been left to welcome back, this night, your repentant child, how much bitter sorrow his future life would be spared!"

"Then, my mother is dead!" cried her son, in the accents of despair, as he involuntarily sat down on a large trunk near him.

A burst of uncontrollable grief from Letty, was the only reply; but she tried to calm the agonising emotion that wrung her soul, for the unselfish sister felt more for her miserable brother, than for herself at that moment, and now made an effort to rally her spirits, and speak hopefully of the future.

Frank perceived the kind effort, but he only shook his head, mournfully, as he said—"The future is in God's

hands, Letty, but the terrible past is my own!" and he started up, paced the little room, and struck his burning brow, as he almost shouted out—"Vain fool that I was; deceived idiot that I have been; to fling away, as I have done, the flowers, a merciful Father strewed my path with; trampled them under my feet, in the miry clay of my selfish unrenewed heart. How can I, an apostate from truth, be forgiven by that just and holy God, who searcheth the spirit, and trieth the reins of man? Oh! my sister! my sister! pray for your wretched brother."

And Letty and Frank Lee knelt down, side by side, as in their childhood, and prayed to the same God and Saviour they had worshipped and implored beside their mother's knee; and both rose up calmer, and more resigned; and then, Letty told the sad family episode, since they last met, passing over, lightly, her own sufferings, and broken health, induced by her close and wearying attendance on her afflicted mother, merely stating, that when all was over, her own constitution, which was naturally good, gave way, and that she now had only partially recovered from a long, tedious illness; and had parted with the cottage and furniture some time before; and on the morrow was to proceed to London to meet a friend. Frank Lee glanced towards the open letter on the table; it was Mary Elmore's handwriting; he would have given much to ask that friend's name, but he dare not trust his voice; and after a painful pause, Letty Lee, with a touch of her former plain dealing manner, the brother so well remembered, said—"You must hear it sooner or later, Frank, Mary Elmore is the wife of Luigi di Cortona, and is as happy as she deserves."

The wretched Frank writhed under the intelligence. "I deserve it all, Letty," he at length said. "I sowed to the wind, and I reaped the whirlwind; but you, my poor worn-out sister, must go to bed, and prepare for your long journey to-morrow. I have a visit to pay to-night; but I must be your companion to England. I stand (if you were gone, my own faithful Letty) in my

native land without a tie," and the brother folded the sister in his arms; and the attached and devoted Letty clung to his neck, and sobbed as if her heart would break; but he gently extricated himself from her clinging arms, as he kissed and blessed her. And the repentant Frank Lee's visit that night, was paid to his mother's grave; and her much-loved son's pillow, was that neglected mother's tombstone.

The next morning, at an early hour, he came to No. 13, to help Letty in her arrangements, and the brother and sister prayed again, side by side: and other voices were heard in Widow Lee's pretty cottage, and her children journeyed together to London; and Frank told his sister, that in his great extremity and want, after escaping into Switzerland, he had providentially met the pious Mr. Warner travelling in that beautiful land, for the health of his daughter, Mrs. Stanley; that this meek Christian Samaritan had bound up the wounds of his afflicted soul, "pouring in oil and wine." And that himself and the stout-hearted Irish Priest had been the good man's guests, until Frank's health and spirits were in some degree recruited. The aged and veteran servant of Christ, built up, and under the influence of the Holy Spirit, established in a living faith, purged from dead works, the humble, earnest, Bible-reading "young Ireland Priest." Father Tom Kavanagh, was now Mr. Warner's Curate at Wellmine, where he had gone down, in company with his excellent Rector, who had returned with Mrs. Stanley in improved health. The generous Mr. Warner, after defraying, out of his own pocket, both the fugitives' expenses to this country, insisted on Frank Lee appropriating a small sum of money he had laid by for works of loving-kindness, but which Frank now expressed his determination to Letty to return thankfully, when he could earn this sum so kindly given. But not one word did he speak of his future prospects; and his sister, deeply anxious as she was for this beloved brother's welfare, forbore to the last, through motives of delicacy, alluding to them.

She earnestly wished to see him restored to the ministry, "fighting the good fight of faith," he now seemed so far better prepared for, than when he took on him, without the Christian's armour, the solemn vows of ordination. Afflictions and disappointments had been blessed to this impressive, imaginative, young man's soul; he was not hardened, but purified, by trial, and longed earnestly to prove himself the steadfast servant of that glorious Saviour, he had so shamefully neglected and forsaken, for the worship of dumb idols.

When Letty's luggage was placed in the cab, to convey her to the Signor di Cortona's, in Chester Square, from the hotel where she, and her brother stopped for rest and refreshment, after arriving in London, she turned to Frank, as they both looked out of the windows watching the disposition of her luggage, and hesitatingly said, "You have not told me, Frank, when I shall see you again. Remember, in the letter you found me reading the night you came back, written the very day Mary was married, she mentioned her unshaken faith in the Lord's promises answering my poor mother's prayers, in restoring you to His own service, and to"—— Letty hesitated, her brother's expressive look desired her to go on—"and to yourself, and to me, and to her, as a sincere friend," faltered his sister.

Frank Lee was greatly agitated. "Letty," he at length said, "Mary Elmore is still to me the standard of all that is beautiful and excellent in woman—the real, not the ideal vision of my youth. The time will come, when I can meet her as Madame di Cortona, and claim her, and"—his voice quivered with emotion—"her husband as valued friends; but that time is not now, and it is well, perhaps, it should be so; 'for I must go and do the work of him that sent me,' and redeemed me from trusting in corruptible things with a great price, even his own precious blood. Sister, dear," he added, with a look of deep, earnest feeling, "those who love much, are those 'to whom much are forgiven.' Midst the din of war, in the hospitals of the wounded

Turk, who spurns the name of Jesus, lies your brother's mission; God willing, I shall sail for that benighted land within a week, and bring the glad tidings of salvation to the darkened Mussulman, and preach 'Christ once offered, to bear the sins of many.' "

The glow of elation faded from his cheek, and tears dimmed his sad, sad eyes. as he handed the weeping Letty into the cab. She "would see him every morning while he was in London, at the hotel, before he was up. Frank knew of old how early she could rise and thought nothing of walking, before breakfast, twice as far," and her brother smiled mournfully, and promised, and bade the affectionate sister "good bye," and the cab drove off, and the young man stood irresolute, looking after it, and his head swam, and objects looked indistinct around him as he mechanically turned into the public coffee room, and took up a file of Irish newspapers, and tried valorously to fix his mind on indifferent subjects; but almost the first paragraph absorbed his whole attention. It was announcing, in measured and pompous terms, in a Romanist journal, the late public adhesion of the Dean of Grimly to Catholicity, enlarging, in glowing terms, on "this esteemed dignitary's cultivated understanding, refined taste, piety, and black letter learning, all leading him to the inception of the religion of the Immaculate Mary, who had taken him under her especial protection, renouncing, as he did, for her sake, the dearest ties of man, fond husband, and affectionate father—as he was! Separated for conscience sake from those justly-esteemed beings, who still lamentably adhered to the heresy of Luther, while the pious, and self-sacrificing husband, and father, resigned the 'flesh pots of Egypt,' the honors and revenues of an usurping creed, to unite himself to the true infallible Church, in whom alone is to be found salvation!"

The late curate of Dean Shuffell, very nearly guessed what our gentle reader may have anticipated, that the Dean of Grimly was long since an insolvent, the deanery and living were sequestered, and his large family and him-

self taught a practical lesson, in that homely and despised virtue, economy, by having now to subsist on a curate's salary, allowed to this unfaithful clergyman, by those unreasonable people, called creditors. But Frank Lee did not know what must be revealed to our readers, that Mr. Fosterton, after he fled from Paris, paid a brief visit to Fosterton Park, in the hope of extracting the last shilling from his tenantry, before they were handed over to those who had bought up his gambling debts; and on this occasion he was given to understand, by his friend, Sir Anthony Reynard, whom he would fear to disoblige, for reasons best known to the embarrassed man, that the presence of the proprietor of Fosterton was expected in the parish Chapel on the Sunday, and the feast's day which followed, and there, sure enough, the once independent Protestant landlord, of an equally independent Protestant tenantry, attended, and crossed himself devoutly, to the edification of all present, and bowed his head before the wafer, transformed into "Jesus, the Son of God," by a man, he looked upon as infinitely inferior in mind and acquirements to his French cook. The latter artiste knew what he was about in creating a *truffle*, or *pâté de fois gras*, but the Priest creating what he knew nothing about, was only a blundering botch, in the eyes of the *exigée*, Mr. Fosterton. "Your landlord must eat dirt," observed the old Steward to the outraged tenantry; and so he did, for the jolly, good natured, Parish Priest, and his democrat of a coadjutor, dined with the new convert at Fosterton Park; the thing was to be expected, and could not be got over, and Dean Shuffell was bursting with envy; but the next morning the Dean of Grimly had a long confab with his quondam patron, in that gentleman's study; and two or three conferences after, with their mutual friend, the Jesuit Baronet of Croxley Abbey, and Dean Shuffell was baptised in a Romish Chapel, with great ceremony, in London, and held now an official lay, but not an ecclesiastical post, in the household of King Bomba, at Naples; and his dear wife, and six ugly daughters, were generously

offered the sanctuary of a Convent, which they declined, preferring to open a day school, in the vicinity of St. John's Wood, Westminster, on High Church principles, extensively patronised by half a dozen Puseyite Anglican Bishops, and a goodly array of noble names that read and approve of "Tracts for the Times," as well as Jesuitical novels, where the glorious doctrines of the Reformation pale before a sentiment, or a ceremony; and the six Miss Shuffells, ugly as they were, strewing flowers before a decorated altar, looked charming and picturesque, arrayed in spotless white, marshalling their scholars, similarly attired, in one of those edifying processions, got up in Protestant Churches by concealed Jesuits, for "the dovelopment" of our simple and Scriptural liturgy.

The advertising columns of the newspaper Frank Lee poured over, contained the notice for sale of the Fosterton estates. He thought, with a pang of remorse, what became of its weak, ill-advised owner, whom he himself had never warned, or set before, the necessity of vital godliness;—the fascinating attractive wife, with the germ of lofty and devoted feelings within her, so prized, so cherished, yet speeded on by her faithless Chaplain, midst the shoals and quicksands of vanity and folly, that so fatally wrecked this ingenuous and impassioned mind. Before the searching eye of an all-seeing God, he stood morally a guilty "Poisoner." Alas! could he now restore to their former happy position; those he had not only neglected as a minister of Christ, but had been an active minister of evil too, in clouding their reasoning faculties, and imposing on his own. Where were they now? The proprietor of Fosterton Park was a broken down *black leg*, haunting the German Spas; and his gifted beautiful wife, developed into a raving and hopeless maniac, by a Jesuit Propaganda; their only daughter, the neglected Louise, left by her father in a Convent *Pension* in Paris, is restored by the Christian Lord Drydale to the pious care of her much loved Mrs. Felton; the insane mother, by the same kind hand, is placed under the same loving and gentle sway; and the lost sister of

Lady Drydale, with all her noble aspirations after purity and truth, lives the blighted wreck of a cruel and remorseless bigotry, that marked out those fond sisters, as victims, to be offered up on her foul and unholy altar. Master Fosterton is at Sandhurst, for he is entitled to a small entailed portion of his spendthrift father's vast estates; his brother Redmond, and Robert Stanley, are at the same school, firmly knit friends; he passes his vacations at the Glebe of Wellmine, and his school-master's bill is punctually paid by Mat Carey; and Lizzy Stanley likes Redmond Fosterton's gentle ways as a play-fellow, better than her sturdy brother's; and his trusty friend, the old Steward, now the thriving tenant of Mr. Charles Stamer's No. 1 Model Farm, grows green crops, and stall-feeds prize cattle, reads his Bible with his sister Patty, and snaps his fingers at the Propaganda.

The evening before Frank Lee was to start for Constantinople, was the Sabbath. It was spent by him under the same roof with Madame di Cortona.

In an obscure corner of her husband's church, he worshipped, and before the service began, his eye sought out the Mary Elmore of former days. There she sat, beside that benevolent, serious-looking old man, who regarded her as a daughter. Seated opposite, was her early friend, Letty Lee, looking happier and better; but he saw only one face there, and its expression was cheerful contentment. There was no concealed disquietude or secret repining, to cloud its gentle beauty; still the trace of latent suffering shaded the sensitive and delicately defined brow. Yet, Mary was happy, and there was no denying it to himself; and her early lover felt happier, and more resigned, than he had done for a long time, and tried to withdraw his attention from "things that are seen," and give up his whole soul to that spiritual communion, which enabled him, a guilty, yet pardoned sinner, to cry, "Abba, Father."

When the noble looking Italian ascended the pulpit, his former rival's attention was fixed on every word he uttered. And how faithfully did the gifted and earnest

preacher mete out the bread of life, "rightly dividing the Word of Truth," boldly declaring, that "Christ is the end of the law, for righteousness, to all them that believe," while he enforced on his hearers, that "without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Once only, during that impressive sermon, did Frank Lee glance towards a forbidden pew; the pious wife had her gentle, loving eyes fixed on her "fellow-labourer in the Lord," to whom she was not "unequally yoked," and her early playfellow and lover turned his gaze away, and thanked God that it was so. Mary Elmore's peace escaped being wrecked, by his misconduct, and as he looked around on the well-filled church, with many a dark browed Italian, the *nucleus* of Italy's spiritual regeneration, listening devoutly to the everlasting Gospel, as it fell from the lips of the fearless Ambassador of Christ, he thought of his own unfaithfulness towards the souls of men, and the fatal shortcomings of his own ministerial career, with shame and godly sorrow, and blessed God in his heart, Mary Elmore was the happy and cherished wife of no unworthy husband.

As he parted the next morning from the faithful Letty, on board the packet bound for Malta, on his way to Constantinople, he bid her be of "good cheer;" for he heard his gracious Saviour's voice crying out from the deep and bitter past, while he beckoned him onward —onward—"It is I: be not afraid!"

As the affectionate sister left the vessel, a sealed packet was put into her brother's hand; it was not read, until the last wave of Letty's white handkerchief could no more be distinguished, like many an other token of kindly love to the outward bound, in life's stormy sea, blended and lost in the haze of distance, but still remembered, and looked back on, through the vista of after years.

The letter was from the "young Ireland" Priest, now the enlightened and zealous Curate of the pious Mr. Warner. It was full of hopeful energy, detailing many interesting incidents connected with his ministry—the

success of the Irish classes he established in the schools, for the instruction of the Romanist children of the Parish in the inspired Scriptures, vouchsafed to man for the expressed purpose of making him "wise unto salvation." In conclusion, he stated, that with "the Sword of the Spirit" he had signally defeated the *quasi* Captain Gardiner—the Jesuit Father Peter—the Marist Missionary, who renounced Protestantism in the Church of *del Gesu*, now seeking in Great Britain, to reconcile Judaism with the Church of Rome, artfully disguised as a Polish Jew!

"The religion of Jesus Christ and his Apostles," cried the now thoroughly undeceived Frank Lee, "can neither be retarded or uprooted, by POISONERS and PROPAGANDISTS.

THE END.